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THE

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

This number of the ECLECTIC closes the twenty-eighth volume of the new series.

According to the custom to which we have adhered for many years, we shall continue to send the ECLECTIC to all subscribers who do not notify us of their desire to have it discontinued.

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Vol. XXVIII., No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1878.

Old Series Com-

THE 'FIASCO' OF CYPRUS.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

In one of the early days of July last, I, in common doubtless with most of my fellow-subjects, found in my morning paper an interesting item of intelligence under the heading 'Annexation of Cyprus.' The news gave me pleasure; there was a savor of strength, of a policy, of a masterfulness in it. There was the ring of a coup, so dear to the British Philistine, in the secrecy of the negotiation and in the telat of the denouement. And the transaction gratified that amor habendi which lies deep down in the heart of the properly constituted Briton, in regard as well to his national as to his individual aspirations. In fine, I threw up my hat and crowed, as beseemed an honest and docile Jingo.

A few days later, I was instructed at a moment's notice to betake myself to Cyprus as the representative of a London paper, for the purpose of narrating the circumstances of the occupation of

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it by the British officials and soldiers, and of describing the characteristics which the island presented in its various aspects. Under these circumstances, it became necessary to go somewhat deeper into the matter than the cursory perusal of a leading article and a glance over the summaries of a few speeches. In common, as I suppose, with most of my fellow-countrymen, I had, in the first instance, to grope for the position of Cyprus on the map. I discovered that the authorities, in their laudable thirst for knowledge, had bought up the few outstanding copies of Murray's Turkey in Asia, an investment which a borrowed copy caused me to regard as better-intentioned than resulting in practical benefit. I read later how, on July 23d, the Premier, replying to Lord Granville, declared 'that it was a great error to suppose that the Government decided on this step of the occupation

of Cyprus without the possession of adequate information.' There can be no doubt of the truth of this statement, made as it was by Lord Beaconsfield; only it may be added that the Government so scrupulously kept its 'adequate information' to itself, that it did not furnish a scrap to the gallant and distinguished officer nominated to the governorship of the island. The official information at disposal consisted of a précis of consular reports compiled in the Intelligence Department, fragmentary, ir-relevant, and obsolete even beyond the average of such documents, but with a good map attached furnished from a French source. The expedition, as regarded all practical matters, population, climate, mode of government, capacity for improvement and colonisation, was an expedition not less of exploration than of occupation. That expedition I accompanied, sharing in the task of exploration, investigating into the points noted in the foregoing sentence.

But these points, although some details regarding them may be serviceable to people who are not already so fortunate as was the Government in its possession of 'adequate information,' have but a secondary interest in an Imperial sense. Lord Salisbury was no doubt right when he challenged a denial that the possession of Cyprus by England is likely to prove a 'civilising instrument,' in the sense that British administration and the expenditure of British capital may, if persevered with, improve the Cypriotes out of their existing state of semibarbarism into a condition of pseudocivilisation. But this is simply incidental. If we were to make it our aim and end to undertake a wholesale crusade of civilisation, a considerable quantity of this sort of philanthropic enterprise lies nearer and closer to us than a casual island in a dead angle of the Mediterranean. The Anglo-Turkish Convention was scarcely entered into with the artless, if genial, object of bringing the blessings of civilisation to the gates of Nikosia and Famagusta. Before, then, and overshadowing, the discussion of the internal aspects of Cyprus, come the infinitely more important questions:

1st. Under what conditions are we

2d. With what objects are we there?

_3d. To what extent does our being there fulfil these objects?

With these questions I propose to deal

On the threshold of my studies, there confronted me the disheartening discovery that my newspaper heading, 'The Annexation of Cyprus,' was a swindle. The amor habendi of the Briton suffered a heavy blow in the perusal of the Convention and its Annex. The coup fizzled down into a fiasco. I discovered, to my disgust, that, so far from being the proud owners of a new acquisition, we are mere tenants at will, and, to make matters worse, are expressly barred from claiming on eviction compensation for improvements. Or, rather, our position is that of a broker's man in possession under a fictitious judgment, liable at any moment to be kicked out without receiving the half-crown a day of aliment money. The Porte is a landed proprietor who has tried to farm his own land to advantage and has failed—the fate of most landed proprietors who try to farm their own land. We are the humble horny-handed farmer with some capital and a knowledge of the business, who steps in and undertakes the work on the terms of a vaguely defined rental, the landlord reserving to himself the usufruct and disposal of a part of our holding, the extent of which is undefined, but which may turn out to be three-fourths of the whole farm-in respect whereof, however, there is to be no reduction of our rental. (I refer to the stipulation in the fourth article of the Annex 'that the Sublime Porte may freely sell and lease lands and other property in Cyprus belonging to the Ottoman State and Crown.') And the tenure of the humble farmer is precarious beyond the caprice of any ordinary landlord. Another party altogether is the arbiter of it. That neighboring proprietor, Russia, may take it into his head, just when we have got the farm into good order and it has begun to pay, to abandon his recent acquisitions in Armenia on the discovery that they are of less value to him than he had thought, or in virtue of some consideration given by our landlord, Turkey, and then out we go neck and crop, leaving behind us our unexhausted improvements. We, claiming to be the greatest Power in Western Europe, have, quoad this wretched Asiatic island, constituted ourselves the vassals, the tributaries of a battered and broken barbarian power. We deal with a blind man, not by restoring his sight, but by accepting the proud role of the dog that leads him about and snaps at people who would molest him. And how precarious our boasted 'civilising instrument'! Should we have to evacuate this our dependency, we must abandon its population, on whom we shall have tried the experiment of civilisation, to the tender mercy of the re-established tithe-collector and the scrupulous consideration of the Kaimakan and the Kadi.

Nor is this all. The natives of Cyprus, with whose precarious civilisation we are thus concerning ourselves, remain all the while subjects of their master and our suzerain, the Porte. On this point the Attorney-General's reply to Sir William Harcourt was reluctantly clear. Why the former should have called the questions of the latter 'highly speculative and argumentative' is difficult to discern, seeing that they took cognisance of points some of which have already in practice come to the front on the island, and more of which must crop up before the winter cold shall render it temporarily habitable by Englishmen. 'The Convention,' so said the Attorney-General, 'does not destroy the allegiance of the natives of Cyprus to the Sultan.' Logically, then, supposing the Porte at war, say with Greece, or, to take an example of recent occurrence, with Servia, the Turkish inhabitants of Cyprus would be liable to the conscription of the Constantinople Seraskierate. The Turkish zaptieh, who has become one of Major Grant's policemen, must fulfil the claims of his allegiance, and lay down his baton to go and serve against a country with which his second master, Britain, would in all probability be at We have got into the way of thinking that all persons, irrespective of nationality, abiding in a locality where

Hogg, and sent to gaol by the British police magistrate. But Cyprus is destined to furnish the one bad exception to this rule. Most of the European states, by specific capitulation with the Porte, have secured the right of exclusive jurisdiction over their own subjects in the Turkish dominion of the Le-vant. This right stands under our occupation; there is no reference to it, and therefore no arrestment of it, in the Convention. Indeed, the Attorney-General has in effect conceded its con-'If,' said he, replying tinued force. to Sir William Harcourt, 'any other country, or the subjects of any other country, should appear or claim to have any exceptional right in Cyprus under existing arrangements with the Porte, the position and claims of such country or subjects will be duly considered. So if an Italian sailor happens to knife a Cypriote on the Marina of Larnaka. Colonel White cannot punish the ruffian. but on due requisition, which will certainly be forthcoming, must hand him over to be dealt with by the Italian Consul. The British lion, under such circumstances, has the sphere of the wag of his tail materially curtailed.

Another anomaly in our administration of Cyprus may be adverted to. The produce of the taxation of England-a taxation which bears on Englishmen universally—is to be expended in bettering the position of the Turkish bondholders, who are mere isolated individuals in the: English community, and who indeedli need not belong to it at all. This is a novelty; but Lord Salisbury is my authority for the statement. He furnishes this authority in the speech he made inthe House of Lords on the 23d July, in reply to Lord Camperdown. There is some ambiguity in the details, but none as to the fact. The Convention (art. 3 Annex) sets forth 'that England will pay to the Porte whatever is the present excess of revenue over expenditure in the island; this excess to be calculated British jurisdiction prevails, are amena- upon and determined by the average of ble to its provisions. The French for-ger who passes a bad five-franc piece in purses.' This would seem to prescribe Leicester Square is dealt with at Bow a fixed annual tribute of about 94,000 II. Street. The Trieste sailor who knocks sterling. Lord Salisbury's words I find down a Hindoo chowkedar outside a reported as follows: 'that the Portedrinking-bar in Dhurrumtollah Street, should continue to receive whatever it Calcutta, is prosecuted by Sir Stuart might be calculated was the average of

the past five years after all the expenditure had been paid '-a calculation already made in the Convention at the amount above stated, subject to verification; 'and,' his Lordship proceeds, ' then the surplus would go to the Porte, and would continue to do so.' A fair arrangement, continues his Lordship, seeing that the revenues had already been pledged to Turkish bondholders. It is not clear whether Lord Salisbury had in view that any 'surplus' that may arise from our better administration should go to swell the tribute to the Porte for the professed behoof of the bondholders; but it is certain that his expressed intention was that, whether thus or by direct payment to the bondholders, they are to receive and be advantaged by such surplus as may accrue, and not the Imperial revenues, by whose disbursement in our administration that further surplus shall have been realised. He is explicit as to this. These are his words: 'If peculation in regard to the revenue had been so prevalent in the island, there would be a much better chance of the bondholders being paid when the revenues came under a better administration, and no doubt they would be much larger than they had been.' Now, I am not a Turkish bondholder, and I respectfully protest against being taxed to meet the expenses of our occupation of Cyprus for the behoof of private speculators. In the sense of a speculation, Cyprus is a national speculation; and if there are any returns, I claim that they go into the national

I proceed now to inquire into the second question of the theme:

WITH WHAT OBJECTS HAVE WE OCCU-

PIED CYPRUS?

These ought to be of cardinal importance to have moved us to what Lord Salisbury has designated as a 'bold and even hazardous enterprise.' Even if we may fail to recognise any risk attending the enterprise in itself, save the certainty of Cyprus fever, none the less are we filled with an impression of the importance of the objects to be furthered by the occupation, when it is re-alised that their pursuit is considered worth the cost of our voluntary subjection to unprecedented humiliation and degradation. When one proceeds into

an inquiry into the character of these objects, there rises up at the very outset a curious difficulty. Most things have appertaining to them something of a natural meaning and sequence. we see a man drinking tumbler after tumbler of grog, the prediction that his sobriety will be impaired will hardly be challenged as far-fetched. If we see a man going up the Finchley Road, we are entitled to assume that, if he does not turn off, he will pass the Swiss Cottage. But there is this peculiarity about the occupation of Cyprus, that the act in itself affords no clue to the motive, no hint as to the desiderated result. There was actually more prima facie coherency in the conduct of the ingenious Tamaroo, Mr. Bailey's successor at Todgers', who, we are credibly informed, when despatched to the post-office with letters, had been frequently seen endeavoring to insinuate them into casual chinks in private doors, under the delusion that any door with a hole in it would answer the purpose. There was internal evidence as to the character of this woman's aim; the occupation of Cyprus furnishes no internal evidence of any object at all. We must therefore look outside natural and internal, to collateral evidence on this subject; and that evidence is twofold. The Anglo-Turkish Convention states categorically an object—or rather perhaps it should be said the object—for which Her Majesty's Government has obtained from the Sultan the assignation of Cyprus. 'In order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement' are the words of the Convention; and that engagement is that 'if any attempt shall be made at any future time by Russia to take possession of any further territories of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, as fixed by the Definitive Treaty of Peace, England engages to join His Imperial Majesty the Sultan in defending them by force of arms.' Here, then, is set forth one definite object; but it is legitimately open to us to find other objects set forth or hinted at in the authoritative utterances of the members of a Cabinet on which rests the responsibility for the occupation of Cyprus.

One element in the inquiry may be

summarily eliminated. Some have con-

jectured that one object in the occupation of Cyprus was that a convenient pied-à-terre might be furnished for the enforcement of those internal reforms in Asia Minor which in the Convention the Sultan promises to carry into effect, or at the least as a lever for a moral strengthening of the hands of England in urging that such reforms shall be substantial and effective. It is not worth while to point out the inefficacy towards such purpose of a position whose chief characteristic is that it renders hors de combat the unfortunate handful of soldiers condemned to chronic fever and ague on its pestilential surface, and is so situated further as to be remote from all important centres of the territory under prospective reform, and to be adjacent only to those outlying fringes of that territory which are still more insalubrious than is Cyprus itself. We have the authoritative assurance that Cyprus has not been occupied with a view to the exercise of any such influence. Hear Mr. Cross in his speech of the 30th of July. 'It is said that the Government have undertaken either to uphold an abominably bad government, or to reform the internal administration of Asia Minor, when it is impossible for them to do so with a divided responsibility. I deny that we have undertaken any such responsibility. We have undertaken to defend Turkey in Asia from the attacks of Russia on the express condition that Turkey shall reform herself. We are not to reform her.' This utterance must be held to be conclusive, and Cyprus stands definitely apart from any influence on the internal reform of Asia Minor.

But that Cyprus has not been occupied with a single eye to the métier which the Anglo-Turkish Convention specifies, may be made clear by other quotations from Ministerial utterances. In the speech from which the foregoing extract has been taken, Mr. Cross proceeds: The tactics of Russia in later times have been first to get on one side of a place and then on the other, and so gradually to surround it. I do not want to say more against Russia than is absolutely necessary, but I wish to point out that if she once got the Euphrates Valley, we could do practically nothing to prevent her taking Persia. At present

her Majesty's Indian possessions are defended by a large chain of mountains, and I think we should be very careful how we allow that frontier to be encroached upon.' The Prime Minister, in his oration of the 18th of July, made the following observations :- "We have a peculiar position with reference to this part of the world which is shared in by no other power. On every occasion in which these discussions, these struggler or these settlements occur, our Indian Empire is with England a source of great anxiety, and the time appeared to us to have arrived when, if possible, we should terminate that anxiety. In all questions connected with European Turkey we had the assistance of the sympathy sometimes of all, but often of many, European powers. But when we come to considerations connected with our Oriental Empire, they are naturally not so interested, and we have had to look to our own resources throughout these Hence the Anglo-Turkish affairs.' Convention, of our share of which compact the assignation of Cyprus is the keystone, since in the words of the Convention that assignation is necessary 'in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement.' It is from the fever-stricken camp of Chiflick, and the miasmatic sanatorium' of Dali, that Lord Beaconsfield, like a modern Canute—absit omen !—says to Russia, 'Thus far and no further.

The avowed objects, then, of our occupation of Cyprus, setting aside its blessings as a 'great civilising instrument,' are, first, in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement with Turkey to join her in defensive warfare against Russia in case of aggression by that power on Asia Minor; and secondly, as an element of protection against Russian advances in the direction of our Indian Empire, or Russian machinations against the safety thereof and of our communications therewith.

It remains to inquire-

TO WHAT EXTENT DOES OUR OCCUPA-TION OF CYPRUS FULFIL THESE OBJECTS?

Dealing primarily with Cyprus, it does not come within the scope of this paper to do more than to refer incidentally to the engagement to which we stand committed by the Anglo-Turkish Convention. But some allusion is necessary to it. To it applies with a vengeance Lord Salisbury's epithet of a 'bold and even hazardous enterprise'—an enterprise reckless to the extreme outside of maniacal contempt for consequences. It exposes Britain to, nay, it solicits for Britain, when locked in the close hand-grip of some future desperate struggle with some other foe than Russia, the grim alternative of national humiliation by the default of the pledge to which it binds us, or of national ruin in the attempt to implement the same. And it gives everything, and gets nothing in return. It pledges us to join the Sultan in defending him from Russian aggression on his Asiatic dominions, but it no whit binds him to cooperate with us in thwarting Russian aggression, threatening India on a line of operations outside his territories. Nay, it does not even stipulate for us the title to a right of way across these territories to a position on the flank or in the front of such aggression. It binds us, through good report and through evil report, in season for us and out of season for us, to join him in the defence of his Asiatic territories, but it contains no provision that he may not defeat our purpose in making the Convention-illusory and abortive as that purpose is-by permitting further Russian encroachment on Asia Minor without resistance, and, indeed, by consent. The Porte must realise that in this matter our pledges to it are no tokens of a genuine and cordial alliance. Our Ministers are cynically frank in their avowal that Turkey is bolstered up not because of love for Turkey, but as a bulwark to Britain against Russia, and as a recruiting ground for Turkish battalions to stand in line with the sparse soldiery of Britain should Russia pursue tactics believed to be detrimental to British security in the East. Russian influence has been paramount before to-day in Constantinople, and the Convention does not bind the Sultan to join us in resisting Russia's acquisition of a province of his territory, but only pledges us to join him in case he chooses to resist Russia's seizure of a road.

It follows, I may incidentally notice, that there will be no reform in Asia Mi-

nor, since 'we are not to reform her.' Among the many admirable characteristics of the Sublime Porte, is pre-eminently that of acuteness. To most bargains there are two sides, but this notable compact of ours is essentially one-sided. From the standpoint of the Porte it is a 'heads I win, tails you lose' bargain. The Porte promises, it is true, 'to introduce necessary reforms.' But this promise (and its performance) is in no sense the equivalent for which we bind ourselves to join the Porte in the defence of its Asiatic territories. We so bind ourselves, not to secure reform to Asia Minor, but with intent to strengthen our position in our own fancied interest for saying to Russia, 'Thus far and no further!' The astute Porte will recognise that this is our affair; and that we have made a compact with it with the primary intent of securing its co-operation for our own purposes, not out of a philanthropic anxiety to cleanse the Augean stable of Asia Minor abuses. It will trade on the realisation of this fact just as it did after the Crimean war, and as 'we are not to reform her,' Asia Minor will continue unreformed. Reformed or unreformed, it will abide secure from the Russian under the ægis which we extend over it in pursuance of our own policy.

My topic is Cyprus, and I proceed to inquire into the value of it as a position for enabling England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement with the Sultan under the Anglo-Turkish Convention. Lord Salisbury no doubt thought it a telling taunt which he pointed at Lord Derby, that the latter might, by a great effort, have consented to the acquisition of the Isle of Man. The acquisition of the Isle of Man relatively would be an infinitely more effectively strategic operation than is the socalled 'acquisition' of the island of Cy-A compound of St. Kilda for position, and St. Thomas for climate, occurs to me as the closest co-relative of The Russians confront Asia Cyprus. Minor on the line Batoum-Ardahan-Kars, on its extreme north-eastern frontier: we select, as a base of operations for the prevention of their further encroachment, an island whose only available place of embarkation is close on 200 miles distant from Alexandretta, the nearest available place of debarkation on the south-western mainland of Asia Minor. Imagine Lord Beaconsfield in another sphere of life than that which he so adorns. Suppose him put into a house to take care of it. He would not keep the situation long, were he, with a view to exclude intruders by the open front door, to take up a position in the middle of the shrubbery outside the back door. This Cyprus, this eligibly situated strategic position (very much round the corner), possesses some peculiar characteristics which give it an exceptional fitness for the use to which from 'adequate information' it has been chosen. It possesses no harbor; it has but one anchorage, Larnaka, that is practically available; Limasol is away in a corner, and the heavy swell renders Kyrenea too uncertain to be relied on. It produces nothing to speak of; ten thousand men would consume its spare provisions in less than a month. It is so unhealthy that before the unhealthy season proper had fairly set in, 25 per cent., or onefourth, of the total strength of the troops on it were officially reported on the sick list. More than a month was spent by experts in searching for a sanatorium, in whose upland atmosphere the fever demon might at length be exorcised. At length the spot was chosen; a regiment was marched thither, and Sir Anthony Home drew a long breath of relief. Probably he had time to finish it, but that must have been about all. Before many days he had to telegraph to the War Office that the sanatorium at Dali had proved more unhealthy than the condemned camp at Chiflick. He reported sick 25 per cent. of the total force throughout the island, or one-fourth. He announced thirteen deaths since the force landed six weeks before, which gives an annual death-rate of 40 per thousand, the normal death-rate in the British army being 8 per thousand. Bell tents had been blamed for the sickness, but by the date of this telegram the whole force had inherited the thicker, loftier, and more spacious tents, left behind by the Indian troops, and in which they remain healthy in an Indian hot season. The acclimatisation which comes to the British soldier in Cyprus is the chronic deterioration of his strength accentuated by an outburst of

fever when he has to make an exertion which elsewhere would be child's play to him. On August 25th a hundred men of the 42nd Highlanders, a regiment which had undergone its full baptism of fever, undertook a march of five miles out and five miles back into Kyrenea, on the duty of escorting prisoners. A semi-official witness reports that this task sent down twenty-five of the detachment with fever-fever that in most cases must have been simply a relapse. A month's residence in the 'treacherous climate' of Cyprus takes the steel out of even the Goorkhas, children of the sun and swamp as they are. These mountaineers, immediately after landing in Cyprus, marched twenty-five miles in twelve hours without a casualty. A month later, on the same light duty to which the detachment of the 42nd succumbed as above narrated, an escort of Goorkhas had a march of nine miles. During this march, so testifies the witness referred to, 'was seen a very curious sight. As the convoy dragged its slow length along the rough mule path, the treacherous climate told with severe effect; but, strange to say, not upon the convicts, but upon the little Goorkha soldiers. One after another they staggered and fell. With one company of prisoners only eight out of twenty-five Goorkhas remained when the haltingplace was reached.' And when this account was written and Sir Anthony Home's telegram despatched, only the threshold of the conventional unhealthy season of Cyprus had been reached. 'Then,' to quote Herr von Löher, an author whose work doubtless formed part of Lord Beaconsfield's 'adequate information '-' then the air becomes thick and obscure, and the whole atmosphere damp and sultry. The grass and vegetation generally are dried up even to the roots, and the leaves fall from the trees, which now stretch out their naked arms like ghost-like forms, scarcely visible through the surrounding fog. Not a drop of water remains in the brooks and river sources, and travelling is only possible during the night. Business is at a standstill; and the people do nothing but inquire how long it will be before the rain will come down again.' Either the occupation of Cyprus 'in

order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement' to join the Porte in the defence of the latter's territory against further Russian aggression, has absolutely no meaning at all, which is naturally an untenable proposition; or it must be intended as a base of operations for a land expedition towards the north-eastern or eastern frontier of Asia Minor. For there is no other character which Russian aggression could assume, in essaying to resist which Cyprus could assert any the most remote claim to be a factor. Malta and Cyprus are about the same distance from the Dardanelles, but every man, every gun, every barrel of stores that England would send out to Cyprus must pass Malta, and from Malta to the Dardanelles direct is obviously nearer than from Malta to the Dardanelles vid Cyprus, by the thousand miles that separate Malta from Cyprus. A division could leave England, go by water direct into the Black Sea, disembark at Khopah, on the Lazistan coast, make a short campaign on the Batoum-Ardahan front, and be back again in England before an English column, landing from Cyprus at Alexandretta, could look down on the waters of Lake Van after their march of 450 miles through the fever-haunted valleys and rugged, roadless mountains of Asia Minor, if, indeed, it ever should accomplish at all the tramp along this via dolorosa, which may be doubted. For such a march, where the base would have to be depended on for everything, a huge quantity of transport would be requisite; and it is the peculiar attribute of a British army, on taking the field elsewhere than in India, that it never has any transport. The Indian Expeditionary Force was despatched to Malta reasonably complete in all respects save that it had neither commissariat nor transport, both justly esteemed essential requisites in modern warfare conducted on civilised principles. The regiments assembled at Aldershot till the other day, composing the home portion of the so-called 'First Army Corps,' were supplied with their regimental transport, which looked very well on a march past, and old soldiers, who remembered with a shudder the half-dozen transportless miles between Balaclava and

the front, went home from the spectacle reassured and cheered. But the regiments composing the garrison of Malta, our advanced Haupt-Piquet in the face of the threatened danger—the regiments which an emergency must, in the nature of things, have first called into the field-never had anything more in the shape of field transport than a few mule-carts, whose linch-pins, judging from subsequent experience, would have been forgotten, and whose Maltese drivers, by the same token, would have mutinied en masse on the first use of the salutary cat. The resources of Malta in the matter of water-carts, primary essentials on a campaign, were discovered, on the requisition of Sir Garnet Wolseley, to be equal to the supply of four of these articles. Were I a military chief, I should quail at the mere thought of being the officer charged with the conduct of an expedition from such a base, on such a destination. But far more, were I a Minister, would I shudder at the idea of standing charged with the terrible responsibility of ordering it. In Asian passes, further east than the gorges of Keban Medani and the corries of the Sipan Dagh-in the ravines of Jugdulluck and the Coord Cabul, there already lie the bleached bones of a British army, perished since the present reign began. The phantom of covering India by maintaining the Turkish integrity of Asia Minor is not worth clutching at in the face of the risk of another such catastrophe. Yet that risk, I aver, is imminently involved in the attempt to conduct a campaign on the eastern frontier of Asia Minor, with Cyprus as the base of operations. And if no such contingency was contemplated as potentially a motive for the occupation of Cyprus, then there is and can be no meaning in that occupation, and the taking over of it 'in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement' to join the Sultan in defending Asia Minor is a huge joke. There are three classes of people who may have some title to consider it a bad joke -honest Conservatives so old-fashioned as to have some sense of national self-respect; British taxpayers; and the poor fever-stricken devils who are alternately shivering and burning in the 'sanatoria' of Cyprus.

Is it worth while, in an era later than the days of Prester John and Marco Polo, to deal seriously with the claim of the Government that our occupation of Cyprus affords an element of protection against Russian advances in the direction of our Indian Empire? Is a moderately sane man, with a recent map of Asia spread out before him, to apply himself with a grave face to the task of exposing the absurdity of the claim that our tenure of Cyprus and the provisions of the Anglo-Turkish Convention 'terminate our anxiety 'regarding Russian machinations against the safety of that Empire, and render secure our communications therewith? Were Lord Beaconsfield at Rugby on his way to London, with an open road before him as far at least as Willesden, would he be persuaded to prefer a circuitous route that should include a journey through the valleys of South Wales? Imagine London to be India, and Weedon the most advanced Russian post in Central Asia: would Lord Beaconsfield consider that he had 'terminated our anxiety' regarding the former by occupying Scilly, and signing a convention with the Duke of Cornwall 'to join him in defending' that remote province in case the Russians should be eccentric enough to assail it en route from Weedon to London? When Mrs. Partington essayed to mop up the Atlantic with her broom, she at least was so honest in the endeavor that she got her pattens wet. But these Mother Partingtons of ours twirl their ridiculous mops about a thousand miles away from the Atlantic of the Russian line of advance, and then cackle vaingloriously that they have done the job and terminated our anxiety. The Canute of the story books had the courage of his opinions; he 'faced the music; 'he planted his chair on the edge of the tide. But his modern imitation mouths his 'Thus far and no further!' not down at the water's edge, but from the lips of a couple of fever-stricken regiments on a wretched island some fifteen hundred miles distant from the rear flank of the crest of the wave whose progress he would have us think he has arrested. Lord Northbrook is not a specially sarcastic man, but there was a fine irony in his remark that 'to undertake hostilities in the right rear of the enemy was not precisely the way to defend a country.'

But then Lord Northbrook has not shared in the advantages of Mr. Cross, who appears to have been acquainted with and learned strategic lessons from the ingenious individual who flanked the whole habitable globe by the simple expedient of going up in a balloon. Cross ' did not want to say more against Russia than was absolutely necessary.' I have no desire to say more against Mr. Cross than is absolutely necessary, but I must arrive at the conclusion that when the Government acquired its 'adequate information' respecting Cyprus, there must have been some neglect in omitting to serve out a modern map of Asia to that minister. I repeat that I notice his utterances in his place in Parliament, and those of other ministers, simply as affording the only exposition of the views and policy of the Government in concluding the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and in occupying Cyprus. 'The tactics of Russia,' said he, 'in later times have been first to get gradually on one side of a place and then on the other, and so gradually surround it. I wish to point out that if Russia once got the Euphrates valley we could do practically nothing to prevent her taking Persia. At present her Majesty's Indian possessions are defended by a large chain of mountains, and I think we should be careful how we allow that frontier to be encroached upon.

I select these sentences because they are conveniently categorical and definitive; their gist is confirmed by numerous utterances of Lord Beaconsfield and Salisbury more diffuse and less compact for extraction, but some of which have been already quoted. Mr. Cross tells us in effect that Russia's 'little game' is to surround Persia with a view to its acquisition: that we have no means of deterring her from this acquisition if we once permit her to acquire the Euphrates valley; and, if his last sentence means anything at all, which is doubtful, that the Russian road to India lies through Persia. The thread of his reasoning, following it backward, is this-that India is Russia's goal in Asia, that Persia must be Russia's stepping-stone to India, that Russia cannot acquire Persia without first getting possession of the Euphrates valley, and that the Anglo-Turkish Convention and our occupation of Cyprus

will effectually prevent Russia from getting the Euphrates valley. Bringing together the two ends of the chain, it stands, according to Mr. Cross and her Majesty's Government, that the Anglo-Turkish Convention and our occupation of Cyprus block Russia from her goal of India, and 'terminate our anxiety' in respect to this all-important matter.

It unfortunately happens that the first postulate begs the question, and that the intermediate reasoning is utterly wrong in every link. There is no certainty that the Anglo-Turkish Convention has any force to prevent Russia from getting the Euphrates valley. It may pass into her hands by amicable arrangement with the Porte, against which we have secured ourselves by no stipulation in the Convention. Russia might conquer it by force from her base on the Caspian after a war with an English army, having its incomparably more distant base on the Mediterranean, either in conjunction with our Turkish allies or without their co-operation, as no clause in the Convention compels the Sultan to defend the Euphrates valley or any other part of his dominions unless he chooses; and even if such compulsion existed on paper, it is not easy to see how it could be enforced in practice. But the truth is that Russia can acquire Persia without taking first a rood of the Euphrates valley or of any other district of Asia Minor. She would probably do so to-morrow, if the Porte were the only obstacle in her path. Two English regiments at Cyprus cannot even be the fly on the wheel of her chariot. The Anglo-Turkish Convention is purely a defensive compact, and it nowise entitles us to call upon the Sultan to engage in offensive war with Russia or any other power outside his own borders. Even were he to consent, Cyprus as a base for our operations in conjunction with him on the Eastern frontier of Asia Minor would be an absurdity if it were not a crime. What confronts Russia meditating Persian acquisitions is the single consciousness that the crossing of the Attreck or the debarkation at Reshd of a Russian army of invasion would, in all probability, be the signal for the transportation of an Anglo-Indian army up the Persian Gulf into the Shat-el-Arab, and past Mohumrah up its tributary the Karoon en route

for Ispahan. But the road to Ispahan was open to a British army before the signature of the Anglo-Turkish Convention and the occupation of Cyprus. Outram was on that war-path in 1857, and had already reached Ahwaz when the Persians came to their senses. Neither is the Russian line of invasion of Persia one whit obstructed, nor our line of opposing advance one whit facilitated, either by the ink wasted in the Anglo-Turkish Convention, or by the handful of soldiers condemned to languish in Cyprus.

Mr. Cross appears to have a curious notion of the circuitous tactics practised by the Russians. Seeing that they have already an important military establishment at Krasnovodsk, on the south-eastern coast of the Caspian, and within a few marches of the northern frontier of Persia, to persist in the conviction that they must acquire the Euphrates valley as the indispensable preliminary to their occupation of Persia, is tantamount to a belief in the wisdom of a man who, being in Waterloo Place, and bent on entering Pall Mall, would regard it as imperative to make a preliminary detour into Palace Yard. But why waste space in argument when substantive evidence exists? I am not aware whether the polite education to which Mr. Cross has presumably been subjected includes an acquaintance with the Treaty of Turkmanchai and the circumstances which preceded it. In the year 1826-7 General Paskievitch, the Russian commander-in-chief in Asia, marching from Tiflis as his base, invaded Persia, took Erivan, and achieved such success that the Persiahs were only too glad to make peace with him. But, thinking that an impending war between Russia and Turkey might bring him better terms, the Shah repudiated the treaty he had signed. Paskievitch, under orders to punish him, marched swiftly southward through the snow. He had reached Meanee, a town at the foot of the Kaftan-ku pass, distant little over two hundred miles from Teheran, when the Shah's plenipotentiary met him. Paskievitch told the envoy that if he did not get all he wanted he would cross the Kaftan-ku next day, and that, if he did so, nothing would deter him from occupying Teheran. He got what he asked, and the Treaty of Turkmanchai was signed. Paskievitch earned the appellative of 'Erivanski.' Had Lord Beaconsfield been a Russian, he might have gone down to posterity as 'Cypruski,' as the guerdon of a 'peace with honor,' and the negotiation of a compact which makes his country the tributary of a broken barbarian.

Mr. Cross will perceive then that fifty years ago, when as yet Russia had no navigation on the Caspian and no frontier east of that sea, a Russian general was able to penetrate to the heart of Persia without touching Turkish territory in Asia Minor, and without coming within three hundred miles of that Euphrates valley, the possession of which by Russia her Majesty's Government consider an indispensable preliminary to Russian encroachment on Persia, and which possession they swagger that they have prevented by putting two regiments on a pestilential island out in the Medi-The two conclusions are terranean. equally hollow and delusive. have done no more towards the hindrance of a Russian acquisition of the Euphrates valley than is a Russian acquisition of the Euphrates valley the essential to Russian acquisition in Persia. We should have fought to resist either step had the Anglo-Turkish Convention never been signed and Cyprus never been occupied. These measures no whit improve our position for such resistance, and they lash us fast to responsibilities that have no connection with our welfare, and that are too stupendous to be realized.

The assumption that the road of the Russian advance on India lies over Persia is not less destitute of foundation. The Russians claim, and they are gradually and quietly taking up, a frontier line athwart Central Asia from the Bay of Astrabad in the south-east corner of the Caspian in an easterly direction below Merv over Balkh. where the 37th parallel of latitude crosses the 67th of longitude. It is true that we object to this frontier as giving the Russians possession of Merv, only two hundred and fifty miles north of Herat; but we confine ourselves to objecting, and the Russians meanwhile are quietly working forward into the line they claim. Balkh is just three hundred miles from Peshawur, and the caravan road from it thither

over Khulm, Heibak, Bamian, and Kabul, and onward through the passes by Jellalabad, presents no insurmountable physical difficulties. The alternative road from Merv to Herat, and over Kandahar either through the Sakee Sarwar Pass upon Dehra Gazee Khan, or by Quetta and Dadur on Jacobabad, is certainly not less practicable. It is superfluous to point out that neither line of advance touches or approaches Persian territory, or shows an exposed flank towards any portion thereof. A fortiori neither exposes a flank towards Asia Minor or is assailable therefrom; and a fortissimo our occupation of Cyprus has no more influence on either than if Cyprus were in the moon. It flanks these lines of advance on one side with equal effect that the British military post at Hong Kong may be said to flank them on the

A few sentences will suffice to deal with Cyprus regarded as a British pos-The fact is that it is not so at session. all. We have signed a Convention, in the text of which the Sultan 'assigns' to us the island, and in the Annex to which he reserves to himself pretty nearly everything of value in, on, or under its soil. For the subjects described in article 4 of the Annex as 'lands and other property in Cyprus belonging to the Ottoman Crown and State,' the ownership of which that article reserves to the Sublime Porte, do not indeed comprise the camp equipage of the British garrison, but include mostly everything else. The comprehensiveness of the reservations is sweeping. They include all Mulk land, or State land held by private proprietors, all Mirie land or public domain, all Mévat or waste lands, all Vakouf or 'pious purpose' lands, all forest lands and forests, and all minerals which underlie land reserved under any of the above categories-and the minerals of Cyprus, be they what they may, lie almost exclusively in the mountain ranges, whose surface almost to an acre is either Mirie or Mévat. For the Turkish revenue of Cyprus was derived exclusively from taxation, and none of the property specified contributed to that revenue, so that it does not pass to us under the stipulations of the Annex. All that we have in reality acquired in Cyprus is the concession of farming the revenue derived by taxation, and the rotten forts and tumble-down konaks. The Turks have even reserved the obsolete artillery that lay on the ramparts of the former. If the Land Commission awards to us anything more than I have specified, I have no hesitation in asserting that the act will be ultra vires, and in the teeth of the provisions of the Annex to the Convention. Stern facts have compelled a reluctant evacuation of the position that the allegation of the unhealthiness of Cyprus was the device of a 'malcon-Ingenuity taxes itself in vain to put forward artificial excuses for this unhealthiness. The Chiflick Camp was denounced as malarious. The unhealthiness becomes intensified in a carefully selected 'sanatorium.' The bell-tents are blamed. More men flock to hospital from under the Indian tents than came when the bell-tents were in use. Exposure and work in the sun are set down as 'if not the absolute cause, at any rate a predetermining or an accompanying circumstance.' The troops in the Chiflick Camp were absolutely idle, yet on the 14th of August 25 per cent. of them were on the sick list. The company of Engineers camped on the Nikosia Plain, in which body of men sickness has been exceptionally severe, had so little employment, that I have heard their stagnant idleness ascribed as the reason for the exceptional prevalence and severity of the fever to which they were a prey. It is pointed out that officers camping on the same spot with the soldiers have hardly felt fever at all.' I can testify from personal knowledge that on the 14th of August the 101st Regiment had seven officers down with fever, and that most of the spare accommodation on board the fleet in Larnaka roadstead was occupied by sick military officers. I might ask why, if the fever is slight and transient, and if hardly an officer suffers from it, there is any necessity for the recent official order that 'all invalid officers are to return to England.' Our people eat and drink too much, it is urged. Dr. M'Lean, a medical man sent with a special mission to bless the island, and being an honest man, testifies (see Times, September 14th): 'The residents live upon vegetables and fruits, rarely eating meat. During that period (from June till Oc-

tober) there is not a family which has not one or more members down with fever.' A glance at the consular returns shows the paltriness of the exports and imports. 'I think,' said Lord Beaconsfield, 'your lordships will find next year that there are ports sufficient for British ships and commerce.' The Premier's belief is perfectly justifiable, but scarcely in the sense in which he spoke. The sincerest commiseration is the honest due of the able and conscientious military administrator, and his capable and industrious staff, who find themselves committed to the Sisyphean task of attempting to make Cyprus a success. Bricks are not to be made without straw in Cyprus any more than in Egypt.

In conclusion, there is one way of breaking loose from the one-sided, humiliating, and abortive compact with which the Government has trammeled itself. Suppose that, awakening from the delusion that Asia Minor can afford any bulwark for the protection of India, we regard the Convention as doublesided. The Porte binds itself to the internal reform of Asia Minor. 'We are not to reform her.' The Porte, as a matter of course, will default from her engagement of reform. A few years of probation will expose this default, and then we may in all honor and honesty rescind the compact, lay down the indefinitely stupendous burden of responsibility to which it binds us, and evacuate Cyprus. If it should appear that Russia is at any future time infringing to our danger on Asia Minor, we shall not have resigned our title to combat such encroachment, in that we shall have shaken our necks free from the yoke of this unhappy Convention. And, in the meantime, let us concern ourselves to counteract Russian machinations in another and a more effectual quarter. Let the Premier essay the novel task of comprehending that we are straightforward Britains, who love no dealing with tortuous and abortive Asian mysteries. Let him understand that if we have an enemy, we like to look him straight in the face-in Havelock's trenchant words, to see the color of his moustaches. If pure strategy alone were involved, we might wait serenely in the plains till the heads of his columns should debouch from the passes. But we have to take into conour front, and from possible chaos in our nean .- The Nineteenth Century. rear, lies in the military occupation of

sideration other elements than pure stra- Afghanistan. It is from Kabul and Hetegy. The fermenting and susceptible rat that the words, 'Thus far and no furnative population of India lies behind a ther!' will resound with effect alike to patient and masterful force watching the St. Petersburg and through the bazaars mouths of the passes. Our safety, then, of Hindustan, not from a miserable islequally from danger, real or fancied, in and in a dead angle of the Mediterra-

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.*

BY G. J. ROMANES.

which has always been of considerable directly acquainted, and as it is, moreinterest to philosophical minds; but, as over, the highest order of intelligence most of you are probably aware, the interest attaching to this subject has of ently adopt it as our standard of comparilate years been greatly increased by the significance which it has acquired in re-lation to the theory of Descent. The study of animal intelligence being thus, without question, fraught with high importance to the science of our time, in adducing before this illustrious assembly anecdote, except in so far as it is desirable that I should put you in possession of a few typical facts to illustrate the various principles which I shall have occasion to expound. I shall seek to render apparent the more important of the issues which the subject, as a whole, involves, as well as the considerations by which alone these issues can be legitimately settled. I shall attempt to state my own views with the utmost candor; and if I shall appear to ignore any arguments opposed to the conclusions at which I shall arrive, it will only be because I believe those arguments to admit of easy refutation. And, in order that my exposition may be sufficiently comprehensive, I shall endeavor to point out the relations that subsist between the intelligence of animals and the intelligence of man. The aim and scope of the present lecture will therefore be to discuss, as fully as time permits, the facts and the principles of Comparative Psychology.

As human intelligence is the only or-

Animal intelligence is a subject der of intelligence with which we are known to science, we may most convenison. I shall therefore begin by very briefly detailing those principles of human psychology which we shall afterwards find to be of the most essential importance in their bearings on the subject which I have undertaken to discuss.

When I allow my eyes to travel over some of the results which that study has this vast assembly, my mind receives, yielded, I shall endeavor to treat them through their instrumentality, a countin a manner purely scientific. I shall less number of impressions. So far as try, as much as possible, to avoid mere these impressions enter into the general stream of my consciousness, they constitute what are called perceptions. Suppose, now, that I were to close my eyes, and to fix my attention on the memory of some particular perception which I had just experienced—say the memory of some particular face. This mental image of a previous perception would be what is called an idea. Lastly, suppose that I were to analyse a number of the faces which I had perceived, I should find that, although no two of them are exactly alike, they all bear a certain general resemblance to one another. Thus from the multitude of faces which I now perceive it becomes possible for my mind to abstract from them all the essential qualities of a face as a face; and such a mental abstraction of qualities would then constitute what I might call my abstract idea of a face in general, as distinguished from my concrete idea, or memory, of any face in particular.

Thus then, we have three stages:- 1st, that of immediate perception; 2d, that of ideal representation of particular objects; and, 3d, that of a generalised conception, or abstract idea, of a num-

^{*} An evening lecture delivered before the British Association at Dublin, August 16, 1878.

ber of qualities which a whole class of objects agree in possessing. It will be convenient to split the latter division into two subdivisions, viz., abstract ideas which are sufficiently simple to be developed without the aid of language, and abstract ideas which are so complex as not to admit of development without the aid of language. As an instance of the former class of abstract ideas we may take the idea of food. This is aroused in our minds by the feeling of hunger; and while the idea when thus aroused is clearly quite independent of language, it is no less clearly what is called an abstract idea. For it is by no means necessarv that the idea of food which is present to the mind should be the idea of some special kind of food; on the contrary, the idea is usually that of food in general, and this idea it is which usually prompts us to seek for any kind of food in particular. Simple abstract ideas, therefore, may be formed without the assistance of language; and for this reason they are comprised within what has been called the Logic of Feelings. But abstract ideas of a more elaborated type can only be formed by the help of words, and are therefore comprised within what has been called the Logic of Signs. The manner in which language thus operates in the formation of highly abstract ideas is easily explained. Because we see that a great many objects present a certain quality in common, such as redness, we find it convenient to give this quality a name; and having done this we speak of redness in the abstract, or as standing apart from any particular object. Our word 'redness' then serves as a sign or symbol of a quality as apart from any particular object of which it may happen to be a quality; and having made this symbolical abstraction in the case of a simple quality, such as redness, we can afterwards compound it with other symbolical abstractions, and so on till we arrive at verbal symbols of more and more complex qualities, as well as qualities further and further removed from immediate perception. By the help of these symbols, therefore, we climb into higher and higher regions of abstraction; by thinking in verbal signs, we think, as it were, with the semblance of thoughts, and by combining these signs in various ways, and giving the resulting

compounds distinctive names, we are able to condense into single words, or signs, an enormous amount of meaning. So that, just as in mathematics the symbols which are employed contain, in an easily manipulated form, the whole meaning of a long calculation, so in all other kinds of reasoning the symbols which we call words contain, in an abbreviated form, vast bodies of signification. Indeed any one who investigates this subject cannot fail to become convinced that it is wholly impossible to overestimate the value of language as thus the handmaid of thought; for, as we have seen, in the absence of language it would be impossible for thought to rise above the very simplest of abstract ideas, while in the presence of language it becomes possible for us consciously to predicate qualities, and so at last to feel that we are conscious of our own consciousness.

So much, then, for our classification of ideas. We have, first, simple ideas, or ideas of particular perceptions; and, secondly, abstract ideas, or ideas of general qualities; and the latter class I have subdivided into those which may be developed by simple feelings, and those which can only be developed by the aid

of signs.

Now, with regard to ideas themselves, I need only add that they are the psychological units which compose the whole structure intellectual. They constitute, as it were, the raw material of thought, which may be elaborated by the reflective faculty into various products of thought. Once formed they present an essential property of occurring in concatenated series; so that the occurrence of one idea determines that of another with which it has been previously joined. This principle of the association of ideas, manifested as it is by the ultimate units of intellectual structure, is by far the most important principle in psychology: it is the principle which renders possible all the faculties of mind-memory, instinct, judgment, reason, emotion, conscience, and volition.

We are now in a position to investigate the facts of comparative psychology; and, in order to do so thoroughly, I shall begin by considering what I may term the physiological basis of mind. There is no reasonable doubt that all mental processes are accompanied by nervous processes; or, to adopt the convenient terms of Professor Huxley, that psychosis is invariably associated with neurosis. The nature of this association, according to the best lights of our present knowledge, is probably as follows. Nerve-tissue consists of two elementary parts, viz., nervecells and nerve-fibres. The nerve-cells are usually collected into aggregates, which are called nerve-centres, and to these nerve-centres bundles of nervefibres come and go. The incoming nervefibres serve to conduct stimuli or impressions to the cells in the nerve-centre; and when the cells thus receive a stimulus or impression, they liberate a discharge of nervous energy, which then courses down the outgoing nerve-fibres to be distributed either to other nervecentres or else to muscles. It is in this way that nerve-centres are able to act in harmony with one another, and so to coordinate the action of the muscles over which they preside. This fundamental principle of neurosis is what physiologists call the principle of reflex action; and you will perceive that all it requires for its manifestation is an incoming nerve, a nerve-centre, and an outgoing nerve, which together constitute what has been called a nervous arc. Now there can be no reasonable doubt that in the complex structure of the brain one nervous arc is connected with another nervous arc, and this with another almost ad infinitum; and there can be equally little doubt that processes of thought are accompanied by nervous discharges taking place now in this arc and now in that one, according as the nerve-centre in each arc is excited to discharge its influence by receiving a discharge from some of the other nervearcs with which it is connected. Again, it is almost certain that the more frequently a nervous discharge takes place through a given group of nervous arcs, the more easy will it be for subsequent discharges to take place along the same routes—these routes having been thus rendered more permeable to the passage of subsequent discharges. So that in this physiological principle of reflex action we no doubt have the objective side of the psychological principle of the association of ideas. For it may be granted that a series of discharges taking place through the same group of nervous arcs will always be attended with the occurrence of the

same series of ideas; and it may be further granted that the previous passage of a series of discharges through any group of nervous arcs, by making the route more permeable, will have the effect of making subsequent discharges pursue the same course when started from the same origin. And if these two propositions be granted, it follows that the tendency of ideas to recur in the same order as that in which they have previously occurred, is merely a psychological expression of the physiological fact that lines of reflex discharge become more and more permeable by use. We thus see that the most fundamental of psychological principles—the association of ideas—is merely an obverse expression of the most fundamental neurological principles-reflex action. But here we have an important qualification to take into account. All reflex action, or neurosis, is not attended with ideation, or psychosis. In our own organisation, for instance, it is only cerebral reflexes which are so attended; and even among cerebral reflexes there is good reason to believe that the greater number of them are not accompanied by conscious ideation; for analysis shows that it is only those cerebral discharges which have taken place comparatively seldom, and the passage of which is therefore comparatively slow, that are accompanied by any ideas, or changes of consciousness. The more habitual any action becomes, the less conscious do we require to be of its performance; it is, as we say, performed automatically, or without thought. Now it is of great importance thus to observe that consciousness only emerges when cerebral reflexes are flowing along comparatively unaccustomed channels, and therefore that cerebral discharges which at first were accompanied by definite ideas may, by frequent repetition, cease to be accompanied by any ideas. It is of importance to observe this fact, because it serves to explain the origin of a number of animal instincts. These instincts must originally have been of an intelligent nature; but the actions which they prompted, having through successive generations been frequently repeated, became at last organised into a purely mechanical reflex, and therefore now appear as actions which we call purely automatic or blindly instinctive. Thus,

for instance, the scraping of graminivorous birds in earth and stones was no doubt originally an intelligent action, performed with the conscious purpose of uncovering seeds; but by frequent repetition through successive generations the action has now become blindly instinctive. This is shown by the following ex-periment. Dr. Allen Thomson tells me that he hatched out some chickens on a carpet, where he kept them for several They showed no inclination to scrape, because the stimulus supplied by the carpet to the soles of their feet was of too novel a character to call into action the hereditary instinct; but when Dr. Thomson sprinkled a little gravel on the carpet, and so supplied the appropriate or customary stimulus, the chickens immediately began their scraping move-Yet, for aught that these chickens can have known to the contrary, there was as good a chance of finding seeds in the carpet as in the thin layer of gravel. And numberless other cases might be given to prove that animals acquire instincts by frequently repeating intelligent actions, just as we ourselves acquire, even in our individual lifetime, an instinct to adjust our night-caps-an instinct which may become so pronounced as to assert itself even when a man is in the profound unconsciousness of apoplectic coma.

Thus we are able to explain all the more complicated among animal instincts as cases of 'lapsed intelligence.' But, on the other hand, a great many of the more simple instincts were probably That is evolved in a more simple way. to say, they have probably never been of an intelligent character, but have begun as merely accidental adjustments of the organism to its surroundings, and have then been laid hold upon by natural selection and developed into automatic re-Take, for instance, the action of so-called 'shamming dead,' which is performed by certain insects and allied animals when in the presence of danger. That this is not a case of intelligent action we may feel quite sure, not only because it would be absurd to suppose that insects could have any such highly abstract ideas as those of death and its conscious simulation, but also because Mr. Darwin tells me that he once made a number of observations on this subject, whose name is Why; but at the line

and in no case did he find that the attitude in which the animal shammed dead resembled that in which the animal really died. All, therefore, that 'shamming dead' amounts to is an instinct to remain motionless, and therefore inconspicuous, in the presence of enemies; and it is easy to see that this instinct may have been developed by natural selection without ever having been of an intelligent nature—those individuals which were least inclined to run away from enemies being preserved rather than those which rendered themselves conspicuous by movement.

So that we thus see how animal instincts may arise in either of two different ways; for, on the one hand, they may arise from the performance of actions which were originally intelligent, but which by frequent repetition have become automatic; and, on the other hand, they may arise from survival of the fittest, preserving actions which, although never intelligent, yet happen to have been of benefit to the animals which first chanced to perform them. But now let it be observed that although there is a great difference between these two kinds of instincts if regarded psychologically, there is no difference between them if regarded physiologically; for, regarded physiologically, both kinds of instincts are merely expressions of the fact that particular nerve-cells and fibres have been set apart to perform their reflexes automatically—that is, without being accompanied by intelligence.

So much, then, for what I have called the physiological basis of mind; and in now taking leave of this part of my subject, I should like to point out that in recognising the indisputable fact of mind having such a basis, we are not necessarily committing ourselves to the doctrine of Materialism. That psychical phenomena are very intimately associated with physical phenomena is a fact which does not admit of one moment's dispute; but concerning the nature of this association science must declare, not merely that it is at present unknown, but that, so far as she is at present able to discern. it must for ever remain unknowable. The restless tide of intellect for centuries has onwards rolled, submerging in its every arm those strong and rugged shores

where mind and matter meet there rises, like a frowning cliff, a mighty mystery, and in the darkness of the place we hear the voice of true Philosophy proclaim: Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

Passing on now to our review of Comparative Psychology, the first animals in which, so far as I can ascertain, we may be quite sure that reflex action is accompanied by ideation, are the insects. For Mr. Darwin has observed that bees remember the position of flowers which they have only several times visited, even though the flowers be concealed by intervening houses, etc. Sir John Lubbock also has shown that, after a very few individual experiences, bees are able to establish a definite association between particular colors on paper and food; and further that, after a very few lessons, a bee may be taught to find its way out of a glass jar. These observations would seem to prove that the grade of intelligence is higher in some Articulata than it is among the lower Vertebrata. For many of you will probably remember the experiment of Professor Möbius, which proved that a pike requires three months to establish an association of ideas between particular kinds of prey and the fact of their being protected by an invisible wall. This fact was proved by the pike repeatedly dashing its nose against a glass partition in its tank in fruitless efforts to catch minnows which were confined on the other side of the partition. At the end of three months, however, the requisite association was established, and the pike, having learned that its efforts were of no use, ceased to continue them. The sheet of glass was then removed; but the now firmly established association of ideas never seems to have become disestablished, for the pike never afterwards attacked the minnows, though it fed voraciously on all other kinds of fish. From which we see that a pike is very slow in forming his ideas, and no less slow in again unforming them—thus resembling many respectable members of a higher community, who spend one-half of their lives in assimilating the obsolete ideas of their forefathers, and through the other half only possible truths; they can never NEW SERIES .- VOL. XXVIII., No. 6

learn when the hand of science has removed a glass partition.

As regards the association of ideas by the higher vertebrated animals, it is only necessary to say that in all these animals, as in ourselves, this principle of association is the fundamental principle of their psychology; that in the more intelligent animals associations are quickly formed, and when once formed are very persistent; and, in general, that so far as animal ideation goes, the laws to which it is subject are identical with those under which our own ideation is performed.

Let us, then, next ask, How far does animal ideation go? The answer is most simple, although it is usually given in most erroneous form. It is usually said that animals do not possess the faculty of abstraction, and therefore that the distinction between animal intelligence and human intelligence consists in this—that animals are not able to form abstract ideas. But this statement is most erroneous. You will remember the distinction which I previously laid down between abstract ideas that may be developed by simple feelings, such as hunger, and abstract ideas that can only be developed by the aid of language. Well, remembering this distinction, we shall find that the only difference between animal intelligence and human intelligence consists in this—that animal intelligence is unable to elaborate that class of abstract ideas, the formation of which depends on the faculty of speech. In other words, animals are quite as able to form abstract ideas as we are, if under abstract ideas we include general ideas of qualities which are so far simple as not to require to be fixed in our thoughts by names. For instance, if I see a fox prowling about a farmyard, I cannot doubt that he has been led by hunger to visit a place where he has a general idea that a number of good things are to be fallen in with, just as I myself am led by a similar impulse to visit a restaurant. And, to take only one other instance, there can be no question that animals have a generalised conception of cause and effect. For example, I had a setter dog which was greatly afraid of thunder. One day a numof their lives stick to these ideas as to the ber of apples were being shot upon the wooden floor of an apple-room, and as

each bag of apples was shot it produced when the tide was flowing, and a nearly through the rest of the house a noise resembling that of distant thunder. My dog became terror-stricken at the sound; but as soon as I brought him to the apple-room and showed him the true cause of the noise, he became again buoyant and cheerful as usual. Another, dog I had used to play at tossing dry bones to give them the appearance of life. As an experiment, I one day attached a fine thread to a dry bone before giving him the latter to play with; and after he had tossed the bone about for a while as usual, I stood a long way off and slowly began to draw it away from him. So soon as he perceived that the bone was really moving on its own account, his whole demeanor changed, and rushing under a sofa he waited horror-stricken to watch the uncanny spectacle of a dry bone coming to life. I have also greatly frightened this dog by blowing soap-bubbles along the floor; one of these he summoned courage enough to touch with his paw, but as soon as it vanished he ran out of the room, terrified at so mysterious a disappearance. Lastly, I have put this dog into a paroxysm of fear by taking him into a room alone and silently making a series of horrible grimaces. Although I had never in my life hurt this dog, he became greatly frightened at my unusual behavior, which so seriously conflicted with his general idea of uniformity in matters psychological. But I have tried this experiment with less intelligent dogs without any other result than that of causing them to bark at me.

Of course in thus claiming for animals the power of forming general conceptions, I mean only such general conceptions as can be arrived at by the logic of feelings. So far, then, as the logic of feelings can carry them, I maintain that the intellectual operations of animals are indistinguishable from those of ourselves. For having thus shown that animals possess the faculty of abstraction, I shall now go on to show that they possess the faculties both of judgment and of reason. My friend Dr. Rae, the well-known traveller and naturalist, knew a dog in Orkney which used to accompany his master to church on alternate Sundays. To do so he had to swim a channel about a mile wide; and before taking to the water he used to run about a mile to the north

equal distance to the south when the tide was ebbing, 'almost invariably calculating his distance so well that he landed at the nearest point to the church.' In his letter to me Dr. Rae continues: 'How the dog managed to calculate the strength of the spring and neap tides at their various rates of speed, and always to swim at the proper angle, is most surprising.'

So much, then, for judgment. For some good instances of reasoning in animals I am also indebted to Dr. Rae. Desiring to obtain some Arctic foxes, he set various kinds of traps; but, as the foxes knew these traps from previous experience, he was unsuccessful. Accordingly he set a kind of trap with which the foxes in that part of the country were not acquainted. This consisted of a loaded gun set upon a stand pointing at the bait. A string connected the trigger of the gun with the bait, so that when the fox seized the bait he discharged the gun, and thus committed suicide. In this arrangement the gun was separated from the bait by a distance of about twenty yards, and the string which connected the trigger with the bait was concealed throughout nearly its whole distance in the snow. The gun trap thus set was successful in killing one fox, butnot in killing a second; for the foxes afterwards adopted either of two devices whereby to secure the bait without injuring themselves. One of these devices was to bite through the string at its exposed part near the trigger, and the other device was to burrow up to the bait through the snow at right angles to the line of fire, so that, although in this way they discharged the gun, they escaped without injury—the bait being pulled below the line of fire before the string was drawn sufficiently tight to discharge the gun. Now both of these devices exhibited a wonderful degree of what I think must fairly be called power of reasoning. I have carefully interrogated Dr. Rae on all the circumstances of the case, and he tells me that in that part of the world traps are never set with strings, so that there can have been no special association in the foxes' minds between strings and traps. Moreover, after the death of fox number one, the track on the snow showed that fox

number two, notwithstanding the temptation offered by the bait, had expended a great deal of scientific observation on the gun before he undertook to sever the cord. Lastly, with regard to burrowing at right angles to the line of fire, Dr. Rae and a friend in whom he has confidence observed the fact a sufficient number of times to satisfy themselves that the direction of the burrowing was really to be attributed to thought and not to

chance.

I could give several other unequivocal instances of reasoning on the part of animals which I have myself observed; but time does not permit of my stating them. Passing on, therefore, to the emotional life of animals, we find that this is very slightly, if at all, developed in the lower orders, but remarkably well developed in the higher; that is to say, the emotions are vivid and easily excited although they are shallow and evanes-They thus differ from those of aroused and more impetuous while they last, though leaving behind them but litthe particular emotions which occur among the higher animals, I can affirm from my own observations that all the following give unmistakable tokens of their presence :- Fear, Affection, Passionateness, Pugnacity, Jealousy, Sympathy, Pride, Reverence, Emulation, Shame, Hate, Curiosity, Revenge, Cruelty, Emotion of the Ludicrous, and Emotion of the Beautiful. Now this list includes nearly which refer to religion and to the perception of the sublime. These, of course, they depend upon ideas of too abstract unaided by the logic of signs. Time prevents me from here detailing any of my observations or experiments with regard to the emotional life of animals, so therefore, even if it is true that no indi- when unassisted by the logic of signswith in animals, the fact would not es-tablish any difference in kind between meet in low savages, young children,

animal intelligence and human. But I am inclined to believe that in highly intelligent, highly sympathetic, and tolerably well-treated animals, the germs of a moral sense become apparent. To give two instances. I once shut up a Skye terrier in a room by himself while I went to a friend's house. The dog must have been thrown into a violent passion at being left behind, for when I returned I found that he had torn the window-curtains to shreds. He was in great joy at seeing me; but as soon as I picked up one of the torn shreds of the curtains the animal gave a howl and ran screaming up the staircase. Now this dog was never chastised in his life, so that I can only explain his conduct as an expression of the remorse which he suffered at having done in a passion what he knew would cause me annoyance. So far as I can interpret the facts, his sympathetic affection for me. coupled with the memory of his mismost civilised men in being more readily deeds, created in his mind a genuine feel-

ing of repentance.

The other instance I have to narrate tle trace of their occurrence. As regards occurred with the same terrier. Only once in his life was he ever known to steal; and on this occasion, when very hungry, he took a cutlet from a table and carried it under a sofa. I saw him perform this act of larceny, but pretended not to have done so, and for a number of minutes he remained under the sofa with his feelings of hunger struggling against his feelings of duty. At last the latter triumphed; for he brought all the human emotions, except those the stolen cutlet and laid it at my feet. Immediately after doing so he again ran under the sofa, and from this retreat'no are necessarily absent in animals, because coaxing could draw him. Moreover, when I patted his head he turned away a nature to be reached by the mind when his face in a ludicrously consciencestricken manner. Now I regard this instance as particularly valuable from the fact that the terrier in question had never been beaten, and hence that it can-I will pass on at once to the faculty of not have been fear of bodily pain which Conscience. Of course the moral sense prompted these actions. On the whole, as it occurs in ourselves involves ideas therefore, I can only suppose that we of high abstraction, so that in animals have in these actions evidence of as high we can only expect to meet with a moral a development of the ethical faculty as sense in a very rudimentary form; and, is attainable by the logic of feelings cations of such a sense are to be met that is to say, a grade very nearly, if not many idiots, and uneducated deaf-mutes. This allusion to savages, children, idiots, and deaf-mutes, leads me to the next

division of my subject.

Professor St. George Mivart has said that an interesting book might be written on the stupidity of animals. I am inclined to think that a still more interesting book might be written on the stupidity of savages. For it is a matter of not the least interest how much stupidity any number of animals may present, so long as some animals present sufficient sagacity to supply data for the general theory of evolution; while, on the other hand, it is of the utmost importance for the science of this century to ascertain the lowest depths in which the mind of man is known to exist as human. Now there is no doubt that the interval which separates the most degraded savage from the most intelligent animal is, psychologically considered, enormous; but, enormous as it is, I cannot see any evidence to show that the gulf may not have been bridged over during the countless ages of the past. Abstract ideas among savages are mostly confined to such as may be formed by the logic of the feelings; so that, for instance, according to the observations and the judgment of Mr. Francis Galton, the ideas of number which are presented by the lowest savages are certainly in no degree superior to those which are presented by the higher animals. Such ideas as savages possess seem to be mainly those which, as in animals, are due to special associations. On this account there is in them, as in animals, a remarkable tendency to act in accordance with preformed habits, rather than to strike out improved modes of action. On this account, also, there is, as in animals, a strong tendency to imitation as distinguished from origination. Again, as in animals, so in savages, the reflective power is of an extremely undeveloped character, and quite incapable of sustained application. And, lastly, the emotions of savages, as of animals, are vivid, although, as contrasted with the emotions of civilised man, they are in a marked degree more fitful, impetuous, shallow, and transitory. So that, altogether, I think the lowest savages supply between mind as we know it in ourselves,

and mind as we see it manifested by the higher animals.

With regard to children, it is to be expected, on the general theory of evolution by inheritance, that if we were attentively to study the order in which their mental faculties develop, we should find that the historical sequence is, as it were, a condensed epitome of the order in which these faculties were developed during the evolution of the human species. And this expectation is fairly well realised. Very young children present only those ower faculties of mind which in animals we call instincts. With advancing age, the first indication of true intelligence seems to consist in the power of forming special associations. Memory thus appears early in life; and long before a child is able to speak, it links together in thought ideas of objects which it finds to be associated in fact. Again, the emotions begin to assert their presence at a very early period, and attain a high degree of development before any of the characteristically human faculties can be said to have appeared. Moreover, in young children we meet with nearly all the emotions which I have named as occurring in animals, and their general character is much of the same kind. In more advanced childhood the emotional life of children more resembles that of savages. With regard to the more purely intellectual faculties, language is largely intelligible to a child long before it is itself able to articulate; but soon after it is able to articulate, the faculty of abstracting qualities and classifying objects by the aid of signs begins its course of development. Thus, for instance, I have lately seen a child who belongs to one of the best of living observers, and who is just beginning to speak. This child called a duck 'quack,' and by spe-cial association it also called water quack.' By an appreciation of the resemblance of qualities, it next extended the term 'quack' to denote all birds and insects on the one hand, and all fluid substances on the other. Lastly, by a still more delicate appreciation of resemblance, the child eventually called all coins 'quack,' because on the back of a French sou it had once seen the representation of an eagle. Hence to this us with a most valuable transition stage child the sign 'quack,' from having originally had a very specialised meaning

became more and more extended in its signification, until it now serves to designate such apparently different objects as 'fly,' 'wine,' and 'shilling.' And as in this process we have the initiation of the logic of signs, so we have in it the potentiality of the most abstract thought. Accordingly, soon after a child begins to speak, we find that reason of a properly human kind begins to be developed.

Upon the whole, then, the study of infant psychology yields just the kind of results which the general theory of evolution would lead us to expect. But in comparing the intelligence of a young child with that of an adult animal we are met with this difficulty—that as the bodily powers of children at so immature an age are so insufficiently developed, the mind is not able, as in the case of animals, to accumulate experiences of life. In order, therefore, to obtain a fair parallel, we should require a human being whose mental powers have become arrested in their development at an early age, while the bodily powers have continued to develop to mature age, so serving to supply the abortive human intelligence with full experiences of life. Now the nearest approach that we have to these conditions is to be found in the case of idiots. Accordingly, in anticipation of this lecture, I have sent a table of questions to all the leading authorities on idiocy, and the answers which I have obtained display a very substantial agreement. Through the kindness of these gentlemen I have also been enabled to examine personally a number of the patients who are under their charge. In particular I have to express my obligations to Drs. Beech, Crichton Browne, Langdon Down, Ireland, Maudsley, Savage, and Shuttleworth. On the present occasion I can only pause to state the leading facts which have been elicited by this inquiry.

As there are all degrees of idiocy, the object of my inquiry was to determine the order in which the various mental faculties become enfeebled and disappear as we descend from the higher to the lower grades of imbecility. On the general theory of evolution we should expect that in such a descending scale the characteristically human, or the more recently developed, faculties should be the first to disappear, while those faculties which man shares with the lower animals

should be the most persistent. And this expectation I have found to be fairly well realised. Beginning from below, the first dawn of intelligence in the ascending scale of idiots, as in the ascending scale of animals, is invariably to be found in the power of associating simple concrete ideas. Thus, there are very few idiots so destitute of intelligence that the appearance of food does not arouse in their minds the idea of eating; and. as we ascend in the scale idiotic, we find the principle of association progressively extending its influence, so that the mind is able, not only to establish a greater and greater number of special associations, but also to retain these associations with an ever increasing power of memory. In the case of the higher idiots, as in the case of the higher animals, it is surprising in how considerable a de gree the faculty of special association is developed, notwithstanding the dwarfed condition of all the higher faculties. Thus, for instance, it is not a difficult matter to teach a clever idiot to play dominoes, in the same way as a clever dog has been taught to play dominoes, viz., by teaching special associations between the optical appearances of the facets which the game requires to be brought together. But the idiot may be quite as unable as the dog to play at any game which involves the understanding of a simple rationale, such, for instance, as draughts. And, similarly, many of the higher idiots have been taught to recognise, by special association, the time on a watch; but it is remarkable that the high power of forming special associations which this fact implies occurs in the same minds which are unable to perform so simple a calculation as this-If it is ten minutes to three, how many minutes is it past two? Thus it will be seen that among idiots, as among animals, the faculty of forming special associations between concrete ideas attains a comparatively high degree of development. Let us then next turn to the faculties of abstraction and reason. Prepared as I was to expect these faculties to be the most deficient, I have been greatly surprised at the degree in which they are so. As regards the power of forming abstract ideas which depend on the logic of signs, it is only among the very highest class of idiots that any such power is apparent at all; and even here Ah! that's the question, and there's just it is astonishing in how very small a degree this power is exhibited. There seems, for instance, to be an almost total absence of the idea of right and wrong as such; so that the faculty of conscience, properly so called, can rarely be said to be present. Most of the higher idiots, indeed, experience a feeling of remorse on offending the sympathies of those whom they love, just as did my dog on tearing the window curtains; but I have been able to obtain very little evidence of any true idiot whose action is prompted by any idea of right and wrong in the abstract, or as apart from the idea of approbation and disapprobation of those

whose good feeling he values.

Again, the faculty of reason is dwarfed to the utmost-so much so that the investigator is most of all astonished at the poverty of rational power which may be displayed by a human mind that in most other respects seems well developed. I can only wait to give you one example, but it may be taken as typical. A boy fourteen years of age, belonging to the highest class of undoubted idiots, could scarcely be called feeble-minded as regarded many of his faculties. Thus, for instance, his powers of memory were above the average, so that he had no difficulty in learning Latin, French, etc. Moreover, he could tell you by mental calculation the product of two numbers into two numbers, such as 35 by 35, or of one number into three numbers, such as number of days in nine years. His powers of mental calculation were therefore quite equal to those of any average boy of his age. Yet he was not able to answer; any question that involved the simplest act of reason. Thus, when I asked him how many sixpences there are in a sovereign, he was quite unable to answer. Although he knew that there are two sixpences in a shilling, and twenty shillings in a sovereign, and could immediately have said that twice twenty are forty, yet he could not perform the simple act of inference which the question involved. Again, I asked him, if he could buy oranges at a farthing each, how many could he buy for twopence? He thought long and hard, saying, 'I know that four farthings make a penny, and the oranges cost a farthing each; then how many could I buy for twopence?

the puzzle.' Nor was he able by the utmost effort to solve the puzzle. This boy had a very just appreciation of his own psychological character. Alluding to his power of forming special associations and retaining them in his excellent memory, he observed, 'Once put anything into my head and you don't get it out again very easily; but there's no use

in asking me to do puzzles.

Lastly, the emotional life of all the higher idiots, as of all the higher animals, is remarkably vivid as compared with their intellectual life. All the emotions are present (except, perhaps, that of the sublime and the religious emotions), and they occur for the most part in the same order as to strength as that which I have already named in the case of animals. But, more than this, just as in animals, children, and savages, so in idiots, the emotions, although vivid and keen, are not profound. A trivial event will make the higher idiots laugh or cry, and it is easy to hurt their feelings with a slight offence; but the death of a dear relative is very soon forgotten, while the stronger passions, such as Love, Hate, Ambition, etc., do not occur with that force and persistency which properly entitle them to be called by these names.

Upon the whole, then, with regard to idiots, it may be said that we have in them a natural experiment wherein the development of a human mind is arrested at some particular stage, while the body is allowed to continue its growth. Therefore, by arranging idiots in a descending grade, we obtain, as it were, an inclined plane of human intelligence, which indicates the probable order in which the human faculties have appeared during the history of their development; and on examining this inclined plane of human intelligence, we find that it runs suggestively parallel with the inclined plane of animal intelligence, as we descend from the higher to the lower forms of psychical

I have only time to treat of one other branch of my subject. Believing, as I have said, that language, or the logic of signs, plays so essential a part in developing the higher intellectual life of man, it occurred to me that a valuable test of the truth of this view was to be found in the mental condition of uneducated deaf-

mutes. It often happens that deaf an dumb children of poor parents are so far neglected that they are never taught finger language, or any other system of signs, whereby to converse with their fellow-creatures. The consequence, of course, is that these unfortunate children grow up in a state of intellectual isolation, which is almost as complete as that of any of the lower animals. Now when such a child grows up and falls into the hands of some competent teacher, it may of course be educated, and is then in a -position to record its experiences when in its state of intellectual isolation. I have therefore obtained all the evidence I can as to the mental condition of such persons, and I find that their testimony is perfectly uniform. In the absence of language, the mind is able to think in the logic of feelings, but can never rise to any ideas of higher abstraction than those which the logic of feelings supplies. The uneducated deaf-mutes have the same notions of right and wrong, cause and effect, and so on, as we have already seen that animals and idiots possess. They always think in the most concrete forms, as shown by their telling us when educated that so long as they were uneducated they always thought in pictures. Moreover, that they cannot attain to ideas of even the lowest degree of abstraction, is shown by the fact that in no one instance have I been able to find evidence of a deaf-mute who, prior to education, had evolved for himself any form of supernaturalism. And this, I think, is remarkable, not only because we might fairly suppose that some rude form of fetishism, or ghost-worship, would not be too abstract a system for the unaided mind of a civilised man to elaborate, but also because the mind in this case is not wholly unaided.* On the contrary, the friends of the deaf-mute usually do their utmost to communicate to his mind some idea of whatever form of religion they may happen to possess. Yet it is uniformly found that, in the absence of language, no idea of this kind can be communicated. For instance, the Rev. Mr. S. Smith tells me that one of his pupils. previous to education, supposed the Bible to have been printed by a printing-press in the sky, which was worked by printers of enormous strength—this being the only interpretation the deaf-mute could assign to the gestures whereby his parents sought to make him understand that they believed the Bible to contain a revelation from a God of power who lives in heaven. Similarly, Mr. Graham Bell informs me of another, though similar case, in which the deaf-mute supposed the object of going to church to be that of doing obeisance to the clergy.

On the whole, then, from the mental condition of uneducated deaf-mutes we learn the important lesson that, in the absence of language, the mind of a man is almost on a level with the mind of a brute in respect of its power of forming abstract ideas. So that all our lines of evidence converge to one conclusion :the only difference which analysis can show to obtain between the mind of man and the mind of the lower animals consists in this-that the mind of man has been able to develop the germ of rational thought which is undeveloped in the mind of animals, and that the development of this germ has been due to the power of abstraction which is rendered possible by the faculty of speech. I have, therefore, no hesitation in giving it as my opinion that the faculty of speech is alone the ultimate source of that enormous difference which now obtains between the mind of man and the mind of the lower animals. Is this source of difference adequate to distinguish the mind of man from the mind of the lower animals in kind? I leave you all to answer this question for yourselves. I am satisfied with my work if I have made it clear to you that the question whether human intelligence differs from animal intelligence in kind or in degree, hinges entirely on the question whether the faculty of speech has been of an origin natural or supernatural. Still, to be candid, when the question occurs to me:-Seeing that language is of such prodigious importance as a psychological in-

^{*} Were it not for certain criticisms which have appeared on my lecture as originally delivered, I should have thought it unnecessary to point out that an uneducated deaf-mute inherits the cerebral structure of a man. The fact, therefore, of his having human feelings and expressions of face, as well as the capacity for education, is no proof that language is not necessary for the formation of abstract ideas, unless it could be proved that the human brain might have been what it is, even if the human race had never evolved any system of language.

strument, does not the presence of language serve to distinguish us in kind from all other forms of life? How is it that no mere brute has ever learned to communicate with its fellows by words? Why has man alone of animals been gifted with the Logos? I say, when this question occurs to me, I feel that, although from the absence of pre-historical knowledge I am not able to answer it, still, when I reflect on the delicacy of the conditions which, on the naturalistic hypotheses, must first have led to the beginning of articulate language-conditions not only anatomical and physiological, but also psychological and sociologicalwhen I thus reflect, I cease to wonder that the complicated faculty of speech should only have become developed in Homo sapiens.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have now given you an organised epitome of the leading results which have been obtained by a study of the facts and the principles of Comparative Psychology; and as in doing so I have chiefly sought to address those among you who are interested in science, I fear that to some of you I must in many places have been very hard to follow. But as a general outcome of the whole lecture—as the great and vivifying principle by which all the facts are more or less connected, and made to spring into a living body of philosophic truth-I will ask you to retain in your memories one cardinal conclusion. We are living in a generation which has witnessed a revolution of thought unparalleled in the history of our race. I do not merely allude to the fact that this is a generation in which all the sciences, without exception, have made a leap of progress such as widely to surpass all previous eras of intellectual activity; but I allude to the fact that in the special science of Biology it has been reserved for us to see the first rational enunciation, the first practical demonstration, and the first general acceptance of the doctrine of Evolution. And I allude to this fact as to a fact of unparalleled importance in the history of thought, not only because I know how completely it has transformed the study of Life from a mere grouping of disconnected observaitons to a rational tracing of fundamental principles, but also because it is now of this age and nation to achieve.

plainly to be foreseen that what the Philosophy of Evolution has already accomplished is but an earnest of what it is destined to achieve. We know the results which have followed in the science of Astronomy by the mathematical proof of the law of gravitation; and can we doubt that even more important results will follow in the much more complex science of Biology from the practical proof of the law of Evolution? I at least can entertain no doubt on this head; and forasmuch as this enormous change in our means of knowledge and our modes ofthought has been so largely due to the almost unaided labors of a single man, I do not hesitate to say, even before so critical an audience as this, that in all the history of science there is no single name worthy of a veneration more profound than the now immortal name of Charles Darwin.

Do you ask me why I close this lecture with such a Panegyric on the Philosophy of Evolution? My answer is-If we have found that in the study of Life the theory of Descent is the keynote by which all the facts of our science are brought into harmonious relation, we cannot doubt that in our study of Mind the theory of Descent must be of an importance no less fundamental. And, indeed, even in this our time, which is marked by the first opening dawn of the science of Psychology, we have but to look with eyes unprejudiced to see that the Philosophy of Evolution is here like a rising Sun of Truth, eclipsing all the lesser lights of previous philosophies, dispelling superstitions like vapors born of darkness, and revealing to our gladdened gaze the wonders of a world till now unseen. So that the cardinal conclusion which I desire you to take away, and to retain in your memories long after all the lesser features of this discourse shall have faded from your thoughts, is the conclusion that Mind is everywhere one; and that the study of Comparative Psychology, no less than the study of Comparative Anatomy, has hitherto yielded results in full agreement with that great transformation in our view of things, which, as I have said, is without a parallel in the history of thought, and which it has been the great, the individual glory

POSTSCRIPT.

Many and various have been the criticisms to which this lecture has already given rise, so that, in now submitting it to the readers of the Nineteenth Century, I am impelled to make one additional remark. Within the time at my disposal in a lecture it was not possible to give more than a carefully balanced epitome of what I conceive to be the leading principles of Comparative Psychology, and the directions in which it seems to me of most importance that these principles should be applied. Naturally, therefore, no one division of my subject has here been treated with any attempt at completeness, and thus the unsympathetic critic has an easy task to perform when he indicates the apparent disproportion between my premisses and my conclusions. Of such criticisms I have neither the right nor the desire to complain; they were clearly to be foreseen as the result of first publishing my work in so condensed a form. But I do desire to address this one remark to my critics as a body. Let it not be supposed that by pointing out sins of omission in this résumé you have proved negligence or onesidedness against the labor of which it is the result. It is needless to say that I gladly welcome all criticisms, even such as give me credit for being myself so far an idiot as not to have observed that a parrot can talk, or that a deaf-mute has a human kind of look about the face, together with 'latent' (inherited?) capacities of which animals are destitute. But, while gladly welcoming criticisms from every quarter, I would suggest that, at least when rendering the more superficial and the more hackneyed of ideas, they might be conveyed in a form which recognises the possibility of my having met with these ideas before.

It seems desirable, however, to add a few explanatory statements with regard to the Arctic foxes; for in my oral exposition of the circumstances as communicated to me by Dr. Rae, I somewhat unduly sacrificed lucidity to compres-

sion. The only supplementary matter which it seems desirable to add I will quote from Dr. Rae's letter to me:—

'In the cases seen by myself and by a friend of greater experience, the trench was always scraped at right angles, or nearly so, to the line of fire.' This fact Dr. Rae explains by the hypothesis:—'If the trench is to be a shelter one—thinking, as the fox must, that the gun, or something coming from it, was the danger to be protected from or guarded against—it must be made across the line of fire, for if scratched in direction of the gun, it would afford little or no protection or concealment, and the reasoning power or intelligence of the fox would be at fault.

' My belief is that one of these knowing foxes had seen his or her companion shot, or found it dead shortly after it had been killed (paired foxes do not necessarily always keep close together, because they have a better chance of finding food if separated some distance from each other), and not unnaturally attributed the cause of the mishap to the only strange thing it saw near, namely, the It was evident that in all cases they had studied the situation carefully, as was sufficiently shown by their tracks in the snow, which indicated their extremely cautious approach when either the string-cutting or trench-digging dodge was resorted to.

Lastly, I should like to take this opportunity of requesting the readers of the Nineteenth Century to favor me by sending to the undermentioned address brief accounts of any well-marked instances of the display of animal intelligence which may have fallen within their own notice or that of their friends. None of these instances will be published by me without permission; but I desire to accumulate as many of such instances as possible, in order that I may obtain a wide basis of suggestion as to the directions in which experiment may be most century.

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THE FIRST EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

WHEN browsing at random in a respectable library, one is pretty sure to hit upon the early numbers of the Edinburgh Review, and prompted in consequence to ask oneself the question, what are the intrinsic merits of writing which produce so great an effect upon our grandfathers? The Review, we may say, has lived into a third generation. The last survivor of the original set has passed away; and there are but few relics even of that second galaxy of authors amongst whom Macaulay was the most brilliant star. One may speak, therefore, without shocking existing susceptibilities, of the Review in its first period, when Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Brougham were the most prominent names. A man may still call himself middle-aged and yet have a distinct memory of Brougham courting, rather too eagerly, the applause of the Social Science Association; of Jeffrey, as he appeared in his kindly old age, when he could hardly have spoken sharply of a Lake poet; and even of the last outpourings of the irrepressible gaiety of Sydney Smith. But the period of their literary activity is already so distant as to have passed into the domain of history. It is the same thing to say that it already belongs in some degree to the neighboring or overlapping domain of

There is, in fact, already a conventional history of the early Edinburgh Review, repeated without hesitation in all literary histories and assumed in a thousand allusions, which becomes a little incredible when we take down the dusty old volumes, where dingy calf has replaced the original splendors of the blue and yellow, and which have inevitably lost much of their savor during more than half a century's repose. The story of the original publication has been given by the chief founders. Edinburgh, at the beginning of the century, was one of those provincial centres of intellectual activity which have an increasing difficulty in maintaining themselves against metropolitan attractions. In the last half of the eighteenth century, such philosophical activity as existed in the country

seemed to have taken refuge in the northern half of the island. A set of brilliant young men, living in a society still proud of the reputation of Hume, Adam Smith, Reid, Robertson, Dugald Stewart, and other northern luminaries, might naturally be susceptible to the stimulus of literary ambition. In politics the most rampant Conservatism, rendered bitter by the recent experience of the French Revolution, exercised a sway in Scotland more undisputed and vigorous than it is now easy to understand. The younger men who inclined to Liberalism, were naturally prepared to welcome an organ for the expression of their views. Accordingly a knot of clever lads (Smith was 31, Jeffrey 29, Brown 24, Horner 24, and Brougham 23) met in the third (not, as Smith afterwards said, the "eighth or ninth") story of a house in Edinburgh and started the journal by acclamation. The first number appeared in October, 1802, and produced, we are told, an "electrical" effect. Its old humdrum rivals collapsed before it. Its science, its philosophy, its literature were equally admired. Its politics excited the wrath and dread of Tories and the exultant delight of Whigs. It was, says Cockburn, a "pillar of fire," a far-seen beacon suddenly lighted in a dark place. Its able advocacy of political principles was as striking as its judicial air of criticism, unprecedented in periodical literature. To appreciate its influence, we must remember, says Sydney Smith, that in those days a number of reforms, now familiar to us all, were still regarded as startling innovations. The Catholics were not emancipated, nor the game-laws softened, nor the Court of Chancery reformed, nor the slave-trade abolished. Cruel punishment still disgraced the criminal code, libel was put down with vindictive severity, prisoners were not allowed counsel in capital cases, and many other grievances now wholly or partially redressed were still flourishing in full force.

Were they put down solely by the Edinburgh Review? That, of course, would not be alleged by its most ardent

admirers; though Sydney Smith certainly holds that the attacks of the Edinburgh were amongst the most efficient causes of the many victories which followed. I am not concerned to dispute the statement; nor in fact do I doubt that it contains much truth. But if we look at the Review simply as literary critics and examine its volumes expecting to be edified by such critical vigor and such a plentiful outpouring of righteous indignation in burning language as might correspond to this picture of a great organ of liberal opinion, we shall, I fear, be cruelly disappointed. Let us speak the plain truth at once. Every one who turns from the periodical literature of the present day to the original Edinburgh Review, will be amazed at its inferiority. It is generally dull and, when not dull, flimsy. The vigor has departed; the fire is extinct. To some extent, of course, this is inevitable. Even the magnificent eloquence of Burke has lost some of its early gloss. We can read. comparatively unmoved, passages that would have once carried us off our legs in the exuberant torrent of passionate invective. But, making all possible allowance for the fading of all things human, I think that every reader who is frank will admit his disappointment. Here and there, of course, are amusing passages; Sydney Smith's humor or some of Jeffrey's slashing and swaggering retains a few sparks of fire. The pertness and petulance of the youthful critics is amusing, though hardly in the way intended by themselves. But, as a rule, one may most easily characterize the contents by saying that few of the articles would have a chance of acceptance by the editor of a first-rate periodical today; and that the majority belong to an inferior variety of what is now called " padding"-mere perfunctory bits of work, obviously manufactured by the critic out of the book before him.

The great political importance of the Edinburgh Review belongs to a later period. When the Whigs began to revive after the long reign of Tory principles, and such questions as Roman Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform were seriously coming to the front, the Review grew to be a most effective organ of the rising party. Even in earlier years, it was doubt-

less a matter of real moment that the ablest periodical of the day should manifest sympathies with the cause then so profoundly depressed. But in those years there is nothing of that vehement and unsparing advocacy of Whig principles which we might expect from a band of youthful enthusiasts. So far indeed was the Review from unhesitating partisanship that the sound Tory Scott contributed to its pages for some years; and so late as the end of 1807 invited Southey, a still more unsparing Tory, as became a "renegade" or a "convert," to enlist under Jeffrey. Southey, it is true, was prevented from joining by scruples shared by his correspondent, but it was not for another year that the breach became irreparable. The final offence was given by the "famous article upon Cevallos," which appeared in October, 1808. Even at that period Scott understood some remarks of Jeffrey's as an offer to suppress the partisan tendencies of his Review. Jeffrey repudiated this interpretation; but the statement is enough to show that, for six years after its birth, the Review had not been conducted in such a way as to pledge itself beyond all redemption in the eyes of staunch Tories."

^{*} Scott's letter, stating that this overture had been made by Jeffrey under terror of the Quarterly, was first published in Lockhart's Life of Scott. Jeffrey denied that he could ever have made the offer, both because his contributors were too independent and because he had always considered politics to be (as he re-membered to have told Scott) the "right leg" of the Review. Undoubtedly, though Scott's letter was written at the time and Jeffrey's contradiction many years afterwards, it seems that Scott must have exaggerated. And yet in Horner's Memoirs, we find a letter from Jeffrey which goes far to show that there was more than might be supposed to confirm Scott's statement. Jeffrey begs for Horner's assistance in the "day of need," caused by the Cevallos article and the threatened Quarterly. He tells Horner that he may write upon any subject he pleases—"only no party politics, and nothing but exemplary moderation and impartiality on all politics. I have allowed too much mischief to be done from my mere indifference and love of sport; but it would be inexcusable to spoil the powerful instrument we have got hold of for the sake of teazing and playing tricks."—Horner's Memoirs, i. 439. It was on the occasion of the Cevallos article that the Earl of Buchan solemnly kicked the Review from his study into the street-a performance which he supposed would be fatal to its circulation.

The Cevallos article, the work in uncertain proportions of Brougham and Jeffrey, was undoubtedly calculated to give offence. It contained an eloquent expression of foreboding as to the chances of the war in Spain. The Whigs, whose policy had been opposed to the war, naturally prophesied its ill success, and, until this period, facts had certainly not confuted their auguries. It was equally natural that their opponents should be scandalised by their apparent want of patriotism. Scott's indignation was characteristic. The Edinburgh Review, he says, "tells you coolly, 'We foresee a revolution in this country as well as Mr. Cobbett;' and, to say the truth, by degrading the person of the sovereign, exalting the power of the French armies and the wisdom of their counsels, holding forth that peace (which they allow can only be purchased by the humiliating prostration of our honor) is indispensable to the very existence of this country, I think that for these two years past, they have done their utmost to hasten the fulfilment of their own prophecy." Yet, he adds, 9000 copies are printed quarterly, "no genteel family can pretend to be without it," and it contains the only valuable literary criticism of the day. The antidote was to be supplied by the foundation of the Quarterly. The Cevallos article, as Brougham says,* "first made the Reviewers conspicuous as Liberals."

Jeffrey and his friends were in fact in the very difficult position of all middle parties during a period of intense national and patriotic excitement. If they attacked Perceval or Canning or Castlereagh in one direction, they were equally opposed to the rough and ready democracy of Cobbett or Burdett, and to the more philosophical radicalism of men like Godwin or Bentham. They were generally too young to have been infected by the original Whig sympathy for the French Revolution, or embittered by the reaction. They condemned the principles of '89 as decidedly if not as heartily as the Tories. The difference as Sydney Smith said to his imaginary Tory Abra-

ham Plymley, is "in the means, not in the end. We both love the Constitution, respect the King, and abhor the French." Only, as the difference about the means was diametrical, Tories naturally held them to be playing into the hands of destructives, though more out of cowardice than malignity. In such a position it is not surprising if the reviewers generally spoke in apologetic terms and with bated breath. They could protest against the dominant policy as rash and bigoted, but could not put forwards conflicting principles without guarding themselves against the imputation of favoring the common enemy. The Puritans of Radicalism set down this vacillation to a total want of fixed principle, if not to baser motives. first volume of the Westminster Review (1824) contains a characteristic assault upon the "see-saw" system of the Edinburgh by the two Mills. The Edinburgh is sternly condemned for its truckling to the aristocracy, its cowardice, political immorality, and (of all things !) its sentimentalism. In after years J. S. Mill contributed to its pages himself; but the opinion of his fervid youth was that of the whole Bentham school.* It is plain, however, that the Review, even when it had succeeded, did not absorb the activities of its contributors so exclusively as is sometimes suggested. They rapidly dispersed to enter upon different careers. Even before the first number appeared, Jeffrey complains that almost all his friends are about to emigrate to London; and the prediction was soon verified. Sydney Smith left to begin his career as a clergyman in London; Horner and Brougham almost immediately took to the English Bar, with a view to pushing into public life; Allen joined Lord Holland; Charles Bell set up in a London practice; two other promising contributors took offence, and deserted the Review in its infancy; and Jeffrey was left almost alone, though still a centre of attraction to the scattered group. He himself only undertook the editorship, on the understanding that he might renounce it as soon as he could do without it; and al vays guarded himself most carefully against any appearance of deserting a le-

^{*} See the privately printed correspondence of Mr. Macvey Napier, a remarkably interesting book, to which I venture to refer, as it has already formed the subject of some public notices.

^{*} See Mill's Autobiography, p. 92, for an interesting account of these articles.

gal for a literary career. Although the Edinburgh cénacle was not dissolved, its bonds were greatly loosened; the chief contributors were in no sense men who looked upon literature as a principal occupation; and Jeffrey, as much as Brougham and Horner, would have resented, as a mischievous imputation, the suggestion that his chief energies were devoted to the Review. In some sense this might be an advantage. An article upon politics or philosophy is, of course, better done by a professed statesman and thinker than by a literary hack; but, on the other hand, a man who turns aside from politics or philosophy to do mere hackwork, does it worse than the professed man of letters. Work, taken up at odd hours to satisfy editorial importunity or add a few pounds to a narrow income, is apt to show the characteristic defects of all amateur performances. A very large part of the early numbers is amateurish in this objectionable sense. It is mere hand-to-mouth information, and is written, so to speak, with the left hand. A clever man has turned over the last new book of travels or poetry, or made a sudden incursion into foreign literature or into some passage of history entirely fresh to him, and has given his first impressions with an audacity which almost disarms one by its extraordinary natveté. The standard of such disquisitions was then so low that writing which would now be impossible passed muster without an objection. When, in later years, Macaulay discussed Hampden or Chatham, the book which he ostensibly reviewed was a mere pretext for producing the rich stores of a mind trained by years of previous historical study. Jeffrey wrote about Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs and Pepys' Diary as though the books had for the first time revealed to him the existence of Puritans or of courtiers under the Restoration. The author of an article upon German metaphysics at the present day would think it necessary to show that if he had not the portentous learning which Sir William Hamilton embodied in his Edinburgh articles, he had at least read the book under review, and knew something of the language. The author of a contemptuous review of Kant, in an early number of the Edinburgh, makes it even ostentatiously evident that he has never read a

line of the original, and that his whole knowledge is derived from what (by his own account) is a very rambling and inadequate French essay. The young gentlemen who wrote in those days have a jaunty mode of pronouncing upon all conceivable topics without even affecting to have studied the subject, which is amusing in its way, and which fully explains the flimsy nature of their performance.

The authors, in fact, regarded these essays, at the time, as purely ephemeral. The success of the Review suggested republication long afterwards. The first collection of articles was, I presume, Sydney Smith's, in 1839; Jeffrey's and Macaulay's followed in 1843; and at that time even Macaulay thought it necessary to explain that the republication was forced upon him by the Americans. The plan of passing even the most serious books through the pages of a periodical has become so common that such modesty would now imply the emptiest affectation. The collections of Jeffrey and Sydney Smith will give a sufficient impression of the earlier numbers of the Review. The only contributors of equal reputation were Horner and Brougham. Horner, so far as one can judge, was a typical representative of those solid, indomitable Scotchmen whom one knows not whether to respect for their energy or to dread as the most intolerable of bores. He plodded through legal, metaphysical, scientific, and literary studies like an elephant forcing his way through a jungle; and labored as resolutely and systematically to acquire graces of style as to master the intricacies of the "dismal science." At an early age, and with no advantages of position, he had gained extraordinary authority in Parliament. Sydney Smith said of him that he had the Ten Commandments written on his face, and looked so virtuous that he might commit any crime with impunity. His death probably deprived us of a most exemplary statesman and first-rate Chancellor of the Exchequer, but it can hardly have been a great loss to literature.* His con_

^{*} Passages from Horner's journals, given in his *Memoirs*, are quaint illustrations of the frame of mind generally inculcated in manuals for the use of virtuous young men. At the age of twenty-eight, he resolves one day to meditate upon various topics, distributed under

tributions gave some solid economical speculation to the Review, but were neither numerous nor lively. Brougham's amazing vitality wasted itself in a different way. His multifarious energy, from early boyhood to the borders of old age, would be almost incredible, if we had not the good fortune to be contemporaries of Mr. Gladstone. His share in the opening numbers of the Review is another of the points upon which there is an odd conflict-of testimony.* But from a very early period he was the most voluminous and, at times, the most valuable of contributors. It has been said that he once wrote a whole number, including articles upon lithotomy and Chinese music. It is more authentic that he contributed six articles to one number, at the very crisis of his political career, and at the same period he boasts of having written a fifth of the whole Review to that time. He would sit down in a morning and write off twenty pages at a single effort. Jeffrey compares his own editorial authority to that of a feudal monarch over some independent barons. When

nine heads, including the society to be formed in the metropolis; the characters to be studied; the scale of intimacies; the style of conversation; the use of other men's minds in self-education; the regulation of ambition, of political sentiments, connections and conduct; the importance of "steadily systematising all plans and aims of life, and so providing against contingencies as to put happiness at least out of the reach of accident," and the cultivation of moral feelings by "dignified sentiments and pleasing associations" derived from poets, moralists, or actual life. Sydney Smith, in a very lively portrait, says that Horner was the best, kindest, simplest, and most incorruptible of mankind; but intimates sufficiently that his impenetrability to the facetious was something almost unexampled. A jest upon an important subject was, it seems, the only affliction which his strength of principle would not enable him to bear with patience.

* It would appear, from one of Jeffrey's statements, that Brougham selfishly hung back till after the third number of the Review, and its "assured success" (Horner's Memoirr, i. p. 186, and Macvey Napier's Correspondence, p. 422); from another, that Brougham, though anxious to contribute, was excluded by Sydney Smith, from prudential motives. On the other hand, Brougham in his autobiography claims (by name) seven articles in the first number, five in the second, eight in the third, and five in the fourth; in five of which he had a collaborator. His hesitation, he says, ended before the appearance of the first number, and was due to doubts as to Jeffrey's being allowed sufficient power.

Jeffrey gave up the Review, this "baron" aspired to something more like domination than independence. He made the unfortunate editor's life a burden to him. He wrote voluminous letters, objurgating, entreating, boasting of past services, denouncing rival contributors, declaring that a regard for the views of any other man was base subservience to a renegade Ministry, or foolish attention to the hints of understrappers. threatening, if he was neglected, to set up a rival review, and generally hectoring, bullying, and declaiming in a manner which gives one the highest opinion of the diplomatic skill of the editor, who managed, without truckling, to avoid a breach with his tremendous contributor. Brougham indeed was not quite blind to the fact that the Review was as useful to him as he could be to the Review, and was therefore more amenable than might have been expected, in the last resort. But he was in every relation one of those men who are nearly as much hated and ' dreaded by their colleagues as by the adversary—a kind of irrepressible rocket. only too easy to discharge, but whose course defied prediction.

It is, however, admitted by every one that the literary results of this portentous activity were essentially ephemeral. His writings are hopelessly commonplace in substance, and slipshod in style. His garden offers a bushel of potatoes instead of a single peach. Much of Brougham's work was up to the level necessary to give effect to the manifesto of an active politician. It was a fair exposition of the arguments common at the time; but it has nowhere that stamp of originality in thought or brilliance in expression which could confer upon it a permanent vitality.

Jeffrey and Sydney Smith deserve more respectful treatment. Macaulay speaks of his first edition with respectful enthusiasm. He says of the collected contributions that the "variety and fertility of Jeffrey's mind" seem more extraordinary than ever. Scarcely could any three men have produced such "diversified excellence." "When I compare him with Sydney and myself, I feel, with humility perfectly sincere, that his range is immeasurably wider than ours. And this is only as a writer. But he is not only a writer, he has been a great

advocate, and he is a great judge. Take him all in all, I think him more nearly an immortal genius than any man of our time; certainly far more nearly than Brougham, much as Brougham affects the character.'' Macaulay hated Brougham, and was, perhaps, a little unjust to him. But what are we to say of the writings upon which this panegyric

is pronounced?

Jeffrey's collected articles include about eighty out of two hundred reviews, nearly all contributed to the Edinburgh within its first period of twenty-five years. They fill four volumes, and are distributed under the seven headsgeneral literature, history, poetry, metaphysics, fiction, politics, and miscella-Certainly there is versatility enough implied in such a list, and we may be sure that he has ample opportunity for displaying whatever may be in him. It is, however, easy to dismiss some of these divisions. Jeffrey knew history as an English gentleman of average cultivation knew it; that is to say, not enough to justify him in writing about it. He knew as much of metaphysics as a clever lad was likely to pick up at Edinburgh during the reign of Dugald Stewart; his essays in that kind, though they show some aptitude and abundant confidence, do not now deserve serious attention. His chief speculative performance was an essay upon beauty contributed to the Encyclopædia Britannica, of which his biographer says quaintly that it is "as sound as the subject admits of." It is crude and meagre in substance. The principal conclusion is the rather unsatisfactory one for a professional critic that there are no particular rules about beauty, and consequently that one taste is about as good as another. Nobody, however, could be less inclined to apply this over liberal theory to questions of literary taste. There, he evidently holds, there is most decidedly a right and wrong, and everybody is very plainly in the wrong who differs from himself. .

Jeffrey's chief fame—or, should we say, notoriety?—was gained, and his merit should be tested by his success, in this department. The greatest triumph that a literary critic can win is the early recognition of genuis not yet appreciated by his contemporaries. The

next test of his merit is his capacity for pronouncing sound judgment upon controversies which are fully before the public; and, finally, no inconsiderable merit must be allowed to any critic who has a vigorous taste of his own—not hopelessly eccentric or silly—and expresses it with true literary force. If not a judge, he may in that case be a

useful advocate.

What can we say for Jeffrey upon this understanding? Did he ever encourage a rising genius? The sole approach to such a success is an appreciative notice of Keats, which would be the more satisfactory if poor Keats had not been previously assailed by the opposition jour-The other judgments are for the most part pronounced upon men already celebrated; and the single phrase which has survived is the celebrated "This will never do," directed against Wordsworth's Excursion. Every critic is liable to blunder; but Jeffrey's blundering is amazingly systematic and comprehensive. In the last of his poetical critiques (October, 1829) he sums up his critical experience. He doubts whether Mrs. Hemans, whom he is reviewing at the time, will be immortal. "The tuneful quartos of Southey," he says, "are already little better than lumber; and the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley, and the fantastical emphasis of Wordsworth, and the plebeian pathos of Crabbe, are melting fast from the field The novels of Scott have of vision. put out his poetry. Even the splendid strains of Moore are fading into distance and dimness, except where they have been married to immortal music; and the blazing star of Byron himself is receding from its place of pride." Who survive this general decay? Not Coleridge, who is not even mentioned; nor is Mrs. Hemans secure. The two who show least marks of decay are-of all people in the world-Rogers and Campbell! It is only to be added that this summary was republished in 1843, by which time the true proportions of the great reputations of the period were becoming more obvious to an ordinary observer. It seems almost incredible now that any sane critic should pick out Rogers and Campbell as the sole enduring relics from the age of Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, and Byron.

Doubtless a critic should rather draw the moral of his own fallibility than of his superiority to Jeffrey. Criticism is a still more perishing commodity than poetry. Jeffrey was a man of unusual intelligence and quickness of feeling; and a follower in his steps should think twice before he ventures to cast the first stone. If all critics who have grossly blundered are therefore to be pronounced utterly incompetent, we should, I fear, have to condemn nearly every one who has taken up the profession, Not only Dennis and Rymer, but Dryden, Pope, Addison, Johnson, Gray, Wordsworth, Byron, and even Coleridge, down to the last new critic in the latest and most fashionable journals, would have to be censured. Still there are blunders and blunders; and some of Jeffrey's sins in that kind are such as it is not very easy to forgive. If he attacked great men, it has been said in his defence, he attacked those parts of their writings which were really objectionable. And, of course, nobody will deny that (for example) Wordsworth's wilful and ostentatious inversion of accepted rules presented a very tempting mark to the critic. But-to say nothing of Jeffrey's failure to discharge adequately the correlative duty of generous praise-it must be admitted that his ridicule seems to strike pretty much at random. picks out Southey, certainly the least eminent of the so-called school of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb, as the one writer of the set whose poetry deserves serious consideration; and, besides attacking Wordsworth's faults, his occasional flatness and childishness, selects some of his finest poems (e.g. the Ode on the Intimations of Immortality) as flagrant specimens of the hopelessly absurd.

The White Doe of Rylstone may not be Wordsworth's best work; but a man who begins a review of it by proclaiming it to be "the very worst poem ever imprinted in a quarto volume," who follows up this remark by unmixed and indiscriminating abuse, and who publishes the review twenty-eight years later as expressing his mature convictions, is certainly proclaiming his own gross incompetence. Or, again, Jeffrey writes about Wilhelm Meister (in 1824), knowing its high reputation in Germany, and

finds in it nothing but a text for a dissertation upon the amazing eccentricity of national taste which can admire "sheer nonsense," and at length proclaims himself tired of extracting "so much trash." There is a kind of indecency, a wanton disregard of the general consensus of opinion in such treatment of a contemporary classic (then just translated by Mr. Carlyle, and so brought within Jeffrey's sphere) which one would hope to be now impossible. It is true that Jeffrey relents a little at the end, admits that Goethe has "great talent," and would like to withdraw some of his censure. Whilst, therefore, he regards it as an instance of that diversity of national taste which makes a writer idolized in one country who would not be tolerated in another, he would hold it out rather as an object of wonder than contempt. Though the greater part "would not be endured, and, indeed, could not have been written in England," there are many passages of which any country might naturally be proud. Truly this is an illustration of Jeffrey's fundamental principle that taste has no laws, and is a matter of accidental caprice.

It may be said that better critics have erred with equal recklessness. Quincey, who could be an admirable critic where his indolent prejudices were not concerned, is even more dead to the merits of Goethe. Byron's critical remarks are generally worth reading, in spite of his wilful eccentricity; and he spoke of Wordsworth and Southey still more brutally than Jeffrey, and admired Rogers as unreasonably. In such cases we may admit the principle already suggested, that even the most reckless criticism has a kind of value when it implies a genuine (even though a mistaken) taste. So long as a man says sincerely what he thinks, he tells us something worth knowing.

Unluckily this is just where Jeffrey is apt to fail; though he affects to be a dictator, he is really a follower of the fashion. He could put up with Rogers' flattest "correctness," Moore's most intolerable tinsel, and even Southey's most ponderous epic poetry, because admiration was respectable. He could endorse, though rather coldly, the general verdict in Scott's favor, only guard-

ing his dignity by some not too judicious criticism; preferring, for example, the sham romantic buiness of the Lay to the incomparable vigor of the rough moss-troopers

Who sought the beeves that made their broth, In Scotland and in England both—

terribly undignified lines, as Jeffrey So far, though his judicial swagger strikes us now as rather absurd, and we feel that he is passing sentence on bigger men than himself, he does fairly enough. But, unluckily, the Edinburgh wanted a butt. All lively critical journals, it would seem, resemble the old-fashioned squires who kept a badger ready to be baited whenever a little amusement was desirable. rising school of Lake poets, with their austere professions and real weaknesses, was just the game to show a little sport; and, accordingly, poor Jeffrey blundered into grievous misapprehensions, and has survived chiefly by his worst errors. The simple fact is, that he accepted whatever seemed to a hasty observer to be the safest opinion, that which was current in the most orthodox critical circles, and expressed it with rather more point than his neighbors. But his criticism implies no serious thought or any deeper sentiment than pleasure at having found a good laughing-stock. The most unmistakable bit of genuine ex-pression of his own feelings in Jeffrey's writings is, I think, to be found in his letters to Dickens. "Oh! my dear, letters to Dickens. "Oh! my dear, dear Dickens!" he exclaims, "what a No. 5" (of Dombey and Son) "you have now given us. I have so cried and sobbed over it last night and again this morning, and felt my heart purified by those tears, and blessed and loved you for making me shed them; and I never can bless and love you enough. Since that divine Nelly was found dead on her humble couch, beneath the snow and ivy, there has been nothing like the actual dying of that sweet Paul in the summer sunshine of that lofty room." The emotion is a little senile, and most of us think it misplaced; but at least it is The earlier thunders of the Edinburgh Review have lost their terrors, because they are in fact mere echoes of commonplace opinion. They are often clever enough and have all the

air of judicial authority, but we feel that they are empty shams, concealing no solid core of strong personal feeling even of the perverse variety. The critic has been asking himself, not "What do I feel?" but "What is the correct remark to make?"

Jeffrey's political writing suggests, I think, in some respects a higher estimate of his merits. He has not, it is true, very strong convictions, but his sentiments are liberal in the better sense of the word, and he has a more philosophical tone than is usual with English publicists. He appreciates the truths, now become commonplace, that the political constitution of the country should be developed so as to give free play for the underlying social forces without breaking abruptly with the old traditions. He combats with dignity the narrow prejudices which led to a policy of rigid repression, and which, in his opinion, could only lead to revo-But the effect of his principles is not a little marred by a certain timidity both of character and intellect. Hopefulness should be the mark of an ardent reformer, and Jeffrey seems to be always decided by his fears. His favorite topic is the advantage of a strong middle party, for he is terribly afraid of a collision between the two extremes; he can only look forwards to despotism if the Tories triumph, and a sweeping revolution if they are beaten. Meanwhile, for many years he thinks it most probable that both parties will be swallowed up by the common enemy. Never was there such a determined croaker. In 1808 he suspects that Bonaparte will be in Dublin in about fifteen months, when he, if he survives, will try to go to America. In 1811 he expects Bonaparte to be in Ireland in eighteen months, and asks how England can then be kept, and whether it would be worth keeping? France is certain to conquer the continent, and our interference will only "exasperate and accelerate." Bonaparte's invasion of Russia in 1813 made him still more gloomy. He rejoiced at the French defeat as one delivered from a great terror, but the return of the Emperor dejects him again. All he can say of the war (just before Waterloo) is that he is "mortally afraid of it," and that he hates Bonaparte

"because he makes me more afraid than anybody else." In 1819 he anticipates "tragical scenes" and a sanguinary revolution; in 1821 he thinks as ill as ever "of the state and prospects of the country," though with less alarm of speedy mischief; and in 1822 he looks forward to revolutionary wars all over the continent, from which we may possibly escape by reason of our "miserable poverty;" whilst it is probable that our old tyrannies and corruptions will last for some 4000 or 5000 years longer.

A stalwart politician, Whig or Tory,

is rarely developed out of a Mr. Much-Afraid or a Mr. Despondency; they are too closely related to Mr. Facing-Both-Jeffrey thinks it generally a duty to conceal his fears and affect a confidence which he does not feel; but perhaps the best piece of writing in his essays is that in which he for once gives full expression to his pessimist sentiment. It occurs in a review of a book in which Madame de Staël maintains the doctrine of human perfectibility. Jeffrey explains his more despondent view in a really eloquent passage. He thinks that the increase of educated intelligence will not diminish the permanent causes of human misery. War will be as common as ever, wealth will be used with at least equal War will be as common as ever, selfishness, luxury and dissipation will increase, enthusiasm diminish, intellectual originality will become rarer, the division of labor will make men's lives pettier and more mechanical, and pauperism grow with the development of manufactures. When republishing his essays Jeffrey expresses his continued adherence to these views, and they are more interesting than most of his work, because they have at least the merits of originality and sincerity. Still, one cannot help observing that if the Edinburgh Review was an efficient organ of progress, it was not from any ardent faith in progress entertained by its chief conductor.

It is a relief to turn from Jeffrey to Sydney Smith. The highest epithet applicable to Jeffrey is clever, to which we may prefix some modest intensitive. He is a brilliant, versatile, and at bottom liberal and kindly man of the world; but he never gets fairly beyond the border-line which irrevocably separates lively talent from original power. There

are dozens of writers who could turn out work on the same pattern and about equally good. Smith, on the other hand, stamps all his work with his peculiar characteristics. It is original and unmistakable; and in a certain department-not, of course, a very high onehe has almost unique merits. I do not think that the Plymley Letters can be surpassed by anything in the language as specimens of the terse, effective treatment of a great subject in language suitable for popular readers. Of course they have no pretence to the keen polish of Junius, or the weight of thought of Burke, or the rhetorical splendors of Milton; but their humor, freshness, and spirit are inimitable. The Drapier Letters, to which they have often been compared, were more effctive at the moment; but no fair critic can deny, I think, that Sydney Smith's performance is now incomparably more interesting than Swift's.

The comparison between the dean and the canon is an obvious one, and has often been made. There is a likeness in the external history of the two clergymen who both sought for preferment through politics, and were both, even by friends, felt to have sinned against professional proprieties, and were put off with scanty rewards in consequence. Both, too, were masters of a vigorous style, and orginal humorists. But the likeness does not go very deep. Swift had the most powerful intellect and the strongest passion as undeniably as Smith had the sweetest nature. The admirable good humor with which Smith accepted his position and devoted himself to honest work in an obscure country parish is the strongest contrast with Swift's misanthropical seclusion; and nothing can be less like than Smith's admirable domestic history and the mysterious love affairs with Stella and Vanessa. Smith's character reminds us more closely of Fuller, whose peculiar humor is much of the same stamp; and who, falling upon hard times, and therefore tinged by a more melancholy sentiment, yet showed the same unconquerable cheerfulness and intellectual vivacity.

Most of Sydney Smith's Edinburgh articles are of a very slight texture, though the reader is rewarded by an occasional turn of characteristic quaint-

ness. The criticism is of the most simple-minded kind; but here and there crops up a comment which is irresistibly comic. Here, for example, is a quaint passage from a review of Waterton's Wanderings :

How astonishing are the freaks and fancies of nature! To what purpose, we say, is a bird placed in the woods of Cayenne, with a bill a yard long, making a noise like a puppydog, and laying eggs in hollow trees? To be sure the toucan might retort, To what purpose were gentlemen in Bond Street created? To what purpose were certain members of parliament created, pestering the House of Com-mons with their ignorance and folly, and im-peding the business of the country? There is peding the business of the country? no end of such questions. So we will not enter into the metaphysics of the toucan.

Smith's humor is most aptly used to give point to the vigorous logic of a thoroughly healthy nature, contemptuous of all nonsense, full of shrewd common sense, and righteously indignant in the presence of all injustice and outworn abuse. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more brilliant assault upon the prejudices which defend established grievances than the inimitable "Noodle's Oration," into which Smith has compressed the pith of Bentham's Book of Fallacies. There is a certain resemblance between the logic of Smith and Macaulay, both of whom, it must be admitted, are rather given to proving commonplaces and inclined to remain on the surface of things. Smith, like Macaulay, fully understands the advantage of putting the concrete for the abstract, and hammering obvious truths into men's heads by dint of homely explanation. Smith's memory does not supply so vast a store of parallels as that upon which Macaulay could draw so freely; but his humorous illustrations are more amusing and effective. There could not be a happier way of putting the argument for what may be called the lottery system of endowments than the picture of the respectable baker driving past Northumberland House to St. Paul's Churchyard and speculating on the chance of elevating his "little muffin-faced son" to a place among the Percies or the highest seat in the Cathedral. Macaulay would have enforced his reasoning by a catalogue of successful ecclesiastics. The folly of alienating

struggle, by maintaining the old disabilities, is brought out with equal skill by the apologue in the Plymley Letters of the orthodox captain of a frigate in a dangerous action, securing twenty or thirty of his crew, who happened to be Papists, under a Protestant guard, reminding his sailors in a bitter harangue that they are of different religions; exhorting the Episcopal gunner to distrust the Presbyterian quartermaster; rushing through blood and brains to examine his men in the Thirty-Nine Articles, and forbidding any one to sponge or ram who has not taken the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. It is quite another question whether Smith really penetrates to the bottom of the question; but the only fault to be found with his statement of the case, as he saw it, is that it makes it rather too clear. The arguments are never all on one side in any political question, and the writer who sees absolutely no difficulty suggests to a wary reader that he is ignoring something relevant. Still, this is hardly an objection to a popular advocate, and it is fair to add that Smith's logic is not more admirable than the hearty generosity of his sympathy with the oppressed Catholic. The appeal to cowardice is lost in the appeal to true philanthropic sentiment.

With all his merits, there is a less favorable side to Smith's advocacy. When he was condemned as being too worldly and facetious for a priest, it was easy to retort that humor is not of necessity irreligious. It might be added that in his writings it is strictly subservient to solid argument. In a London party he might throw the reins upon the neck of his fancy and go on playing with a ludicrous image till his audience felt the agony of laughter to be really painful. In his writings, he aims almost as straight at his mark as Swift, and is never diverted by the spirit of pure fun. The humor always illuminates wellstrung logic. But the scandal was not quite groundless. When he directs his powers against sheer obstruction and antiquated prejudice-against abuses in prisons or the game-laws or educationwe can have no fault to find; nor is it fair to condemn a reviewer because in all these questions he is a follower rather Catholic sympathies, during our great than a leader. It is enough if he knows a good cause when he sees it, and does his best to back up reformers in the press, though hardly a working reformer, and certainly not an originator of reform. But it is less easy to excuse his want of sympathy for the reformers themselves.

If there is one thing which Sydney Smith dreads and dislikes, it is enthusiasm. Nobody would deny, at the present day, that the zeal which supplied the true leverage for some of the greatest social reforms of the time was to be found chiefly amongst the so-called Evangelicals and Methodists. For them, Smith has nothing but the heartiest aversion. He is always having a quiet jest at the religious sentiments of Perceval or Wilberforce, and his most prominent articles in the Review were a series of inexcusably bitter attacks upon the Methodists. He is thoroughly alarmed and disgusted by their progress. He thinks them likely to succeed, and says that, if they succeed, "happiness will be destroyed, reason degraded, and sound religion banished from the world:" and that a reign of fanaticism will be succeeded by "a long period of the grossest immorality, atheism, and debauchery." He is not sure that any remedy or considerable palliative is possible, but he suggests, as hopeful, the employment of ridicule, and applies it himself most unsparingly. When the Methodists try to convert the Hindoos, he attacks them furiously for endangering the empire. They naturally reply that a Christian is bound to propagate his belief. The answer, says Smith is short: "It is not Christianity which is introduced (into India), but the debased nonsense and mummery of the Methodists, which has little more to do with the Christian religion than it has to do with the religion of China." The missionaries, he says, are so foolish, "that the natives almost instinctively duck and pelt them," as one cannot help remembering, other missionaries have been ducked and pelted. He pronounces the enterprise to be hopeless and cruel, and clenches his argument by a statement which sounds strangely enough in the mouth of a sincere Christian :-

Let us ask (he says) if the Bible is universally diffused in Hindostan, what must be the astonishment of the natives to find that we are for-

bidden to rob, murder, and steal—we who, in fifty years, have extended our empire from a few acres about Madras over the whole peninsula and sixty millions of people, and exemplified in our public conduct every crime of which human nature is capable? What matchless impudence to follow up such practice with such precepts! If we have common prudence, let us keep the gospel at home, and tell them that Machiavel is our prophet and the god of the Manichæans our god.

We are to make our practice consistent by giving up our virtues instead of our vices. Of course, Smith ends his article by a phrase about "the slow, solid, and temperate introduction of Christianity;" but the Methodists might well feel that the "matchless impudence" was not all on their side, and that this Christian priest, had he lived some centuries earlier, would have sympathised a good deal more with Gallio than with St. Paul.

It is a question which I need not here discuss how far Smith could be justified in his ridicule of men who, with all their undeniable absurdity, were at least zealous believers in the creed which he -as is quite manifest-held in all sincerity. But one remark is obvious; the Edinburgh reviewers justify, to a certain point, the claim put forward by Sydney Smith; they condemned many crying abuses, and condemned them heartily. They condemned them, as thoroughly sensible men of the world, animated partly by a really generous sentiment, partly by a tacit scepticism as to the value of the protected interests, and above all by the strong conviction that it was quite essential for the middle party, that is, for the bulk of the respectable well-bred classes to throw overboard gross abuses which afforded so many points of attack to thorough-going radicals. On the other hand, they were quite indifferent or openly hostile to most of the new forces which stirred men's minds. They patronised political economy because Malthus began by opposing the revolutionary dreams of Godwin and his like. But every one of the great impulses of the time was treated by them in an antagonistic spirit. They savagely ridiculed Coleridge, the great seminal mind of one philosophical school; they fiercely attacked Bentham and James Mill, the great leaders of the antagonist school; they were equally opposed to the Evangelicals who revered Wilberforce, and, in later times, to the religious party, of which Dr. Newman was the great ornament; in poetry they clung as long as they could, to the safe old principles represented by Crabbe and Rogers; they covered Wordsworth and Coleridge with almost unmixed ridicule, ignored Shelley, and were only tender to Byron and Scott, because Scott and Byron were fashionable idols. The truth is, that it is a mistake to suppose that the eighteenth century ended with the year 1800. It lasted in the upper currents of opinion till at least 1832. Sydney Smith's theology is that of Paley and the commonsense divines of the previous period. Jeffrey's politics were but slightly in advance of the true old Whigs, who still worshipped according to the tradition of their fathers in Holland House. The ideal of the party was to bring the practice of the country up to the theory whose main outlines had been accepted in the Revolution of 1688; and they studiously shut their eyes to any newer intellectual and social movements.

I do not say this by way of simple condemnation; for we have daily more reason to acknowledge the immense value of calm, clear, common sense, which sees the absurd side of even the best impulses. But it is necessary to bear the fact in mind when estimating such claims as those put forward by Sydney Smith. The truth seems to be that the Edinburgh Review enormously

raised the tone of periodical literature at the time, by opening an arena for perfectly independent discussion. Its great merit, at starting, was that it was no mere publisher's organ, like its rivals, and that it paid contributors well enough to attract the most rising talent of the day. As the Review progressed, its capacities became more generally understood, and its writers, as they rose to eminence and attracted new allies, put more genuine work into articles certain to obtain a wide circulation and to come with great authority. This implies a long step towards the development of the present system whose merits and defects would deserve a full discussion-the system, according to which much of the most solid and original work of the time first appears in periodicals. The tone of periodicals has been enormously raised, but the effect upon general literature may be more questionable. But the Edinburgh was not in its early years a journal with a mission, or the organ of an enthusiastic sect. Rather it was the instrument used by a number of very clever young men to put forward the ideas current in the more liberal section of the upper classes, with much occa-sional vigor and a large infusion of common sense, but also with abundant flippancy and superficiality, and, in a literary sense, without that solidity of workmanship which is essential for enduring vitality. - Cornhill Magazine.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA AS MANUFACTURING COMPETITORS.

BY JAMES HENDERSON.

THERE is probably no question in which greater interest is felt at the present time in the several centres of manufacturing industry than that of foreign competition. The long-continued and severe depression under which every leading branch of manufacture has suffered has caused the boldest and most confident to hesitate, and it has afforded much encouragement to those who take a pessimist view of our position, and who look upon the manufacturing supremacy of the United Kingdom as already numbered among the things that were. The partial increase of our importations of manufactured goods which ed. A few years ago our markets were

has taken place during this period of depression has greatly added to the alarm felt, and few people stay to inquire whether this import trade is likely to prove healthy and profitable, and therefore permanent, or whether it is but the result of a still more serious commercial depression than we ourselves have experienced, and which prevails in the foreign countries from which these manufactured goods come.

The United States of America, for example, are very frequently pointed to as the quarter from which the most serious and dangerous rivalry is to be anticipatsteel, and one or two shipments, I beieve, did reach Liverpool. The experiment, however, evidently did not pay, repetition being attempted. More recently we have been assured that the American cotton manufacturers are far outstripping their Lancashire competitors, not only in foreign markets, but also in Manchester itself. But it would be a mistake to assume that because a few shipments of American calicoes may have sold to advantage when compared with those from this country, therefore we must acknowledge ourselves beaten. Upon a question of this kind, on which so many persons presumably well qualified to form an opinion differ widely, I certainly have no desire to dogmatize; but it has occurred to me that some facts which came under my notice during a recent visit to some of the manufacturing districts of North America would not be an unacceptable contribution to the discussion of this important and most interesting subject.

And first I will address myself to the present actual position of affairs, which I regard as temporary. There is nothing inconsistent in the supposition that the American manufacturer may find it to his advantage to ship goods to England at the present moment, and yet be altogether incapable of competing with us permanently in an open market. The calicoes imported into Manchester at the present time may be sold cheaper than those of British manufacture, but very probably they are sold at a lower price than the same class of goods in New York or Boston, and therefore at a loss to the manufacturer. The United States, it must be borne in mind, have suffered, and are suffering still, from a commercial depression much more serious and prolonged than we have yet experienced in this country, and nothing is more natural than that their manufacturers and merchants should endeavor to realize money on their unsaleable and surplus stocks. Two years ago I found this process in full operation in Canada. Merchants in Montreal assured me that United States calicoes were being delivered to them considerably below the prices current for the when the products of our foundries and same goods in Boston and New York. our forges, of our spindles and our

to be swamped with American iron and Ironfounders and machine-makers in the province of Ontario had the same story to tell with respect to their own trade. Their markets in Canada were flooded and of late we have heard nothing of its by the surplus stocks of their competitors in the United States at prices which were far below the actual cost of production. In fact so much accustomed are the manufacturers of the United States to this mode of doing business, that it has come to be recognized as a common practice throughout the North American continent. It is called "slaughtering," and is a reckless sacrifice of manufactured goods at whatever price they will bring, so that the pressing want for immediate cash may be supplied. The extent to which this system of trading is indulged in in the United States during a time of commercial depression almost surpasses belief. Its results may be traced in the registers of the bankruptcy courts of that country. But no rational business man fears competition of this kind, for he knows perfectly well, not only that it cannot last, but that the more freely it is indulged in, the more surely and the more rapidly will it come to an end.

It is worth while, however, to note the fact in passing, that many of the Canadian manufacturers, who were suffering seriously from the "slaughtering" process, were loudly clamoring the same remedy which now finds favor with a certain section of our manufacturers and merchants at home. They cry out for "reciprocity," and would willingly retaliate upon their American competitors by imposing a differential duty on their manufactures. one of the most difficult questions which recent Canadian administrations have had to deal with, and the difficulty has been much increased since the rupture of the commercial treaty between the United States and Canada.

To return, however, to the consideration of the permanent nature of the competition of American with British manufactures, I may state at once that, so far as my observation went, I saw nothing in the United States which ought to cause us serious alarm, but much, on the other hand, which would lead to the conclusion that the day is yet far distant

looms, will be superseded in the open market by articles of the same class produced in the United States of America. Let it not be supposed for a moment that I despise American competition. I can conceive of a condition of things both there and here which would cause it to assume very serious proportions, but this condition I cannot regard as likely to be realized for a long period of time. For the present, I feel satisfied that our manufacturers possess many important advantages, and they certainly have no cause for panic. They have no need to sit down in despair, under the idea that it is hopeless to strive against American competition, and that the industrial strength of the old country is played out.

North America possesses such unbounded natural wealth and resources, that it would indeed be rash to place a limit upon her capabilities in the remote future, but a careful consideration of her present position discloses so many difficulties and restrictions upon the development of these resources as to point to the conclusion that generations must elapse ere her people can hope to realize the full advantage of them. There is no country in the world in which the evil influence of unsound restrictive commercial legislation can be so clearly traced as in the United States; and, paradoxical as the statement may at first sight appear to be, the result of my observations in the manufacturing districts on the other side of the Atlantic went to convince me that the more absolute the system of protection maintained, and the heavier the duties levied upon the imports into the United States, the more thoroughly are her manufacturers disqualified from competing successfully with those of Great Britain.

It is the case that, by prohibitive duties on British manufactures, the people of the United States effectually exclude us from their own markets; but, practically, the custom-house cordon which the Americans have established is like the Chinese Wall-it debars the introduction of foreign manufactures, it is true, but it is equally as effective in preventing the exportation of their own. Were the people of the to-morrow, I am perfectly satisfied that cent per pound on the difference between

in the course of a short time their competition in certain markets and in certain classes of goods would be much more severely felt than it is now. fact is, that so long as the United States adhere to a strictly protective commercial policy we are safe. Our manufacturers may confidently rely upon it that they are not likely to be superseded in an open market so long as American industry is shackled by protection so effectually as it is now. Upon this point I may possibly have something more to say by-and-by.

In the meanwhile, I will endeavor to summarize the advantages presently possessed respectively by American and British manufacturers. I apprehend I will be able to do this more satisfactorily if I select one or two special branches of industry as subjects of comparison, although my readers will readily perceive that some of the conditions will apply to all manufactures. I propose to deal, in the first place, with the textile industries, which include the spinning and weaving of cotton, wool, flax, and silk. The most important of these in the United States is the cotton manufacture, and the especial advantages which a spinner or manufacturer there is supposed to enjoy, as compared with his British competitor, are-

First. More convenient access to the raw material.

Second. Important natural advantages, in the shape of water-power.

Third. A better educated and su-perior class of workpeople.

After careful consideration, and after visiting the chief centres of the cotton industry in New England, I have come to the conclusion that these three conditions practically exhaust the advantages which American manufacturers themselves claim to possess when compared with their competitors in this country, apart, of course, from the protective customs duties imposed upon British cotton manufactures imported into the United States.

The value of the first of these three conditions is really much less than might at first be supposed. In discussing this tive in preventing the exportation of their own. Were the people of the United States to throw open their ports was inclined to put a valuation of one the American and the British spinner in respect to the raw material; that difference, of course, being to the advantage of the former. On comparing the cost of freight between the cotton plantation and the factory in Massachusetts and Lancashire, I confess I failed to substantiate Mr. Nourse's calculation. A spinner in Lancashire has assured me that he has brought cotton from New Orleans to Liverpool for three-eighths of a penny per pound, a fraction less than the whole difference claimed as an advantage. My belief is, however, that the American spinner receives his raw cotton in better condition. It is not so tightly pressed, and the staple is less in-There is consequently less waste jured. in the processes of manufacture. This is a matter which Lancashire spinners might find it to their advantage to consider. A small addition paid in freight might prove a judicious investment, if it secured to them the delivery of the cotton in a condition which would admit of more profitable manipulation.

I am of opinion that the advantages possessed by the American spinner, arising from his nearer proximity to the cotton plantation, will be estimated to the full if we accept it as amounting to five per cent. on the cost of the raw material.

The second condition—the natural advantage in the shape of a more abundant supply of water-power-is also a gain which has to submit to important qualifications. The water-power in most of the old-established manufacturing towns in New England is now the property of distinct companies or corporations, and the occupiers of the factories have to pay a rent-charge for its use of such a high amount that it is an open question whether steam-power would not prove the more economical of the two. The majority of modern factories in New England are now driven by steam. uncertainty which nearly always attaches to water-power is a serious drawback.

At the time of my visit to the United States a case in point came under my notice. The occupier of a factory which had been long closed, owing to the unprofitable character of the trade, was compelled to decline a profitable order, because the stream from which he derived his motive power was nearly dried up. I found that American manufac-

turers themselves placed comparatively little value upon their water-power; and, regarded as an element in the cost of production in the two countries, it may practically be dismissed from consideration.

The third appears to me to be much the most important condition. average American operative is undoubtedly more sober, more intelligent, and more industrious than the average operative of this country; and in this respect all American manufacturers have an advantage over us. They have their difficulties with the labor question, as it has been termed, no doubt; but on the whole, these appear to be of a less serious character than are experienced in this country. I am not unmindful of what has occurred in the United States since my visit—the great railway strike, and the wild and riotous outburst of passion in Western Pennsylvania. But it must not be forgotten that there is greater reason to anticipate such occasional disturbances in the United States than in Europe. The North American continent has, for a long series of years, been the haven of refuge for all the turbulent and discontented spirits of Europe. The advocates of the wildest political and social theories ever concocted by man are to be found there, vested with the most ample license for the propagation of their opinions; and it is not surprising that they should make some converts among the ignorant sections of the population in the more recently settled States. Limiting my remarks to New England, which is really the great centre of manufacturing industry in the United States, I am bound to acknowledge that the patience with which the operative classes have submitted to the privations of the past six or seven years is worthy both of admiration and approval. When I was in that portion of the country the shrinking process was in full operation. And a most painful process it must have been to an industrious manufacturing community. Not only were wages being lowered rapidly, but week by week the owners of every class of property were compelled to look helplessly on while the value of every article they possessed was diminishing, and while they saw the savings, perhaps of a lifetime, engulfed by the revolution in prices over which they had not the slightest control. The combined effect of the monetary and commercial crisis from which the United States is just emerging upon the operative classes can hardly be understood or appreciated here. When wages came to be reduced, it was not a question of five or ten per cent., but of fifty or a hundred per cent., and in some cases even of a higher ratio. Yet I heard little of strikes and disputes between workmen and their employers in the textile manufacturing districts of New England. The American operative possesses more individuality and more independence than is to be found amongst ourselves. He works longer hours, and does not hesitate to take the fullest advantage he can of the aid which selfacting machinery gives him. His style of living altogether is higher; as a rule he has a more comfortable factory or workshop, and a more comfortable home; he is better fed, and he is better clothed; but in order to maintain all these advantages he is conscious he must exert himself. New England has no place for idle, loafing, or drunken workpeople. "I would quite as soon," said a large employer of labor in Massachusetts to me, "have a thief on my premises as a drunkard;" and the expression was characteristic of the difference with which this degrading vice is regarded in the manufacturing districts of the New Country and the Old. The late strike of the cotton operatives in Northeast Lancashire furnishes an illustration of the experiences of employers in the two countries. It was stated as one of the grievances of the Lancashire workpeople, that in Burnley weavers were required to attend to, or to "tent," six plain calico looms instead of four. Why, in Fall River City, I found it not an uncommon thing for a weaver to "tent" twelve such looms, while the tenting of six or eight by one weaver was as common a practice as the tenting of four in this country. I offer no opinion upon the economical value of the two arrangements. I found practical manufactur-ers in the United States who doubted if anything was gained by giving weavers such a large number of looms; and in one of the best-managed mills I visited -the Pacific Mills, at Lawrence City-

I found the weavers were all limited to four looms. In no case, however, had they any assistance, whereas in Lancashire every weaver with such a number of looms insists upon an assistant-generally a child who would be much better at school. The economical question, however, is not at issue here; it is the disposition of the workpeople. If an employer considers it would be more economical for him that the weavers should work six, eight, ten, or twelve looms, rather than four, why should the latter decline? They cannot pretend to say that it is beyond their capacity, for this I am ready to acknowledge of the Lancashire operatives, after seven years' residence among them, that more efficient workpeople are not to be found anywhere. And conclusive evidence of this is furnished by the fact that when a Lancashire operative goes to Fall River, he is as desirous of taking charge of twelve looms as his neighbors. American cotton manufacturers, as a rule, are averse to employing a large number of Lancashire workpeople; and on my asking the reason, the reply was that they were unsteady, and too fond of combination and agitation.

I come now to consider the advantages possessed by the British cotton manufacturer when competing with the American. Among these I may enumerate, without reference to their individual importance—

First. The lower rates of interest upon capital.

Second. The lower cost of buildings and machinery and mill furnishings.

Third. Lower wages when trade is in a normal condition, which is rendered possible by the lower cost of living in this country.

Fourth. A sounder system of finance and of taxation.

Fifth. Lower rates for fuel and for light.

Sixth. More convenient and ready access to the markets of consumers.

These conditions, it will be perceived, apply with more or less force equally to all branches of manufacturing industry; but there is a seventh, which I cannot help regarding as of considerable importance to those engaged in textile manufactures, and particularly to the cotton trade. I refer to the climate of

the two countries. Different opinions, I know, are entertained on this subject, but it does appear to me that in this respect the Lancashire spinner and manufacturer must enjoy an important advantage. The atmosphere of New England is particularly dry; the atmosphere of Lancashire is precisely the reverse, and every practical man knows that a moist atmosphere is essential to good spinning and weaving. When resident in Blackburn, I was assured both by employers and workpeople that three weeks of a dry east wind would bring the out-turn and the wages down ten per cent. Now, so far as I could judge, the atmosphere in the cotton-manufacturing districts of Massachusetts was drier than the atmosphere of Lancashire during the driest east wind that ever blew. That the American manufacturers are themselves conscious of this disadvantage is evidenced by the measures they take to counteract it. They never build weaving sheds in America, mainly because of this, and they thus lose the important advantage of a top light. The weaving looms are almost invariably placed in the basement story of the mill, and in both spinning and weaving rooms large quantities of steam are injected, so as to supply the atmosphere with moisture. I never could learn that the operatives in America offered any objection to this practice, but in Lancashire it has been the subject of frequent dispute, and occasionally the hands have had a turn-out over it. Of course, it is extremely difficult to put an estimate upon the value of this climatic advantage, and I will not venture to do so. I am strongly of opinion, however, that it must be considerable.

In dealing with the other advantages of the British manufacturer, we shall have something more tangible to show, however. And first, with respect to the rates of interest upon capital, it really requires nothing more than the plain statement of the facts—that the normal charge on a first-class mortgage in New England is ten per cent. per annum, while in Lancashire it is not more than five or six; and that the discounts charged upon the best commercial paper in Boston or New York will vary from six to ten per cent. in ordinary times—to show that in this important respect

our manufacturers enjoy a great advan-

tage.

And next, with respect to the cost of mills, of machinery, and of mill furnishings. Here the baneful influence of the system of protection upon manufacturers' interests is made most evident. On a moderate computation, the American mill-owner pays at least one-half more for everything which may be said to constitute his working plant, his buildings, his machinery, his brushes, and all the various items which constitute what are known as mill furnishings. such articles as are to be met with in the United States in abundance have attained a price before they reach the hands of the mill-owner that would be regarded as most extravagant in this country. This is the result of the long distances which many of them have to be carried, and of the restrictive influence of protective duties. I found the mill-owners of Massachusetts, for example, paying a price for their fuel which in Lancashire and Yorkshire would be regarded simply as ruinous. In no case did I find a manufacturer paying less than 5 dols. a ton (about £1 sterling) for his fuel, and in many important manufacturing centres it reached 6, 7, and even 8 dols. a ton. The price, no doubt, has fallen since my visit, and since the collapse of the Pennsylvania coal rings; but as soon as trade revives, another combination of the same kind will send prices up. Such combinations are made possible only by the system of protection. The New England manufacturers have within easy reach splendid supplies of coal, which could be obtained from Nova Scotia, but then Nova Scotia is a foreign country, and an import duty of 2 dols. a ton has to be paid for the benefit of the United States coalmaster. The cost of inlandcarriage in America is enormous, and this again is the result, in a great measure, of their policy of protection. Of this some curious illustrations came under my notice. At a manufacturing village, sixteen miles from Boston, I found that a barrel of American flour cost as much as it would have done in the docks at Liverpool or Glasgow.

Under the third head, the cost of labor, the manufacturers of the United Kingdom enjoy an unquestionable advantage over their American competitors when trade is in a normal condition, and they will retain this advantage probably for generations to come. At the moment, no doubt this is not the case; wages have been reduced in the cottonmanufacturing districts of the United States during the present crisis to an extent of which the operatives in this country have but little conception; but this is a state of things which cannot last, and it is being rapidly rectified by the American operatives, who are forsaking the factories in considerable numbers and taking to farming. Fifteen years ago the reverse was experienced. The enormous profits realized by the New England manufacturers for a few years after the suppression of the great rebellion, owing to the imposition of high import duties, induced a perfect rush both of capital and of workpeople into manufacturing. Land in the immediate vicinity of Boston was allowed to go out of cultivation, and the New Englanders hastened to make rich by the aid of the spinning frame and the power-loom. The bitter and painful experience of the past six or seven years has created a reaction, which is now in full force. The depreciation in the value of mill property in New England since 1873 has been something quite appalling. But so long as a working man can transport himself and his family to the Western plains, where he can maintain himself with ease in a state of rude abundance and comfort, the rate of wages in manufacturing towns in the United States will never remain at a low level for any length of time. Even when times are good, the fluctuations in the manufacturing population of Massachusetts are remarkable. Several overlookers with whom I conversed upon the subject gave it as their opinion that on the average they changed the whole of their working staff once in three years. The textile manufacturers have dealt with three entirely different classes of operatives. They began with native Americans, the daughters of the neighboring farmers and settlers. These were the young ladies whom Charles Dickens met in the streets of Lowell City, with their parasols and silk dresses. The city of Lowell now knows them no more. The Irish immigrants followed the native Americans: and that source of supply having now

dried up, the American manufacturers are fast draining French Canada of its poverty-stricken population. The latter are confessedly the worst hands, however, of which they have had any experience, and they are continually migrating from place to place. From what I have stated under this head, every practical spinner and manufacturer will understand that the American employer has troubles of his own on the labor question which are by no means easily overcome.

With respect to the fourth advantage possessed by manufacturers on this side of the Atlantic, I feel it is difficult to convey to those who have never experienced the annoyance and loss entailed upon a commercial community by a depreciated and fluctuating currency what it really means. Looking back upon the experiences of commercial and manufacturing firms in America during the last six or seven years in respect to this, the wonder really is, not that there should have been an unprecedented number of failures, but that there should still be any solvent firms left. Then the incidence of taxation in the New England States presses very severely upon industrial progress. Manufacturers are "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined" by the protective customs duties levied by the Federal Government, while the basis of valuation upon which the State taxation is levied tells heavily against a mill-The most oppressive system of all, perhaps, is to be found in the State of Massachusetts, where a man's machinery, stock-in-trade, furniture, and personal effects, down even to the watch which he carries in his pocket, are all made the subject of State taxation.

The fifth favorable condition enjoyed by the manufacturers of the United Kingdom—lower rates for fuel and light—I have already anticipated by speaking of the high prices paid for coal in the manufacturing districts of New England. The same remarks obviously apply to gas, which is a product of coal. The prices paid for gas, when compared with those current in Lancashire towns, were enormous. The supply is in the hands of private companies, who make large profits, few of the municipalities having adopted the plan of manufacturing for themselves. The gross and scanda-

municipal management of many of the American cities gives the ratepayers little encouragement to increase the area

of their responsibilities.

The sixth condition which I have named is one of great importance, and it is much appreciated by the manufacturers of the United States at the present moment. Pent up behind the rampart which their policy of protection has created, they have grown weary of the exhausting process of feeding on each other, and are making the most desperate efforts to gain a foothold in some of the open and independent markets of the world. Hence it is that we hear so much at the present time of American competition. But wherever they turn they are compelled to rely on British assistance. Beyond their own coasts their commercial marine has practically ceased to exist. The manufacturers of New England have been for several years making a most earnest effort to obtain a share of the South American trade, but the difficulties are almost insurmountable. Nobody dreams now of sending raw produce which is in general demand anywhere else than to Great Britain. This country has, through the foresight of our great Free Trade statesmen, become the emporium of the whole world, and the result is that our manufacturers can outstrip all competitors in obtaining a ready access to the most distant mar-

An effort was made during the last sitting of Congress to obtain a subsidy for a line of steamers between the United States and South America, but it failed; and it not unfrequently happens that the American merchant finds the most convenient route of communication to a portion of his own hemisphere to be through Great Britain. I was particularly struck with an illustration of the advantages possessed by our own manufacturers in this respect which came under my notice when visiting a tweed cloth factory in Canada. It was situated at Sherbrooke, close upon the border-line of the United States. The manager of this establishment informed me that he obtained all his raw material from London. It was the only market in the world whence he could rely on getting wool of the exact quality and quantity which he

lous corruption which disfigures the required. Speaking of the relative positions of the United States and of the United Kingdom, commercially, to a New York merchant, he remarked that it did not seem to matter what they did: "I guess you get the pull out of us somehow." This was said in relation to the fact that goods imported direct from India by the Suez Canal, or from China by San Francisco, could be only paid for conveniently through London.

> From the opinions which I have expressed, it will be gathered that I do not regard American competition in our textile manufactures with alarm. My conviction, on the contrary, is, that our manufacturing supremacy has nothing to fear from that quarter until a great change has taken place in the relative conditions. Such a change may be brought about either by our folly or by the growing wisdom of the American people. I feel satisfied American manufacturers would be more serious competitors with us in many branches of industry if they enjoyed less of what they are pleased to regard as protection; but the truth of this, those most interested are likely, so far as I could judge, to be

the last to acknowledge.

Before concluding I should like to say a word or two upon a feature of industrial enterprise, as one finds it established in North America, which is worth noting. It is the extent to which manufacturing of every kind is monopolized by huge companies or corporations. We know their prototypes here in our limited liability companies, but we have little conception of the hold which the system has upon the manufacturing industries of America. It was the exception there to meet with an independent employer; the "corporation" reigned everywhere; but I cannot say that I was favorably impressed with the influence it exercised. There is a constant tendency for the administration of such establishments to get into the hands of cliques, who look more to their own interests than to the interests of the shareholders. Offices of profit and of trust come to be filled with the needy relatives of the friends of the directors, and a ready door is opened for indulgence in jobbery and corruption, which is the curse of official and commercial life in

the United States. It was the one draw- him, and to struggle with such competiback, so far as I could perceive, to the tion would be hopeless. It would be incareer of the steady and industrious teresting to know how far the isolated operative in the United States, that the efforts which are now being made, both existence of these corporations almost in our own and in foreign markets, to entirely forbids the chance of his raising obtain a foothold by the manufacturers himself beyond his own sphere. If he were to start as an employer on his own account, he would be inevitably crushed. The corporations surrounding him would form a "pool," or a "ring" against

of America, are to be traced to the same systematic determination to beat down opposition at whatever cost. - Contemporary Review.

TANTALUS: TEXAS.

[The Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain (so called from the means taken by the Mexicans to mark a track for travellers), is a large tableland to the west of the State of Texas, U. S., and is without a stream in its extent.]

> "IF I may trust your love," she cried, "And you would have me for a bride, Ride over yonder plain and bring Your flask, full from the Mustang spring Fly, fast as western eagle's wing, O'er the Llano Estacado!"

He heard, and bowed without a word, His gallant steed he lightly spurred; He turned his face, and rode away Towards the grave of dying day, And vanished with its parting ray On the Llano Estacado.

Night came, and found him riding on, Day came, and still he rode alone. He spared not spur, he drew not rein, Across that broad, unchanging plain, Till he the Mustang spring might gain, On the Llano Estacado.

A little rest, a little draught, Hot from his hand, and quickly quaffed, His flask was filled, and then he turned. Once more his steed the magues * spurned, Once more the sky above him burned On the Llano Estacado.

How hot the quivering landscape glowed! His brain seemed boiling as he rode. Was it a dream, a drunken one, Or was he really riding on?
Was that a skull that gleamed and shone On the Llano Estacado?

" Brave steed of mine, brave steed!" he cried, "So often true, so often tried, Bear up a little longer yet!" His mouth was black with blood and sweat-Heaven! how he longed his lips to wet! On the Llano Estacado.

And still, within his breast, he held
The precious flask so lately filled.
O for a drink! But well he knew
If empty it should meet her view
Her scorn—— But still his longing grew
On the Llano Estacado.

His horse went down. He wandered on,
Giddy, blind, beaten, and alone.
While upon cushioned couch you lie,
Oh, think how hard it is to die
Beneath the cruel, unclouded sky
On the Llano Estacado!

At last he staggered, stumbled, fell.

His day was done, he knew full well,

And raising to his lips the flask,

The end, the object of his task,

Drank to her—more she could not ask.

Ah! the Llano Estacado!

That night in the Presidio,
Beneath the torchlights' wavy glow,
She danced—and never thought of him,
The victim of a woman's whim,
Lying with face upturned and grim
On the Llano Estacado.

-Temple Bar.

COVIN'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

MAKING HAY IN THE SUNSHINE.

I was at the top of my cour—a grassy slope, thickly set with apple-trees-we should call it an orchard in England, where a "court" seems to suggest pavement, which it is far from doing in Normandy. Not but what there are plenty of stones in my cour, and Gracie, my precious, only daughter, sits in the sunshine making Druidic circles with them -Gracie, who is a vision of delight, the small tyrant of our fields and home. Mirza, the big dog, is watching her with a grave and puzzled mien, some occult resemblance in the flint stones to wellpolished bones seeming to enchain his interest. There is another circle-maker close by-the cow-tethered by a chain passed round her horns to an iron pin, driven firmly into the soil. To give the cow a new centre of operations is my present object-but where to put her? She has eaten up all my grass, and is now looking wistfully at the green veil

tied round Gracie's hat, as if she would like to eat that too.

The weather is fine—too fine for those who keep cows. We have had a broiling day, but the heat of it is past, and cool shadows begin to rest in the valley below, where you can see the chimneys of my house-where I live with Hetty my wife and Gracie my daughter, in peace and tranquillity. There, too, you can see the quaint, squat spire of the church, and its triple roof, slanting at various angles, and in a broad patch of sunshine the gaunt Gothic arches of a ruined abbey church, with the white florid conventual buildings beyond, suggesting at once the pallid, rigid cenobites who were the first settlers in this quiet valley, and the stout, easy-going Benedictines, the last occupants of the old nests, "where now the screech-owl builds his baleful bower." All about is forest, where the wild boar grows fat and fierce over the beech-mast, and the deer flit softly by, much as they did in the days of that Norman William who loved them

so well. It is a charming prospect, but I wish it were all shut out by a good thick mist and a heavy downpour of rain. For then the grass would grow, and the cow would thrive, and my wife would cease to sneer at it. For I must say that Hetty is not so devoted to the cow as she ought to be. She counts its cost in a niggardly kind of way-scores against me the wages of the dairymaid and the cowboy, and even the cost of the trifle they eat-which is manifestly unfair, as everybody knows that one or two more or less in a household make no appreciable difference, and makes out that our butter costs us ten francs a

My speculations are suddenly cut short by a low growl from Mirza, the object of which, I see next moment, is a man leaning over the gate—the one that leads forestwards—a sallow, heavy-browed man, in the universal blue blouse and a closely fitting fur cap, this last quite out of keeping with the climate.

He touches his cap politely.

"Monsieur has a nice cow; but she looks thin. And the grass of the cour—
it is worth nothing."

"The grass is not bad," I remark, if there were only more of it."

"Ah! Monsieur should see the grass in my cour, thick and luscious, and I have no cow to eat it. Will Monsieur sell the cow?"

No, I would not sell the cow. It had cost me too much to acquire a real practicable working cow, whose milk foams in the pail, milk that will develope into cream and butter. I would not part with the cow, but would my new friend sell his grass?

"Oh!" cried Gracie, running up at this moment, "it is my little père Covin. Bo' jour, petit père, and have you made the little boat you promised me?"

"Not yet," said Covin, stooping down to kiss the proffered face. "I have not yet found a piece of wood suitable."

"But there is wood everywhere."
There was nothing astonishing in Gracie's being on friendly terms with a man who was quite a stranger to me. In her daily walks she formed continually new friendships—the whole village knew her and admired her, her fearless ways and readiness of speech. M. Co-

vin, having paid his respects to Gracie, goes on to say that he might possibly arrange to let me his cour, and we walk together amicably to look at it, Gracie trotting by my side, chattering away in her mixture of French and English child talk. Covin, in spite of his heavy and forbidding look, is kind and obliging. He certainly has got a nice piece of grass, with not so many flint stones cropping up. We strike a bargain at once, without troubling the notary to put it into writing—a lease of his cour for an indefinite period, at a rent of fifty francs a year, payable quarterly in advance.

That "in advance" seemed mistrustful and unfriendly; but Covin was no doubt poor, and the money in pocket was his main inducement to let the cour. We went down together to ratify the compact in the village cafe.

As we came out, I saw the professor coming along, and paused to wait for him.

The professor and his wife reside in the neighboring town, our only compatriots within a circle of many miles. We always call him the professor, although I don't know that he professes anything, but he reads, philosophises, lays down the law, and is insatiable in his thirst for information. He is a stout, jovial-looking man, and a great friend of mine.

That's an Irishman," said the professor, wheeling round, and pointing out Covin, who was making his way up the hill. "In spite of his blue blouse and his Norman patois he is Irish. Look at the high curved cheek bone, the projecting muzzle, the sunken eyes, the shapeless nose. That man's grandfather was a Peep-o'day Boy, a United Irishman, or what not. He made his country too hot to hold him about the times of gallant Hoche, the Bantry Bay fiasco, and so on. His name is Covin, eh! I'll be bound it was Coghlan then. Mutat calum non animum-he is Irish still. An honest, hard-working fellow, I dare say—only not to be desired as landlord or tenant. But especially as tenant. Just the man to live rent free in your house, and shoot you if you try to turn him out."

ally new friendships—the whole village knew her and admired her, her fearless ways and readiness of speech. M. Co-

phetic about them, but how could we possibly come to a disagreement about

half an acre of grass?

Still the character I heard of Covin hardly tended to reassure me. He was a fisherman, it seemed, having a boat on the river, and often sleeping on board it. No one in the village liked him; he was "sauvage," morose, and uncommunicative, living an utterly lonely life. The only person who had a good word for him was the curé. "Covin," he said, "is industrious, and attentive to his religious duties. I have known him spend hours in the church, praying, his face working with strong emotion, his eyes fixed upon the sacred images." "He had no friends but God and his saints," he had once told the priest.

But the curé added gravely that although estimable in some points, he feared the man was passionate and revengeful. His unbridled temper had already brought him into trouble; about which the curé declined to say any more.

I found out what the trouble had been from another quarter. He had attempted to assassinate his "proprietor" (his landlord), and had only lately finished a term of imprisonment for the offence. I comforted myself by the thought that even the most rabid of Ribbonmen would not assassinate a tenant who paid his rent regularly, and I determined that Covin should get his quarterly payment with most scrupulous punctuality.

Soon after this I exchanged my cow for a pony, an operation which called forth many jeers from the professor. He likened me to Hans in the German story, who changed his cow for a horse, his horse for a pig, and so on till he got to a grindstone, that tumbled into the river; but here Gracie, who has got her Grimm at her finger's end, triumphantly refuted him. It was the horse that Hans changed for a cow-and so the whole structure fell to the ground. Her parents were naturally delighted at Gracie's cleverness in refuting so opportunely the professor. But we were not so well pleased when Gracie, boasting of knowing all the stories, went on to say she had told them all to père Covin.

"What! is that the man the professor thinks so dangerous?" cried Hetty, turning pale.

"Not dangerous to his friends, and, for the matter of that, to be trusted with a child or a woman under any circumstances-one would think. Not that there have been wanting very ugly examples to the contrary—when the quar-rel has been agrarian," said the professor, who has a tendency to talk 'like a book on occasions. Hetty could not draw such fine distinctions, and questioned whether we should not interdict Gracie altogether from talking to Covin. But that would be interpreted by him into a sign of hostility, and I was anxious to avoid the slightest occasion of dispute. And the man was very kind to Gracie: he had carved with his knife a little boat for her, with mast and sail complete, that would always swim bottom upwards.

Of course, having a pony and no cow, I no longer wanted grass, but hay. And so next spring I put down both cours for hay. It was a fine year for herbage that, and as summer came on the grass in Covin's cour grew longer and longer, thicker and thicker. I was delighted at the prospect of such a crop, and one evening took Hettie and Gracie up to look at Covin had a capital garden about his cottage and had hitherto kept it in good order, working at it in the summer evenings, the smoke of his pipe rising peacefully into the blue. But now it had a neglected, deserted look. A few weeks' neglect at this time of year and everything runs riot. Perhaps Covin was away for the summer fishing. No-he stood at the door of his cottage, gazing blankly out upon the cour. He must have come home recently, and beheld perhaps for the first time the progress of my crop. Perhaps he was vexed that he had let me have it so cheap, for there was at least a hundred francs' worth of hay there. Anyhow, he looked as black as night, taking no notice of our courteous salutations. But Gracie went up to him headlong and clasped his knees with her little arms, in the exuberance of her delight at seeing her Covin again. She had a long story to tell him about the boat, which had run away down the stream. He was to make haste and carve another, that would swim the right way up. His face soft-ened by degrees, but he hardly seemed to understand what she said. Then he

stooped down and gave her a hasty kiss, med the door.

One evening, soon after, I wanted some fresh grass for the pony, and took my scythe and went up to Covin's cour to cut a swathe of the rich, sweet herbage. The clank of the scythe brought Covin out of his cottage, and he watched me for a few moments with louring brow.

"It is forbidden to cut this grass," he said just as I had finished.

"How!" I cried, "I may not cut my own grass? Do I owe you any rent, Monsieur Covin?"

"I did not let it for such a purpose. I forbid you to cut any more.'

'I don't want any more at present, but in a fortnight's time I begin to cut the hay.'

"I forbid you!" he cried, in a voice husky with passion.

"All the same, I shall begin." "And I shall prevent you."

"Good : we shall see !" with the unpleasant feeling that it was my destiny to have a desperate feud with M. Covin. All the same, I would not give way. The hay should be cut, if I had to cut it myself.

This turned out to be the alternative. No one would come to cut Covin's cour, not for any inducement I could offer. The fortnight within which the haymaking should commence had expired. The hay would spoil if I waited any longer. I could handle the scythe pretty well; to-morrow I would begin. Covin had not been seen, it appeared, during the past fortnight. Some people thought he had set out for the deep-sea fishery. The keeper of the café, on the other hand, who knew his habits, thought that he was at home, brooding. He was keeping house, and brooding over his wrongs. He would seclude himself at times by the week together.

"And then he gets over his wrongs,

and comes out."

"But, possibly—the last time he took to seclusion he came out and assassi-nated his 'proprietor.'"

It was clear that Covin was a prickly customer all round. But I felt a point of honor involved in making hay in his

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It was "in the prime of summerput her gently away, went in and slam- time," a sweet, fresh morning, when I rose and shouldered my scythe to begin on Covin's cour. I kissed my sleeping wife with a kind of feeling that I was bound on a dangerous errand. I was not obliged to go, there was nothing to compel me, and a good deal to dissuade me. But I felt as if I must. I could not respect myself any longer if I

gave in to Covin.

When I reached the point where I usually entered Covin's cour, the entrance from the lane, I rubbed my eyes, and thought I had mistaken my way. There was no sign of the gate, that was clean gone, and the hedge made up right along-a hedge of wattles and briers, supported by stout stakes-as spiky and thorny a stop-gap as ever I saw. But I happened to have a pair of English hedging gloves in my pocket, and a Sheffield blade, and went through Covin's hedge as if it had been paper. Then I took my stand under a tree, and began He followed me to the gate, muttering to sharpen my scythe. I half hoped that and talking to himself. I went home this barring me out was Covin's last protest, that he was now away and would leave me in peace; but, at the sound of the whetstone and scythe, Covin appeared on the scene, his face white and wrathful. We capped each other politely, however, and then I set to work. Covin stood close beside me, and began an harangue. Slowly and calmly at first, but faster and more passionately every moment, as he worked himself more and more into a rage. At last, with a kind of fierce war-whoop he bounded forward and placed himself in front of me."

"Not another stroke-not another

blade of grass !"

The contrast between the heavy, dejected mien of his ordinary life and the fighting fury that now blazed forth in his face, startled me, and showed me the serious nature of the quarrel. Had I been prudent I should have shouldered my scythe and walked away. But primitive instincts of combat were roused within me. It seemed to me impossible to give way. Gendarmes, prisons, galleys, even guillotines danced redly before my eyes; but, once for all, I did not care. I was not going to cave in to a fellow like that.

"I don't want to quarrel with you," I said, slowly, and feeling white all over; away," and I raised the scythe for a dropped it."

himself in the way of the scythe. I turned aside, and began my stroke at another place. With a wild bound he leaped in front of me, the scythe gave a sickening jar-

CHAPTER II.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

QUITE faint and queer, I leant upon my scythe, looking at Covin, who, with eyes blazing forth from a face of deadly pallor, swayed to and fro, as if about to he thrust me away with an indignant gesture. I had wounded him, but I could not tell where. I might have severed an artery, his death might be upon my head. Covin sank upon one knee and drew off his shoe: the scythe had cut through the leather, it was full of blood. There was an ugly wound on his foot, which he began to stanch with wisps of grass that he snatched from about him. The sight of his own blood seemed to increase his fury, and supply him with an access of strength: he bounded to his feet and dashed at me.

The sweet, lovely morning, calm, still, and tranquil, but for the gentle tinkling of the church bells, the sun gleaming among the apple-trees loaded with rosy fruit: I seemed to take the whole scene at a glance, with a sense of the hideous jar and discord of this homicidal contest -for such it was fast becoming. Covin, with his face close to mine, pouring forth burning words, was feeling for something at his side, his knife, no doubt, which he habitually wore, sailor fashion, hanging from his waist. A glance, however, showed me that the knife was not there. Covin, too, had arrived at the same con-The knife had been there a clusion. few minutes before—it must have fallen on the grass. We were both searching the ground with our eyes, and I felt sure that if Covin could get hold of it before me that I stood a good chance of a deadly wound. We held each other by a hand, ready to wrestle for possession of the

"Bo' jour, père Covin! Now you will make me again a little boat. See, père

"but I mean to cut this grass. Stand Covin, here is your knife; you have

It was Gracie, who had picked the Covin leaped forward and planted knife from the grass and placed it in Covin's disengaged hand; Gracie who had come up behind us unseen.

Covin snatched the knife from her; I saw it gleam in the air. Then he threw it far from him into the hedge.

"This time I spare thee, for the child's sake; but I have not done with thee, miserable coward! savage! assas-

And he limped off to his cottage, turning back every now and then to repeat the triplet of epithets.

' Hallo! what the dickens is the matfall. I sprang forward to help him, but ter?" It was the professor, who, it seems, had accompanied Gracie up the cour, and who, not so nimble as the child, had been distanced in the ascent.

Ah! it is the fisherman," he went on, catching sight of the retreating form of Covin; "that accounts for the Bilof Covin; "that accounts for the Billingsgate. But what a sweet temper you have, my friend, to put up with his insolence !"

"He has some cause to abuse me; I have cut open his foot with my scythe."

"In a fracas?"

"Something of the kind."

"By Jove!" cried the professor, "what an awkward thing, and in this country, where personal violence is punished without respect of persons. I'll show you the section in the Penal Code."

The professor always carried a pocket edition of the Code with him. turned with cruel alacrity to the very passage.

"Here it is, 'Titre 2, section 2 .-Wilful wounds and blows not ranking as murder.' Not so far? Lock-jaw might supervene, and then it would. But in the most favorable event, your friend has only to take to his bed and declare himself incapable of working, and then, if his incapacity lasts for twenty days, you may count upon two to five years. loss of the use of a limb involves penal servitude. A nice morning's work! Upon my word, Barton, if I were you, I would have my portmanteau ready packed."

I had no intention to hurt him." "That will be judged by the attending circumstances. If there has been a quarrel, high words, you will find that justice will hardly take the most lenient pected some day to commit a desperate view. But even involuntarily wounding is punished with imprisonment."

The professor had come over to volunteer a day's help in the hay-making, but I had no longer any heart to work. That I should be haled off to prison before many hours were over seemed almost certain. Every footstep that approached I fancied must be the officers of the law come to arrest me. I was tormented, too, with fear lest I should have done some serious injury to Covin. I felt the hand of Cain upon me. Hetty was in tears, full of the wildest apprehensions. Gracie watched us gravely, not knowing what to make of it all.

Anything was better than this state of suspense. I drove into town, and went to the office of the principal huissier, an official who combines the functions of usher and bailiff of the local court, collects debts and bills, and recovers them if necessary by legal process, is the auctioneer, valuer, and factotum in all affairs of judgment or execution. It was better to take the bull by the horns, and get the first word in the ear of justice. Besides, the huissier and I were already in friendly relations, as I had bought furniture at his sales and had done other business with him.

The huissier listened with a grave face to my story. He had nothing to do with criminal cases himself, they rested with the police; but clearly I was in a mess. I urged the provocation I had received, hindered from cutting the grass in the cour I had paid for.

"As far as that went," remarked the huissier, "the man was probably right. The cour attached to a house was generally reserved for pasture only; the man was only defending the rights of his propriétaire.

A likely thing when he has just come out of prison for wounding him."

"Ah! is that so?" said the huissier, brightening up. "In that case, accompany me, if you please, to the greffier, and we will arrange the affair.'

It now appeared that Covin, luckily for me, was on the official black books. Only lately out of prison and reputed a dangerous character, it was hardly likely he would venture to the gendarmerie, or be listened to if he went there. A man with an evil reputation who might be excrime.

In one respect this was reassuring, in another calculated to inspire graver apprehensions. Suppose that I myself should furnish the object of the serious crime in which the man's career was to culminate. I would rather have gone to prison for wounding him than that he should be brought to justice for killing me. And he had threatened me with that or worse.

"Bring a process against him, then," suggested the huissier.

Yes, bring a process!" echoed the greffier, a stout, jovial-looking man. The preliminary process, it seems, is not expensive. Ninepence, a sum which in England is the subject of many mysterious attributes, in France is the price of an invitation, such is the polite phraseology, to your enemy to meet you in the "gate and siege of justice." This is termed a "conciliation." I trusted that Covin would consider it conciliatory, but I feared otherwise.

From that time to the hearing of the case the days passed in an atmosphere of dread. At night the shutters were all carefully fastened, a precaution we had never taken before. If I sat down in the day-time, Hetty always placed herself between me and the window. Once the casement clashed to with a loud bang, and Hetty screamed in terror. My own pallid face bore witness to my secret dread. The professor came to see us from time to time, and kept up my spirits with stories drawn from the repertory of his retentive memory, of blood-revenge among various races of men. He quite gloated over the affair as " an instance of the survival of primitive impulses" in a state of society where they were no longer serviceable. These primitive battles for wells and pastures cropping up in the middle of this highly artificial civilisation of ours! Natural consequence that civilisation gets the best of it, and brings primitive impulses to a bad end.

Another circumstance made me un-Nothing had been seen of Covin since the day of our skirmish. Rumors run like wildfire through the village. He was dying of his wounds. He had been seen sitting in his garden cleaning an old gun. Gracie was always wondering what had become of her friend. We never let her go out now, unless one of us accompanied her. I had begun to dread that Covin's revenge might find an outlet in that way. He was fond of the child and hated me; suppose that he kidnapped her? That would have been almost worse than killing me, for life would no longer be worth having without Gracie.

However, nothing happened till the day of audience, when I presented myself at the court, supported by the goodly person of the professor. Hetty and Gracie were with Mrs. Professor. I would not have left them at home for worlds. The professor had give it as his decisive opinion that I should only leave the court in the custody of the gendarmes. He had strongly advised my leaving before the case came on by the direct route for Charing Cross. "It isn't too late now," he whispered, as we entered the court, and saw the lowering face of the man Covin, who stood leaning over the barrier. "The diligence starts in five minutes. I'll appear for you and say you're taken suddenly ill."

"Otez vos chapeaux," cried the huissier, and the little judge entered in state in his robes, with the Calvinisticlooking velvet cap and the stout greffier behind him with the book.

You may know the restless misery of waiting in a court of justice expecting the sonorous call of the usher. How you long to have it over and done for, and yet you hail every postponement as a welcome reprieve. Case after case came on, and still not mine; finally the court rose. Ah! it seemed that matters of "conciliation" were heard in private after the public sitting. And then followed another spell of waiting outside the judge's chamber. Covin and I brought face to face together. He kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, and looked thin and dejected. I would have given a good deal to have said to him-"Let us finish this and go and chink glasses together." But pride forbade, even had I felt satisfied that my advances would be received in a suitable

"Barton et Covin," drawled the greffier, popping his head out of the

then, eyeing Covin severely, told him that he had a very bad opinion of him, and that he would not advise him to come before the court too often. But in the meantime he had let his cour to this Monsieur Anglais and received the money. Had he paid his rent to his proprietor?

Covin admitted that he had not. No. not for more than a year. Not since the dispute they had together when the proprietor ran against the point of his

"Ah!" said the judge, shaking his head sagely, "what did I say?" And then he announced his decision briskly. "Let the Monsieur Anglais take Covin's cour and house off his hands, paying the arrears of rent. Covin to have a month in which to remove his furniture, and then to make himself, scarce, and betake himself to a neighborhood where he may be better appreciated because not so well known."

A verdict that dissatisfies equally both plaintiff and defendant, must necessarily be based on the immutable principles of justice. They were there, no doubt, these principles, although we could not

see them.

"But my foot!" cried Covin.

"Served you right for putting it in the way of a scythe.

"And the arrears of rent - why should I pay them?" I urged

'Consider what might have happened from your want of care and judgment.'

We left the court at the same moment. "And this is conciliation," I murmured.

Covin gave me one long sidelong glance full of malice. Were we reconciled? It hardly seemed so.

CHAPTER III.

WHO TOLLED THE BELL.

THE professor was highly indignant at the verdict. I think that he had counted much upon my going to prison. Not that he bears me any personal ill-will, but, as I said before, he has an insatiable appetite for information. My experiences in a French prison would have furnished him with the nucleus of a longwinded article.

On the same day I was accosted by The judge heard both our stories, and my new "proprietor," who seemed quite satisfied with the decision of the court, as well he might be. In fact, like every one else, he had been afraid of Covin. Even when the latter was in prison he had not dared to evict him. But now it was a different thing altogether. I was the animal selected to bell the cat. Whatever steps were taken to evict Covin, that individual would give me the credit of it all. And thus, in a most inexplicable way, and without any volition on my part, I had been thrown into the relationship, of all others most dangerous, with a man like Covin. Despite the protection of the little judge and the fat greffier, the nights would soon be long and dark, and who could guard me from the vengeance of a desperate man?

Still it was to be hoped that Covin would give up peaceable possession. The arrangement was not a bad one for him. He saved his furniture, which might otherwise have been seized, and he could not expect to live the rest of his life rent-free in another man's house. During the month's delay accorded him, Covin was frequently to be seen. Gracie met him more than once and talked to

"Why do you drive poor père Covin away?" she asked, after one of these interviews. "Is it not wicked to turn

people out of their houses?" But at the end of the month Covin disappeared. The house locked up, and no vestige of occupation about it. He had no intention evidently of giving up peaceable possession. People said that he sometimes came to the place at night, but no light was ever seen there. All his movements were secret and mysteri-We gave him plenty of rope, but at the end of another two months legal steps were taken for his eviction. The judge, the mayor, the greffier, all the officials were in attendance. The cottage was summoned to surrender. It made no reply. Thereupon, after three several demands for admittance, the door was broken open. There was nothing inside but a worm-eaten oaken "buffet," and a pile of fishing-nets. These last, being implements of labor, were not seizable. Covin had left them there, no doubt, intending, if they were damaged, to proceed against me. However, the place was cleared out, and the nets

deposited at the mairie; and now I thought I should be able to let the cottage and thus diminish the cost of the cour. Already I had had several applications for it, houses being in great demand; but I had not yet settled upon a tenant, being anxious to get a neighbor to my taste. But when I offered the place to the man I had chosen, to my surprise, he declined at once to take it. And it was the same with all the rest of my proposed tenants. They were very sorry, but the house would not suit. Presently I found out the reason. Covin had made it known in the village that he had sworn a great oath that the first intruder who slept in his house should not leave it alive. In vain I rallied the people upon their cowardice.

"Well," said the stoutest and most courageous among them, "if Monsieur will himself sleep there for the first time, I agree to take the cottage without another word."

I soon saw that this was the only way to quench the dread of Covin in the minds of the villagers, and as long as that dread lasted there was no chance of letting the cottage. I felt too that there was a kind of challenge to my courage in the man's insolent threat. Therefore I made known in the village that on such a night I would sleep at Covin's cottage. I should be armed with a loaded revolver, and let jokers beware, for I should certainly fire upon any one who disturbed me.

Hettie was very much averse to my spending the night at Covin's cottage, alone, and, to satisfy her, I had asked the professor to join me in making a night there, hinting at Irish whisky and strong English cut tobacco, which was taking the learned man on his weak side. But he declined with a precipitation that I thought argued ill for his courage. And then I made up my mind to undertake the adventure alone.

It was a rough wet night when I turned out on my expedition. The sound of the bolts and bars shot to behind me, as I left my own door, was rather disheartening; if I had not publicly pledged myself to the adventure, I think I should have postponed it to another occasion. In the village all the lights were out, my lantern was extinguished before many minutes. The wind howled in a melan-

choly fashion with a great swaying rushing sound from the forest, as I stumbled along the steep winding path that led to Covin's. I had to grope for the garden gate in the darkness, and as I touched the handle the door of the loft went to with a loud bang. I had not thought of locking that, and now the wind had got it open and was blowing about it, or perhaps it was Covin on the look-out for me. I climbed up the outside stair that led to the loft, sheltered by the overhanging eaves of the thatched gable, closed the door and locked it, first lighting my lantern in the shelter, and looking carefully round. Then I made my way to the front door along the garden path, all choked up by luxuriant vegetable growth. The branches and tendrils of the unpruned vine caught at me and drew me back like detaining fingers, but I went on and opened the door boldly.

The first thing I came in contact with was an object hanging from the rafters, something in the shape of a man swinging slowly round. It was Covin no doubt. Yes, there he was in his habits as he had lived, coat, trousers, and fisherman's boots-but nothing inside them. Simply Covin's clothes hanging there. It was a relief for the moment, and yet the fact itself was startling. The clothes were Covin's, they conveyed a distinct impression of their owner. They had not been there in the morning. Covin, must, therefore, have visited the place very recently; perhaps even now he was hidden somewhere within. Perhaps, too, there was a secret meaning and significance in this hanging suit of clothes. Was a challenge conveyed in it? Why was not the professor here to tell me what it signified in his wretched code of primitive morals?

I soon satisfied myself that Covin was not concealed on the premises, and I discovered too how he might have effected both exit and entrance. There was a window unfastened in the inner room quite big enough for the purpose, and the marks of muddy feet fresh upon it. But why should he have taken all the trouble?

Oh! there was a paper pinned to the suit of clothes. It was the summons Covin had received to appear in "conciliation." There was a significance about this, as if it had been put there

in mockery. Anyhow, whatever might be meant, Covin should see how I estimated his threats. I cut down Covin's clothes, and, squeezing them into a bundle, threw them out of the window. Then I closed all the shutters and fastenings, and lay down on the mattress I had sent up for the purpose, with my rugs carefully wrapped about me and the loaded revolver ready to my hand.

I had lit a fire in the hearth with faggots, and that at first threw a bright glow, but by degrees the light dwindled and went out. The wind roared and bellowed as if the forest had been full of wild beasts. But I was tired and must have slept, although I was not conscious of it when I finally found myself awake. I was awake, but with some of the delusions of sleep. I had an idea that I was being tried for making away with Covin, and that the verdict was "Guilty, to be beaten with a rod of fire." And there was the fiery rod sure enough-floating in the air as it seemed to me. Aroused to full consciousness, I gazed at it in a panic of nervous horror. The fiery rod resolved itself into a glare of light, shining through a longitudinal crack in the wooden shutter. That window looked over towards my house. What was the cause of the light? There was no moon. Could it be a fire? I threw open the shutter. There was a bright flare of light from just below and luminous smoke rising through the trees. At the moment the terrible thought shot through my brain, "My house has been fired. Perhaps here is Covin's revenge!"

In my mad rush towards home I remembered that a ladder was the most indispensable thing, and that there was one under the eaves of the stable. I should save precious moments if I caught this up on my way. There was now no doubt of the fire; the sky all of a glow and a vivid tongue of flame darting heavenwards. The ladder had been removed; the fiend who had planned this had carried out his wicked work completely. I hurried on. The village was already alive, and I heard the great church-bell clanging out the alarm vigorously. My home was in a blaze: what had become of wife and child?

Happily my wife was safe; she stood by the garden gate wrapped in a cloakhalf-distracted, wringing her hands and

crying.

Where was Gracie? No one answered my frantic demand, and next moment I was trying to clamber up to the upper windows by the trellis-work, that, rotten with age, gave way beneath me. But Hettie seized me. "She is not there; she is safe from the fire, but she is gone, snatched away from me."

"By whom?"
"By Covin."
"Which way?"

"Over the hedge there."

I ran in the direction pointed out, where there was a weak place in the hedge, through which the high road might be reached. Something had caught in the brambles—a morsel of Gracie's little night-dress. There were footsteps down to the road, and there they ceased to be traceable in the slush. I could not tell which way he had turned. I must go back to the house and ask my neighbors to help me in the pursuit, to run in various directions. For my own part, I would make for the river, for in that direction I judged he had gone.

When I reached the house again the fire was out. The neighbors had smothered it with blankets and carpets. It had been a petroleum fire, "soon kindled and soon burned." The maire was on the scene by this time, and the cure. I told them what had happened, besought them to aid me at once in the search for the man who had fired my house and stolen my child. They could hardly believe such an outrage to be possible in this law-abiding country, but there was the patent fact. Gracie was gone, and Covin had taken her.

"He will not harm her, I guarantee

that," said the curé.

"Ah! you always had a better opinion of him than he deserved," remarked the maire drily. "But compose yourself, monsieur; the police will find her quickly. To a poor man like Covin a child is not a valuable treasure. But to set fire to your house, ah, that was malice."

Here Hetty drew me aside.

"It was not Covin," she whispered, in a faltering tone, "who set fire to the house; it was I, accidentally."

"Not Covin, but you?" I repeated, quite bewildered.

"Yes; I wanted plenty of light, as you had left me all alone, and before I went to bed I lighted the big 'pétrole' lamp. And I upset it: the flames were between me and the door. I ran to the window and screamed."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, a man came with a ladder, and we escaped, I and Gracie."

"And the man was--"

" Covin."

This cast a new and startling light upon the affair. Covin the rescuer, and not the criminal! But why should he have taken Gracie? Probably, although some instinct of courage and humanity had brought him to the help of my wife, yet finding his enemy's daughter in his hands the impulse to revenge himself had become too strong.

"In the meantime," said the maire, "before doing anything we must dress a procks-verbal. And, first, for the person who gave the earliest alarm of the fire—of course, monsieur will recompense him handsomely. Let him come

forward."

But no one came forward to claim the reward or the thanks of the commune. This was a curious circumstance among people not given to hiding their good deeds, especially when a reward is in question.

"And who set the bell going?" asked the cure, "and roused us all from our sleep? The same brave fellow doubt-

less."

"Perhaps he is still in the church," said the maire,

"Let us go and see," suggested the

The church is only just across the road, and the curé admits us through the sacristy door. A rude ancient church, grotesque with age, thick squat columns, with quaint curved volutes, looking in the dim light like so many huge horned monsters. There is a light shining in the space behind the altar, where there is a highly-tinselled shrine of the Virgin. A taper is burning before the shrine, and by the light we can make out a bundle of something lying in front. The curé stoops down and lifts the corner of a shawl; there is a child fast asleep—it is Gracie.

The curé takes her up tenderly in his arms. She awakes and begins to cry,

till, seeing her father's face among those about her, she gladly nestles in his arms. I hurry away, too full of joy and gratitude to say a word. Was this then Co-

vin's revenge? For a long time after that I tried in vain to find Covin. I let it be known in the village that he might come back to his cottage whenever he liked and not a word to be said about arrears. Enough money too to furnish it well, or to buy a new boat. But although I fancy that he heard of the offer, he never took advantage of it. One day, however, I heard that he had been seen in the village, and that his boat was moored in the river close by. I managed to intercept him with Gracie, and offered my hand. Co-

"Come, let us be friends," I said. "Can I be friends with a man who has treated my best clothes like this?" said Covin, undoing his bundle and holding up the suit that I had thrown out of the window. I had thought nothing more about it, and certainly the clothes had suffered not a little from exposure.

vin put his behind his back.

"I am very sorry; but you shall have a new suit.'

" Pardon, monsieur, the old ones suited me very well."

"Come! for the child's sake," I said,

" let me thank you."
"Monsieur," began Covin, with some dignity, "I deserve no thanks, for I had it in my heart to do you a great injury. I thought to come upon you as you slept in my cottage, and I hung these clothes up as a warning to you, and I said to myself, if he respects my clothes, I will not harm him. But you did not respect my clothes, and then I determined to attack you as you slept. Then I saw a

-juant ourved volutes,

gleam of fire, and heard the screams of a woman. I am a Frenchman-you know the rest. But do I love you, monsieur, any better for that? You have turned me away from my hearth; it was but a poor hearth, cold and neglected, but once I had a little daughter like yours, a wife, too, industrious and careful, and then there was happiness around it, of which I have now only the memory. And from this hearth you thrust

me forth."
"Come back to it, Covin, come and be my neighbor."

"Adieu, monsieur," as if he had not

"Let me be your friend for what you have done for me and mine."

"Adieu, monsieur," repeated Covin, stonily, as if an injury were a precious possession of which none should deprive

"Gracie, speak to him," I said to the child; "go and ask him to stay."

"Do stay, père Covin," she cried; " papa will no more be wicked with you, and you shall make me again a little boat."

Covin shook his head sternly; but he snatched up the child and kissed her warmly. Then, as if he could not trust himself any longer, he sprang hastily into his boat and pushed off. He glided away down the slow sullen stream, and was soon lost to sight in the mist and gloom of coming night. Nor has he ever been seen in our neighborhood since. His cottage is still empty, and no one will venture to occupy it. The people in the village believe that he still watches over the place, and that any one who ventured to occupy it would have to reckon with Covin's revenge. -- Cornhill Magazine.

SLAVERY AND POLYGAMY IN TURKEY.

Meri I sell lo suitate belisen BY J. C. M'COAN.

In Fraser for May 1877, I sketched briefly the first of these two institutions as it exists in Egypt, and much of what was there said would apply equally to the status of its subjects in Turkey proper. But, though the legislation on which it is based is the same in both

countries, some important distinctions attach to it in the latter which, in view of recent events and of the still prevalent misconception as to the whole character and working of slavery throughout the Levant, may perhaps be worth further statement. As the same popular

error commonly brackets with this the other custom of polygamy—though there is but one solitary link of connection between them—it will be convenient to include these two most distinctive features of Ottoman society in the same notice.

Turkish servitude, like that of nearly all the nations of antiquity, had its origin in the practice of enslaving prisoners of war. But instead of the bitter and uniform degradation to which defeat had immemorially doomed its victims at the hands of civilised Greece and Rome, the genius of Islâm imposed a bondage tempered by many alleviations which deprived the system of more than half its horrors, and transmitted it to the present day in a form that has hardly a feature in common with the barbarous yoke that ceased in our own colonies less than half a century ago, which was only abolished in the United States by the war of 1862, and still flourishes in 'Christian' Cuba and Brazil. Later in the history of the nation, as war ceased to furnish its yearly harvests of captives, and as extended relations with the Caucasus, Barbary, and Abyssinia gradually introduced a new class of slaves, the same clement legislation that had mitigated the sufferings of captive Huns and Teutons threw its ægis over these still ruder victims of an iniquitous traffic, and, during the Middle Ages and for three centuries later, rendered Turkish slavery an easier condition of life than was the feudal serfdom that prevailed throughout Europe till within little more than a century ago. From the very first, in fact, Mohammedan legislation softened and humanised the barbarous provisions of the old Roman code, and relieved the condition of the slave from nearly all the severities and much of the degradation that attached to it in Thus, while non-Moslem countries. among the Romans and Byzantines, as in modern Transatlantic slavery, the legal status of 'a bondsman was that of a beast of burden or other chattel (servi in potestate domini sunt ut pecora, jumenta et ceteræ res), in Turkey, Egypt, and even Persia the law protects the slave at every point, recognises him as a human being with definite and inalienable rights, and raises his condition to one of mere unwaged domestic servitude, in which, as a rule, he is better off than the

paid free servant.* A glance at the provisions of the Multequa (the general digest of Ottoman law) which affect the institution, and which in practice are very rigidly adhered to, will illustrate and confirm this statement.

The code in question recognises no fewer than six gradations of slavery, which differ widely and importantly from each other, and form so many steps from absolute bondage to freedom. Of these the first is that of keulelik, or unconditional servitude, in which the slave is the mere chattel of his master, with no legal rights of any kind except to protection from personal abuse. But the condition even of this class has little or nothing in common with that of the West Indian or American negro. The law absolutely protects their life and, as I have said, forbids undue severity of punishment; besides which, they are as a rule kindly treated, and, except in the case of slaves born such or purchased in infancy, are entitled to their liberty after nine years' service. The second category is that of the mazzoum, which consists of slaves who are permitted by their masters to work or trade on their own account. These may acquire property and even themselves own slaves, and at their death may devise their estate as they please, their children, too, being mazzoum like themselves. The third class consists of mukiatebs, or slaves who have received a contract (kitabet) stipulating that their freedom shall take place in the event of some specified condition being fulfilled, such as the payment of an agreed sum of money, or the performance of a particular service. During the term over which these contracts extend, their holders can neither be sold nor hired out, and may also purchase slaves of their own, to whom they may grant similar privileges to those enjoyed

^{*} For confirmation of this statement I may refer the reader to, amongst other authorities, Urquhart's Spirit of the East, White's Three Years in Constantinople, Olivier's Voyage en Turquie, and Ubicini's Lettres sur la Turquie. It may also be remarked that, although unwaged, these slave servants are much more lightly worked, are better clothed, fed, and lodged than free domestics, and receive in Ramazan, Courban-bairam, and other periodical backsheeshes and in vails from their masters' visitors far more than the fixed wages of their free fellow-servitors.

by themselves. But if the condition be empt as they thus are from what in the not fulfilled within the term, the slave lapses to the state of keulelik. The fourth grade is that of mutebbirs, or slaves who have received a deed (tebbir) which confers on them deferred freedom to take effect on some stipulated contingency, such as the death of the master, his return from a pilgrimage, or other future event. The slave thus gifted may be sold, but his sale carries with it the irrevocable condition, and in no way bars his right to liberty the moment the specified event happens. The fifth class, called mutebberi-mukiateb, combines the double advantages of the third and fourth. The sixth-umml-velid, 'mothers of children'- consists entirely of female slaves whose children have either been acknowledged or adopted by their owner, and thus become free: these pass at once into the class of mutebberi, and, while they cannot in the meantime be sold, attain their full liberty on the master's death, if not enfranchised before it. The fact that a large proportion of the female slave population belongs to this class may argue more for Ottoman benevolence than morals; but it is at least conclusive as to the many privileges and the general kindliness of the treatment which Turkish-as contrasted with Cuban and Brazilian-bondswomen enjoy.

Nor are these half-dozen grades of slavery merely distinguished by a loose popular fashion. They are all practically recognised and their several immunities safeguarded both by law and public sentiment. A Mussulman who illtreats his slaves is socially looked upon very much as a wife-beater amongst ourselves, and if the abuse at all amounts to cruelty, the victim can appeal to the Cadi and insist on being sold to another master. But gross cases of ill-treatment are very rare, and such claims for protection are seldom made. The condition, too, carries with it no personal, or at least indelible, degradation; and so, in Turkey as in Egypt, it not seldom happens that a master liberates a favourite slave and gives him his daughter in marriage, without the public feeling at all regarding the union as a mésalliance. Similarly, many Turks of what may be called the middle and upper classes prefer slave wives to freeborn mates, ex-

East as in the West is often the inconvenience of marriage relatives, and especially of mothers-in-law. Equally, too, is the status no bar to admission to the public service. Less than fifty years ago, indeed, most of the ministers and great officers of the Porte were of servile origin, and even at the present hour freedmen not a few hold high rank in

both the army and navy.

Another fact, which further minimises the evils that belong to the institution under even its most humane conditions, is the comparatively small number of the slaves now held in Turkey, especially in the provinces. Thirty years ago it was officially estimated that, out of Constantinople, this did not exceed two per cent. of the Mussulman population, and since then the increased operation of the causes which had reduced the class to this low figure has further diminished the proportion. The spoils of war have long ceased to recruit it, the Barbary rovers no longer send their captives, and even before the complete Russian conquest of the Caucasus, the pressure of European opinion at the Porte had virtually put an end to importations on any considerable scale from Circassia and Africa, which for centuries had been the chief feeders of the traffic. The large Circassian immigrations into Turkey have in part revived the supply of white female slaves, as the colonists still sell their daughters as readily as of yore. But as the letter of the law is against these purchases-the Circassians being nominally at least Moslems-the trade is contraband, and the business done much less than under the old system of open shipments from the coast. The legal suppression of the traffic in Egypt has also so much reduced the importation of black slaves from Africa that hardly units now pass where scores were formerly shipped from Alexandria. A small supply is still received from Tunis vid Malta, whence, by what may be called the irony of trade, they mostly reach Constantinople on board British steamers, as the pretended harem and servants of some travelling effendi. Once in Stamboul there is no difficulty as to their sale, as, although the public slave market was suppressed thirty years ago, the private depôts at which slaves are

goes on nearly as openly as, though under conditions of greater decency and term of adult servitude. But-and no humanity than, in the old Yessir-bazari. White slaves are generally kept at Tophaneh, across the Horn, and are there dealt in, a shade more privately but with equal freedom from the interference of the police. A short trial is allowed at the house of the intending purchaser for, in the case of male slaves, medical examination to ascertain if they be sound in body and free from constitutional defects. In the case of girls, this function is performed by an official matron called el Khibra, and particular care is further taken to ascertain their personal habits by day and night. If the probationers satisfactorily pass this ordeal the bargain is then concluded, and the new purchases become essentially members of their masters' families, in the hierarchy of which they take precedence of, and are, as I have said, even better treated than, free servants. Prices vary from 20%, to 30%, for a low-class negro to 200%, or 300%, for what may be called the raw material of a pretty Circassian girl. These last are mostly bought from the parents or the first-hand dealer 'in the rough,' and after a year or two's careful nurture and education in the accomplishments of upper-class Moslem society, are sold again by the trainer at any price the caprice of a rich purchaser may give. The best are usually bought either for marriage or concubinage, and the others for service as ladies' maids, bath-attendants, musicians, dancing-girls, and other non-menial occupations. A great scandal in the case of these girls is, that many of the intermediary purchasers who thus polish and train them rank, who speculate in them either with a view to money profit on the operation, or to serve some equally base purpose by making presents of them to the Palace or to some influential grandee. It may be affirmed, however, that the majority of this white class attain comparastages through which it has been reached.

The great majority of the slaves comfrom the lowest class, and, through one

lodged are well known, and the traffic or other of the gradations mentioned, attain their freedom well within the legal better proof of the mildness of the institution in Turkey could be given—it often happens that the bondsman refuses liberty, preferring to live on with his master and die in his service. The slave who has thus declined enfranchisement is called Azadsig-keulé, and when age overtakes him he is released from all labour, and set generally to take care of the children during their exercise or play, receiving from them in return the endearing appellation of baba-father.

From the operation of all the causes now mentioned, coupled with the additional fact that the class is only in a very small degree self-recruiting, it may be affirmed that slavery in Turkey is dying out. Already in the Asiatic provinces, where it is most naturally rooted, the ownership of even a very few slave servants is mainly confined to the Stamboulee officials and the richest of the old Moslem families; and, as the sources whence these are supplied gradually dry up, the institution must, pari passu, become extinct. But to anticipate this natural result would be equally impolitic and useless, for no human power could stamp out a custom so consecrated by time and religion as has been that of slavery throughout the East. Other social reforms must pave the way for its extinction, and it is to these first, rather than to any mere arbitrary efforts of a mistaken philanthropy, that wise administrative action should be directed. Slavery anywhere is an anachronism, and in Turkey, with the disappearance of other social features not more barbarous than itself, it too will disappear in for ultimate use are Turkish ladies of the natural order of things. In our own colonies, the brute force of law and money enabled us to abolish the institution on a given day; but in Turkey, beyond the Bosphorus, to which little more than the echo of Western civilisation has yet penetrated, no such summary revolution would be possible. Even in the tively speedy freedom by marriage—a capital, the most liberal Moslem will, goal that silences all reflection on the plausibly enough, reply to the abolitionist thus: 'So long as our religious code and social practices remain unchanged, prised in these six categories soon rise we must either employ slaves, hire Christian women (whom we cannot trust),

or wait upon ourselves. Slavery is, therefore, a necessity interwoven with our faith and notions of decency, and cannot be abolished without subverting the very basis of our social and moral institutions.' But strong as the hold of religion and adet still is on the great majority of the population, the violation of both on many other points has, within the past thirty or forty years, grown into common practice, and the sanctions that buttress slavery will in time similarly yield to Western influence and example. The recent slave convention with Egypt suggests a method of dealing with the evil that may be found equally feasible in the empire proper—the immediate prohibition of traffic in slaves, and the deferred abolition of the status of slavery altogether after an interval sufficient to prepare society for the change. The former of these measures, honestly enforced, would indeed suffice, but the operation of both would so hasten the denovement as to bring it well within the next score of years. With British influence now behind the Porte to stimulate it to this and other equally vital reforms which would have been hopeless a couple of years ago, the institution in Turkey, as in Egypt, may be safely regarded as doomed; and in the meantime—as I remarked of it in connection with the latter country-while this social revolution is being effected, Ottoman legislation and public sentiment may be fairly credited with having minimised the evils which are inseparable from the institution even in its mildest form.

But the popular misconception as to the character and practical working of slavery in Turkey is not greater than that which prevails respecting polygamy. The common notion is, that this institution, if not precisely of Mussulman orgin, is general throughout Ottoman society, and that gross domestic immorality is the result. Exactly the reverse is true in fact. Biblical readers need not be reminded that the custom is older than the Pentateuch, that it was common amongst the Jews and other Eastern nations, and that-although prohibited, for sufficient social reasons, by modern Christian legislation-it is nowhere forbidden by the New Testament. It is no part of my object to defend the institution-though it has found more

than one apologist and even advocate among Christian moralists and divines*but to correct the prevalent misimpression as to its extent and social effects among the Mussulman population of Turkey. And first as to its extent : the popular notion is that every Turk, above the rank of the poorest, is a Bluebeard, with his full Koranic allowance of four wives, supplemented by concubines à discretion. The fact is that only a minority of even the richest avail themselves of the full legal privilege, while of those below that rank not one in a thousand have even two. Among what in Europe would be called the middle and lower classes, the rule, with few exceptions, is one wife-with, only in rare cases, the supplement of an odalisk, or slave concubine. The first and almost sufficient explanation of this is-the cost of the indulgence. It is not merely the dowry which in Turkey a husband gives to instead of receiving with a wife, that makes marriage an expensive luxury; but each mate is entitled to a separate maintenance on a scale according with her husband's position, and without reference at all to the number of the whole, whether they be one or four. In the case of the rich, this means the support of a separate train of slaves, carriages and other incidental outlay for each kadin; and even among the poorer classes, of considerably more than the individual cost of number one. The economical check, therefore, largely neutralises what might otherwise be the tendency to conjugal excess. I have personally known most of the Turkish ministers of the past nineteen years, and many functionaries of second class rank in both Constantinople and the provinces; and of the whole, I cannot remember more than six or eight who transgressed the monogamic rule. Thus A'ali, Fuad, Riza, Kibrizli, Mehemet-Rushdi, Mahmoud, Husni, Ahmet-Veffik, Server, Kiani, Midhat, Hussein-Avni, and Savfet Pa-

[&]quot;The reader who may be curious to know what can be said in defence of polygamy from a Christian point of view, will be interested, if not convinced, by the arguments employed in Ockinus's Dialogues in favor of Polygamy, Lyser's Polygamia Triumphatrix, and the Rev. W. Madan's Thelyphthora.

[†] Some years ago, among a population of 40,000 Mussulmans in Crete, there was not a single case of polygamy.

strength,'-affording, as both of these couple of exceptions among the governthe one-wife rule is now broken. It may, indeed, be affirmed that during the past twenty or thirty years the social fashion which in the East is quite as influential as popular opinion amongst ourselves -has been steadily growing in favor of limitation; and the new adet which is thus acquiring strength already avails to counteract, to a considerable extent, the legal temptation to indulgence in two, three, or four. Still, the custom is none lem of Eastern social reform, and, consecrated as it is by both time and resanction thus given to it is outweighed by the example of a healthier Christian morality than that which now forms the only alternative the Turk has any knowledge of, and which he may well be excused for regarding as no improvement

This being so, let us glance at its practical working where advantage is taken of the privilege. In the case, say, of an establishment with three or four wives, the first married takes and retains domestic precedence, and as such is called the buyuk khanum* (chief lady), while the others are of even rank, and are distinguished as ' second,' ' third,' or ' fourth,' or by their personal names with 'khanum' (lady or madam) affixed. By law

shas had, or have, only one wife. each of these is, as I have said, entitled to Namyk Pasha, a type of the oldest maintenance on a scale of comfort proschool, and the late Mustapha Fazyl portioned to the husband's means; and Pasha, the brother of the Khedive and if he fail in this or any other marital leader of the 'Young Turkey' party, duty, the aggrieved wife may appeal to were in my time the only members of the the Cadi with the certainty of obtaining Divan whose harems were up to 'full redress, or, if the husband refuse it, with the right to divorce. If, as is usual could, not merely to bear the cost of amongst the rich, the wife bring with her quadruple establishments, but to disre- or afterwards purchase slaves of her gard the modern prejudice against more own, these remain exclusively her propwives than one. Namyk still lives, and erty, over whom the husband has no in vigorous though no longer green old rights whatever. He has, however, in age, profits by his wealth and the facility law full personal rights over such as are of divorce to keep his harem at a con- bought with his own money, whether stant level of youth with Circassian re- for attendance on his wives or as concruits. But the very notoriety of this cubines for himself, but intimacy with any of these except the last is considing clique, proves the rarity with which ered bad social 'form,' and in practice is therefore very rare. Even what may be called recognised concubinage, too, is much less common than is generally supposed. It is rare even in one-wife families, unless the kadin be childless, and still less so in those in which there are two, three, or four legal mates. Throughout all time in the East, barrenness has been a misfortune and a reproach, and the childless wife, losing her prerogative, has to choose between the less a substantial factor in the prob- divorce, the introduction of a second, or such a compromise as Sarah made with Abraham. She generally prefers the ligion, must be accepted till the double last, and the children resulting from it are as free and legitimate as if they had been her own. One great merit, indeed, of Moslem over Western legislation is, that it does not recognise bastardy: in law, as in fact, every shild has a father, and the stigma of illegitimacy is therefore unknown. Hence the social pariahs who disgrace our own civilisation are never met with among Mussulmans. The travelling philanthropist will consequently look in vain for foundling hospitals among the public charities of Stamboul, Damascus, and Baghdad. Nor is this all: polygamy and its morganatic concomitant may be further credited with eliminating from Moslem social life a feature which is recognised as almost a necessary evil among ourselves. Outside the Christian quarters of Constantinople, Smyrna, and the other large coast towns of the Levant, no traces of public prostitution are to be found; while in the interior—barring a few still Christian exceptions-it is absolutely unknown.

^{*} In families in which the husband's mother resides with her son, this title of respect and its status of precedence are given to her-the love and reverence of a Turk for his mother being perhaps the most beautiful feature in Moslem social life.

In Europe, this scandal to civilisation flourishes under police license and almost with social sanction: in the East, it is everywhere sternly reprobated both by Moslem law and public feeling. In bare justice to facts, the ethical balance may therefore be thus stated: In Christendom we have monogamy and 'the social evil;' in Moslem Turkey, polygamy and a measure of public morality that may be sought for in vain from the Save to the Pacific.

The universal habit of early marriage throughout the East further explains, if it does not justify, this privilege of conjugal recruitment. In the Asiatic provinces, the average ages at which the relation is formed are, say, twelve for the wife and sixteen or eighteen for the husband, be the religion of the parties what it may. Whether Moslem or Christian, the wife fades early, and is passee many years before the husband has reached his prime. I was present once at Mosul at the marriage of a buxom little Chaldean of eleven to a widower of thirtyfive or forty, and no suggestion even of any disparity of age was hinted by any of the company. A dozen or at most fifteen years later, she would be nearly as middle-aged as an English or French woman of fifty, while he might still be physically young. Hence, anciently, the universal custom of polygamy, and in modern times the temptation of the Turk to indulge in a practice which is at once adapted to the climate and sanctioned by both religion and immemorial usage.

As regards divorce, this again is much less common than might be supposed in view of its legal facility and the ready means it affords of escape from irksome conjugal fetters. For this there are two sufficient reasons—the cost of the relief, and the strong social sentiment that has grown up against it. As already remarked, the rule is that the Moslem husband, and not the wife, pays a dowry, varying in amount according to the rank of the parties. Two-thirds of the sum are paid over to the bride before marriage, and, besides also what she generally receives from her father in the shape of a very abundant outfit, become her own absolute property. The remaining third, retained by the husband, is pay-

able only in the event of his divorcing his wife against her will, in which case she takes away with her, in money or goods, the whole of the originally stipulated amount, and is moreover entitled to three months' alimony from the date of the divorce. Except in the case of those who can afford to disregard this considerable fine, it acts as an effectual check on recourse to the privilege, and, coupled with the social discredit of discarding a wife, renders divorces as a rule very rare. Among Moslems, nevertheless, the thing itself is even simpler than amongst the Jews. No 'bill of divorcement' is necessary, but only the short verbal formula of 'Veil thyself, take thy marriage portion, and go.' A wife may be thus repudiated twice and taken back, but if the fatal formula have been pronounced a third time, she can only be recovered after a fully consummated marriage with and divorce by another husband. This latter condition sometimes results in awkward contretemps. The person chosen to play the part of intermediary husband is generally the oldest and feeblest poor man that can be found. For a 'consideration,' he consents to discharge the provisional function, and engages to divorce the lady on the morrow. But it occasionally happens that the faithless old sinner, having pocketed and earned his fee, refuses to surrender a pretty and wealthy bride, or only does so after a much longer usufruct than was bargained for, and for a further considerable money ransom. As may readily be supposed, such a condition and its incidents have weight with even the hastiest-tempered husbands, and co-act with other considerations to protect wives against the risk of talak (repudiation), except for grave and sufficient reasons. Certain it is that, barring in such cases, divorces are now quite as rare amongst the Moslem as among the Christian subjects of the Porte, and a hundred times less common than among our 'more civilised' selves. Before the Cadi, however, as before Sir James Hannen, the law in this respect favors the wife less than the husband. The latter may brave social feeling and cut the conjugal knot when he likes, but the wife can only regain her freedom on proof of positive ill-treatment or for one or two

other grounds of complaint, and even then at the cost of abandoning her dowry and trousseau to her peccant consort. Herein British and Turkish womankind have, in some sort, a common grievance, which will, no doubt, receive full redress in the good coming time when woman's rights shall have conquered recognition in both countries. In the meantime, if it accorded with the scheme and limits of this paper, I could easily demonstrate that, notwithstanding the legal favoritism of the baser sex in the matter of divorce, the disabilities and social subordination of women in Turkey are vastly fewer and less than is commonly supposed. I could quote ample private authority to prove that harem-life, instead of being a state of unlimited license on the one side and of virtual slavery on the other, is essentially home life in many of its best and tenderest aspects. In fact, in Turkish society the men see no women but their wives, mothers, and sisters, and as a rule, therefore, think of no others; while the women similarly know only their husbands, and are wholly occupied with them, Nowhere, too, is the old-fashioned sentiment of reverence for parents and love of children more actively paramount, and—I do not scruple to affirm, with whatever weight may attach to a long residence in and extensive travel through the country-nowhere is the general tone of family and social morality higher. This averment may surprise some readers, but it will be endorsed by those who know Turkish society, even in Europe as it is, and not as it is painted by writers who have studied it through the medium of a Pera dragoman or from the windows of Misserie's hotel.

It remains to notice what I have called the one connecting link between these two institutions—the slave element of eunuchs, which the popular Western notion regards as an essential outcome of polygamy. Here again history refutes a

common error. Instead of being at all a peculiar feature of Moslem society, harem-life—without its polygamic extension, but with the recognised practice of concubinage—was essentially a Byzantine institution, and long before ever a Turk set foot in Europe had spread as a high domestic fashion-nearly as strong as that which now obtains amongst the Ottomans-northward even into Russia. Indeed, not this alone, but nearly all the other usages of Turkish society which seem most opposed to modern Christian ethics and civilisation, were prevalent throughout Asia-and, as regards most of them, throughout Europe too-centuries before Othman first settled in Bithynia, and, with hardly an exception, were found in especial vitality in the Lower Empire by Amurath and Mohammed II.* Eunuchs, a necessary element of the harem system, infested the court and patrician palaces of Rome itself from before the days of Elagabalus. and twelve centuries later were still as necessary adjuncts of the establishment of a Byzantine grandee as they now are of any harem in Stamboul. The 'neutrals, indeed, who waited on Anna Comnena and the Byzantine ladies for three hundred years after her, were white ones from the Caucasus, between which and Constantinople a brisk slave-trade had been kept up centuries before the Crescent displaced the Cross from St. So-These 'vermin of the East, phia. therefore, no more came in with the Turks than did the system of which they form a part. On the contrary, to the latter belongs the credit of having at length mitigated the social horror by selecting its victim from amongst a lower type of humanity. Slaves of this class are now exclusively African blacks smuggled through Egypt from the Soudan. Till within a few years ago their mutilation commonly took place at Assiout and other stations on the Upper Nile, where Coptic priests were the chief operators; but the Khedive has put an end

The accomplished authoress of The People of Turkey—a book, by the way, that deserves all the praise the critics have awarded it—is in error in saying that 'the privileges of divorce thus indulgently permitted to a man are entirely beyond the reach of a woman, whom no human power can release from her nekyak vows without her husband's free consent.' The law gives the wife the right to similar relief for three or four well-defined grievances.

^{*} If historians of Byzantine society, from Cantacuzene to Gibbon, are to be believed, personal vices, which more zealous than well-read Christians are also in the habit of placing to the special discredit of Mussulman morality, were prevalent under the Palæologi to an extent without parallel anywhere in modern times.

to this infamous industry, and the whole of the small yearly importation comes ready-made from Kordofan and Darfour. Their high price, too, now limits their employment to the Imperial Palace and only the very wealthiest households, in which, I need hardly say, the part of a tyrant police ascribed to them by the common Western notion has no founda-

tion in fact. Though I have nearly reached the intended limits of this paper, it will be pertinent to add a word in correction of yet another misconception as to the effects of polygamy on the Mussulman population. It is commonly assumed that the practice largely explains the undoubted numerical decline of the Turkish as compared with the non-Moslem races of the country. But apart from the fact that the custom is much less general than is supposed, other obvious causes, or rather one, quite sufficiently accounts for this slow but steady exhaustion of the dominant caste. Without reference to the much over-stated practice of pre-natal infanticide, which is almost unknown in the villages and smaller towns of the interior, the blood-tax of military service amply explains the phenomenon. It may be that the indolence and seclusion of harem-life are more conducive to sterility amongst Turkish women than the freer and healthier conditions under which their Rayah rivals live; but certain it is that the exclusive liability to the conscription has told with most destructive effect on the Ottoman population. In the good old days when war recruited rather than thinned their ranks and filled their harems with female captives, polygyny spawned warriors by the score,' and more than supplied the life-waste of Amurath, and Bajazet, and Solyman's campaigns. But for more than two centuries this wealth of external supply has ceased, and, with a restored sexual balance, the military drain has every year more and more sapped the vitals of the race. From the age of sixteen to twenty-five the whole Moslem population—except that of the capital—is liable to conscription, and of the many thousand able-bodied men who, even in times of peace, are thus annually drafted away from reproduction, it is estimated that not more than 35 per cent. return to their homes, and these

generally health-wrecked from nostalgia, rheumatism, and gastric disease.*
From Scutari to Kars, and from Sinope to Marash, the life-blood has thus been more than half sucked out of the Mussulman population. Districts which, less than fifty years ago, numbered their crowded Mussulman villages by scores, are now comparatively deserted or peopled only by Rayahs. Between Brousa and Smyrna alone at least a dozen large Moslem villages, which in Sultan Mahmoud's time reckoned their inhabitants by thousands, have now either disappeared altogether, or survive only in the merest wreck of their former numerical strength and prosperity. And so in more than half the other pashalics of Asia Minor, on which in practice nearly three-fourths of this blood-tax falls: the drain of the conscription has reduced the Mussulman element to an extent which those who do not personally know the country would hardly credit. For centuries the Rayahs, on the other hand, have not contributed a man to either the army or navy, but pay only a small exemption-tax and multiply in peace. The three years of the Crimean War, it was reckoned, cost nearly a million of Turkish adult male lives, and the late single-handed conflict probably as many more. Thus handicapped in the race of vital multiplication, it needs no arguments from polygamy or other practices to account for the lee-way made by the Ottoman as compared with the Rayah communities of the Empire.

Still, much as the evils of slavery and polygamy are exaggerated by Western opinion, both are in fact bad enough to be incompatible with any advanced civilisation. Slavery, even in its mildest form, admits of no defence, and Christian legislation has equally set its ban on plurality of wives. But while the former must be grappled with in any attempt to socially regenerate Turkey, the latter may be safely left to run its comparatively harmless course, till the few who now practise it become gradually converted to the domestic faith

^{*} In war-time there is practically no limit of age at which the conscription stops. During the late conflict, of more than 100,000 recruits levied in the single vilayet of Aïdin (Smyrna), many were above forty years of age.

of the many—that one wife is enough, dian legislation thus sanctions cannot and very much better than two, three, well be condemned in our Turco-Asian or four. We tolerate polygamy in the protectorate. - Fraser's Magazine. Deccan and the Punjaub, and what In-

THE EARTH'S PLACE IN NATURE.

A SKETCH OF A BRANCH OF PHYSIOGRAPHY.

From Notes of Lectures given for the Gilchrist Trustees in the years 1874 and 1875.

BY J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S., CORRESPONDENT OF THE INSTITUTE, FRANCE.

No. IV.

WE have now to consider the earth's place among the solar family, to deal with the cooled planets revolving round the still incandescent sun. It will be well to start by briefly referring to the scale with which we have to deal, in order to get an idea of the relative sizes and distances with which we are to be-

come acquainted.

The other stars are infinitely farther away than our sun. If I were to have a very small marble and a globe, say a yard in diameter, one hundred yards apart, then that large globe might represent the sun, and the little marble the Where then shall we put a round globe to represent the nearest star? We have already seen that the diameter of the earth is about eight thousand miles. We shall have to put the second globe, representing the nearest star, so far away from the first one, representing the sun, that there would be no place on the earth where we could put it if we had every-thing true to scale. The two globes must be twelve thousand miles apart.

This will give us an idea of the earth's neighbors so far as space goes. We have the moon quite close to us, and the sun and our sister planets close to us, while the other stars are, so to speak, infinitely removed. I must again urge that although the sun is comparatively near to us, it is similar-I do not mean in the exact substances in it, but from a physical point of view—to the stars which people the uttermost part of space: it is the nearest star, and as such shines by its own light. The planets

round which they circulate, but that all the planets, including the one on which we dwell, are so many moons to the sun.

Those bodies, then, which do not shine by their own light, are our neighbors, our friends, so to speak, and members of that family to which we belong; and we form part of a system with a central light-giving body which we call the Sun.

As we have measured the size of the earth, so we have measured the size of the solar system—by which I mean the various distances of the planets from the sun and the size of each; and we have also got an idea of the size of the sun among the stars. First of all we got to know the relative distances of the various bodies from the sun, and then we got the absolute distances, or thought we had got them. Let me explain the meaning of these words, relative and absolute. We know, in talking of London, that Hyde Park may be twice as far from a place as St. Paul's is; but if we do not know how far it is to St. Paul's, we do not know how far it is to Hyde Park; having the distance to St. Paul's, however, and knowing that Hyde Park is twice as far away, of course we shall know how far it is to Hyde Park, and we shall change the relative distance into an absolute one. Now, long before we knew the absolute distance of any planet from the sun, we knew the relative distances, and therefore the relative distances of the planets from each other. Thus we knew that the sun was so many more times away from us than, say, Venus was, but we did not quite know how far Venus was from us—we lacked the scale. The transit of Venus enables have no light of their own, and we astronomers to determine how far Venus may say not only that the moon is to us is away from us, and when we know how what other moons are to the planets far exactly Venus is away from us, of course it is easy to see how far the sun

This is one method; but it is a very consoling thing to know that it is not the only way which we have of getting at one of the most important figures in astronomical science, which enables us to change relative distances for actual distances, in British miles, from planet to planet. The distance of the planet Mars, of course, helps us equally, and we can measure this by using the stars as a screen instead of the sun, as is done in the case of the planet Venus. But in order to find the sun's distance we, in fact, have to go to work in a very much more roundabout way than in the case of the moon. There are a great many ways, including physical methods, of getting at it approximately, and the agreement between the different results is very striking. I may remind you that to know the distance of the sun from the earth is to a large extent to know the distance of a great many stars, and we can never find accurately the absolute distance of a star, unless we know accurately the similar distance of the sun from the earth.

It is not necessary that I should give here a diagram of the solar system to convey an idea of the relative distances of the heavenly bodies from the sun. Such a diagram will be found in any good work on astronomy; but, at the best, it does not help us much, because it is next to impossible to construct it on the proper scale. Still, a rough one will help us in a measure to grasp the earth's geographical position, so to speak, in the solar system. The earth's place in space is near the sun, and a great way from the stars. A diagram, such as that to which I have referred, will give an idea of the earth's place in the solar system as apart from the earth's place in space. In the middle is the sun, as the sun is the middle and the centre of our solar system. Next to the sun, quite close to it apparently on the diagram, but still many millions of miles away in reality, is that body to which I first called attention, among those bodies which do not shine by their own light, I mean the planet Mercury. Next comes Venus; and next is a body which ought indeed to interest us all, for it is the earth on which we live. Next the idea of what 93,000,000 of miles means

planet Mars, and then Jupiter with its four moons. The planet Saturn, with its eight moons and its wondrous rings, is still farther away from the sun. Next comes Uranus; whilst on the very confines of our solar system, in solitary gloom, is still another planet called Neptune.

Between Mars and Jupiter there is a perfect crowd of worlds, so to speak,little things, some of them not bigger than Middlesex apparently, going round the sun in all sorts of eccentric orbits, and in a great many respects very different from the larger and more sober planets, as we may call them.

We have now fairly caught the earth as a member of the solar system.

All these are bodies which do not shine by their own light, and which together with the sun form the solar system; the sun giving light and heat, and, one might almost say, life itself, to all the bodies which circulate around it.

Strangely mixed up with these bodies which, with the exception of the sun, do not give out light of their own, are the comets which do. It is here sufficient to say that those comets, with certain exceptions, have rather an accidental connection with the solar system. They are, in fact, what a man coming from Siberia would be to us men who live in London-they are strangers and travellers, who may come from time to time, but they do not belong to us, they do not look like us, and they do not behave as we do; hence it is that the shape of their orbits is, as a rule, so dfferent from the nearly circular ones in which all the other bodies go found the

We have next to remember that the distance from the centre of the sun to the centre of the earth is 93,000,000 miles or thereabouts. I shall not trouble you with many of those numbers, because I know that they do not mean much to anybody; but still it is a convenient thing to know that the distance of the sun is 93,000,000 miles. If you were to work, not for eight hours a day as the fashion is now, but 'twelve bours, and work hard, you might count a million in a month, and therefore in ninetythree months you might count ninetythree millions; but still, it is well to get an without having to do that. I shall try to give an idea of what a million of miles is.

Here is a diagram* which will tell what the size of the sun is as compared with the size of the earth. We have in the middle a little dot which represents the earth, next there is a line enclosing a shaded space; this line represents the orbit of the moon. The distance from the earth to the moon is near enough for our purpose a quarter of a million miles; that is to say, that working twelve hours a day it would take you a week to count the number of miles. If, therefore, we measure from one point of the moon's orbit to the opposite point, it is near enough for our purpose half a million miles. What does this outer circle represent? It represents the circumference of the sun. The diameter of the sun is very nearly 1,000,000 miles; 800,000 would be more accurate for the disc that we see, but we must not forget the outer atmosphere. The figure shows us that if the centre of the sun were coincident with the centre of the earth, the sun would not only be bigger than the earth, and bigger than all space enclosed by the orbit of the moon (the moon which seems so far away from us), but would actually extend into space almost as far beyond the orbit of the moon as the orbit of the moon is from the earth on which we dwell. Here then we have a million miles.

The earth is an excessively small body compared to Jupiter and Saturn. It is, in fact, a member of a small group. We might, as it were, bracket the first four together which are nearest to the sun, and bracket those next four which are farthest from it, and divide them not only into interior planets and exterior planets, as they are sometimes divided, but into big planets and little planets.

We have passed from the earth's place in space to the earth's place in the system to which we belong. In order to go farther on the road which is at last, I trust, to land us with, at all events, some feeble idea of the earth's place in nature, we have to do two things. We have, first of all, to determine what is the position of the solar system in nature, and then what is the earth's position in the solar system—I mean, of course, more closely than we have done already.

You already have a rough notion geographically, so to speak, of the earth's place in the solar system; but the mere geographical consideration is by no means the only consideration, nor, as you will see, is it the most important one.

We find that the solar system (I begin with that first) consists of cool bodies going round a hot body. How do I know that the planets are cool? I know this because they do not shine by their own light. How do I know that the sun is very hot? First of all, because it does shine by its own light; but further still, by the fact that we know, as well as we know that the sun shines at all, that even its exterior portion consists of metallic vapors, iron among them, which vapor is to solid iron exactly what steam is to ice.

We also know that not only is the sun a hot body, but that it is a star; so that, if possible, we have to compare star with star, as we compare the earth with all the other planets, to know what sort of a star our sun is with regard to the others

The reason why the stars appear so insignificant is, not because they are smaller than the sun, but simply because they are so infinitely removed. Let me here give a few thoroughly established facts with reference to some of the stars.

One of the most interesting stars to astronomers is one which we do not see in England because the earth is round; but if you go to the other side of the world you see it in all its beauty, and a beautiful star it is. It is the brightest star in one of the southern constellations, called the Centaur. The distance of that star has been measured with some accuracy. The sun, as I have already told you, is ninety-three million miles away, and this star is about a quarter of a million of times this distance away from us—that is, more than twenty millions of millions of miles. This is not only the nearest star, but no other is known to be within double that distance from us.

Then, again, there is a star which is even more brilliant, although it is not so beautiful in its surroundings as the star

^{*} Omitted.

in the southern hemisphere-I refer to the star Sirius. That star is nearly a million times farther away from us than the sun is. And not only is it all this distance away from us, but it is brighter than the sun. In fact, if we say that this southern star, the brightest star in Centaur, is three times as bright as the sun, it seems probable that Sirius is three hundred times as bright, if seen from an equal distance. You see that big and little are not only comparative terms, but tend to become misleading. Sirius is a star the distance of which we have measured, and therefore it is much nearer to us, and therefore probably smaller than those stars which we cannot measure; and we have not yet measured the distance of one hundred stars, although we know that there are more than twenty millions. One of the first stars that we have measured we find reason to believe is from three to eight thousand times bigger than our own sun, and yet that star appears feeble compared to our sun-so. much so that our sun puts all the stars out in the daytime by his superior brightness; that is, brightness due to nearness, and not to inherent superior light.

From the size of the stars, of course, we shall be able to get an idea of the importance, so far as mere bulk goes, of the sun, the leader of our own system, comparing the system as a whole with other possible systems; for doubtless every star in the heavens has a system round it. Why should it not? What reason is there that every one of the twenty millions of stars which we see should not have a system round it as our sun has? Depend upon it there is nothing special about our sun. He is to other stars pretty much the same thing as a grain of wheat is to the other grains in a bushel; and whatever we may be able to find out in the course of time with regard to our own system, I believe will be found out with regard to all the systems round all the stars which people space. But there are other methods left open to us of venturing, so to speak, into the mystery, and inquiring into the profound secrets of these distant worlds, besides these to the results of which I have drawn attention. Already, I think, it is not too much to say that, although probably dimly and darkly, we can begin now to lay hold of the most distant stars by some

other method than that of mere size and bulk. We shall have, in coming years, doubtless a very much better grip than we now have.

We have discussed the position of the earth with regard to the other planets, and the position of the sun amongst the other suns, or the other stars, which is the same thing; we should have now a complete knowledge of the difference between a sun and a planet. comparison of star with star, we came to the conclusion that the sun was not the largest star: indeed, that it was neither so big nor so bright as many of the other stars in the heavens. of bigness and of brightness is not the only one that we can apply in separating out, the one from the other, the various stars of heaven, including, of course, our sun. We, indeed, have reason for thinking not only that the centre of our system is a small star, but that it is a middle-aged star, one in which we can trace an absolutely similar chemical constitution to that of our own planet. so far as we are familiar with it; with this distinction, that we must assume the solar temperature to be one which in the case of every element gives us the true atoms of things instead of the molecules, which I think it may be found that chemists, sometimes, perhaps, more often than they think, here deal with at terrestrial temperatures.

Now, then, we are in a position to pass from the system itself, and compare planet with planet, in order to get an approximation to the true place of our Earth among her sister planets.

There are a great many facts about the planets which it is not needful for me to discuss, but there are some excessively important facts which must be here stated; and the importance of them, you will see as we go on, lies in this, that they do in a most unmistakable, although still in a most mysterious way, point to a common origin.

In the first place, I hope you all know what a plane is. A carpet or the floor of a room represents a plane. I want you to imagine a plane extended to the skies. Imagine it so big that the planet most distant from the sun as it goes round the sun would never go out of it, as on a race-course the horses keep in exactly the same plane as they go round

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from the starting-post to the goal. All the planets of our system, in a most remarkable manner, conform to this plane. Supposing, for instance, a good joiner were to make you several planes of wood, all dipping into each other at all possible angles; in that way you would get an idea of the intersection of several planes, and there you would get a true representation of the planes in which the comets and many of the asteroids move. The comets, as I have before remarked, do not belong to us, they are strangers to us; they come and they go; but the planets belong to us, and their motions lie in very nearly the same plane. That is one point.

Next we get the planets revolving round the sun in this plane at certain There is a very beautiful law determining, so to speak, the rate at which a planet shall move-the nearer a planet is to the sun the faster it goes. What does that mean? We all know that what we call a year depends upon the time that it takes us to go round the sun; so that if the bodies outside the earth, bodies like Jupiter and Saturn, go round the sun more slowly than we do, then their year must be longer; whereas if, on the other hand, the bodies inside us go round the sun more rapidly than we do, then their year would be shorter. Hence, Mercury is perpetually gaining on Venus, and it will have been once round by the time that Venus probably is only about half round; and so on with reference to the other planets.

What I have said of Venus and Mercury is true with reference to all the other bodies.

Not only do we get the revolutions round the sun which determine the planet's year bound together by law, but we get a similar harmony in the rotation of the planets. For I will anticipate a little by stating that if we note the densities of the different planets, we find that those planets which are least dense turn round their axes, or spin, very much more rapidly than those do which are much denser; and that the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and so on, which are planets really very light, so to speak, although they are so very much larger than our earth, instead of having a day twentyfour hours long as we have, have one only about half as long, or even less than that. Next we come to the present physical and meteorological conditions of the other planets as judged by their atmospheres. We have already acquired much knowledge with regard to the at-mospheres of the planets. Those near to the sun it is difficult to observe telescopically, because they are so bright; and the planets far away from the sun, it is difficult to observe because they are so dim; but in the case of those which lie nearer to the earth (Mars, for instance, lies just outside the Earth, Jupiter lies outside Mars, and Saturn lies outside it again) we really can say with certainty something on their physical features. But even where the telescope fails us, the spectroscope comes in and tells us its

From observations which have been made on the planet Mars, there is no doubt that certain dark markings observed represent the land, and that the brightest marking of all represents the snow at the pole of Mars. I myself have seen the snow melting in Mars at the rate of many miles a day for weeks -that is, the bright region round the poles has rapidly contracted as the Martial summer continued. I have seen the northern and southern portions of the planet covered with their caps of snow and ice down to something like the latitude of Madrid on our earth; and I have seen all that carried away in the course of a very short time. I have also myself, for there is nothing like personal testimony in these matters, seen the clouds of Mars drifting across the seas, and I have seen when the seas were tranquil, and when they were stormy; although I have not been able, of course, to see each particular wave, to observe whether it was high or not-a tranquil sea is always a black sea, and a stormy sea is always a white one, because a stormy sea will reflect, and break up, and disperse light in all directions, whereas a perfectly tranquil surface will not. We have, therefore, in Mars most distinct evidence, evidence as distinct as you can get on any subject whatever, that as here we have air, sea, snow, ice, and cloud, so also have we those things in Mars. The spectroscope tells us that aqueous vapor is present there as here.

In Jupiter we have something very

different. I have to insist upon a great

amount of cloud. Jupiter is covered with a veil of cloud, or of cloud-belts, which human eye has never pierced, and it is probable that human eye never will pierce that veil of cloud, at least for ages to come. There is no land and no sea visible on Jupiter; and it may be that the time has not yet come when land and seas shall be a part of the

economy of that planet.

The same may also be said of the planet Saturn, which is the last that I shall refer to in this sketch, because it is the only other one which we can study well telescopically. The cloud-belts in Jupiter, extending from the equator to the pole, are duplicated in Saturn; in Saturn, indeed, we have very much the same sort of condition. There are belts equivalent to our own trade-winds on the earth in about the same region of the planet's hemisphere north and south, while even at the pole we get other belts varying in color as we get from the equatorial belt near to the pole. In Saturn, as in Jupiter, we get no trace of land or sea, nothing but cloud-drift and cloud-changes.

Closely connected with this condition of cloud in some planets, and of land in others, is another series of facts which I shall bring before you, because they are not made of such importance in books on astronomy as they should be. I refer to the facts connected with the densities of the various planets. We shall not now deal with the density of water, as we did when I stated that the density of the whole earth was five and a half times that of water, and the density of the materials of the surface of the earth was about two and a half times that of We need not consider water at all now, but can take the density of the

earth itself as a standard.

What we have to do is to find those values which would represent, say, the weight of a cubic mile cut out of each planet. If we represent the weight of a cubic mile of the earth as 1, then a cubic mile of the sun would be represented by ‡. In spite of the enormous attraction pulling everything to the sun, and pulling everything on the sun, doubtless, very strongly into the interior, the density of the sun is only one-fourth of what the density of the earth is. But when we leave the sun and come to the first planet, we

find a density that is a little above that of the earth; of Venus the density is a little below, and of Mars the density is somewhat more below-the earth still, of course, being taken as 1. So that we get this remarkable fact, that of the four interior planets (I called attention previously to their smallness) the density is very nearly that of the earth. When, however, we leave these smaller planets and approach the big ones-Jupiter, which is three hundred times bigger than our earth, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and so on, we find an entirely different condition of things. The density of Jupiter is the same as the density of the sun: and the density of Saturn is only one-eighth of that of the earth, Jupiter being about one-quarter, Uranus one-sixth, and Neptune also one-sixth. So that we have this very remarkable fact, that in the case of Saturn, of whose youth we may imagine we have the evidence in the ring which remains, we find that the density is also far less than that of any other planet in the heavens.

As these figures are extremely instructive, I will give them with the density of water taken as 1. The densities are:

- Mercury 7.03, Venus 5.23, Earth
5.67, Mars 2.93 (a considerable reduction). We go farther away to the outer group and there is a tremendous break —Jupiter 1.23, Saturn .68, Uranus .99, Neptune .96. Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune have not even the density of water. So that in dealing with the planets of our system and separating them into an inner and outer group, we find that the inner is to the outer roughly as

5 is to I.

In the revolutions, rotations, and densities of the planets, therefore, there are strong bonds of law. When, however, we come to consider the inclination of the axes of the various planets on which their seasons depend, it is the irregularity which is striking. Here is a table of the inclination of the plane of the equator of each planet to the plane of the orbit which it describes round the sun :-

| Mercury | | .0 | .0 | | - R | 7 |
|---------|-----|--------|------|----------|-----|------|
| Venus | | | | | | 50° |
| Earth | | | | | 0 | 231° |
| Mars | 101 | 10.79 | 1.11 | 4 | | 29° |
| Jupiter | 413 | niver. | . 1 | 417 | | 3 |
| Saturn | | die. | | (27.41) | | 27° |
| Uranus | | | | | | 100° |
| Neptune | 17 | MOAD | 10 | digit on | | 3 |

Jupiter therefore is without seasons, and, cateris paribus, Mars and Saturn should have seasons much resembling our own.

As the planets are cool bodies, it is clear that it is as yet impossible to learn anything about their chemical constitution by means of the spectrum upon the planets themselves; but the fact that the Earth is one of the interior group of planets leads us to assume that probably the chemical constitution of the Earth is similar to that of the other planets which form the interior group-Mer-cury, Venus, and Mars. But although we are thus brought to bay so far as the surfaces of the planets are concerned, still the question arises, Can we not learn anything about the composition of their atmospheres? Let me remind you that we are dealing with that class of bodies which shine by reflected light. It is clear therefore that when we examine by the spectroscope the light of the sun reflected by these bodies, we shall have the solar spectrum, plus the spectrum due to the absorption of any special planet. Now, as a matter of fact, the solar spectrum, as observed from the Earth, is tainted by, or mixed up with, the absorption of our own atmosphere. But fortunately we can get rid of the absorptive effect of our atmosphere by varying the observations so that at one time we shall have a great thickness of atmosphere, as when we observe the sun in the morning or evening, and at other times a small thickness, as when we observe at midday; and at those times we shall have the spectrum changed, owing to this change of condition. In that way men of science have been able to separate the absorption taking place at the sun from the absorption due to the Earth's atmosphere.

The interior planets tell us that there is absolutely no special absorption in their atmospheres. So far as they have atmospheres at all, they are undoubtedly similar to our own; therefore the Earth's place in Nature is with the interior groups of planets. But when we pass outwards from the interior group to the uttermost confines of the exterior one, when we leave Mars to go to Neptune, Saturn, and Uranus, we find that from Jupiter, outwards, there is a something in-

terpolated into the atmosphere, so that the outermost planet has the atmosphere which differs most from our own. Uranus and Neptune have very extraordinary atmospheres of their own, which are indicated by a very definite spectrum. Traces of the substance which gives us this extraordinary absorption in the outermost planets are also to be found in the atmospheres of Jupiter and Saturn; so that we are driven to the conclusion that the atmosphere of the exterior planets is different from the atmosphere of the Earth by the addition of a new absorbing substance to the aqueous vapor which is the only effective absorber in our own atmosphere.

Low density, great size, and an atmosphere unlike our own, are conditions, then, which are associated with the exterior planets.

If we look upon the planets from still another point of view, if we consider the extent to which some of them are flattened at the poles, we find the same grouping as we did before. The interior planets are flattened very little at the poles, as compared with the flattening of the exterior bodies. The probable cause of this flattening has been very beautifully experimented upon by Professor Plateau. When it is a question of investigating the flattening of a planet experimentally, the first thing one has to do is to take away any influence that gravity might have on the body experimented upon; and Professor Plateau very ingeniously did this by making the rotating body a mass of oil in a mixture of spirit and water of precisely the same specific gravity; so that the mass of oil in the centre was neither inclined to rise nor fall, if the mixture had been proper-ly made. The oil rests on a disc connected with a spindle, which we can cause to revolve somewhat rapidly. The revolution of the spindle is communicated to the oil by means of the disc, and what we find is this (supposing the experiment to be perfect). With a certain amount of rotation, the spherical form of the oil first changes into a spheroidal one; as the rotation is increased we get a flattening—as the mass of oil is compressed in one direction it is extended in the other-and we get the equivalent of what we have in the Earth, which we describe by saying that the than the polar one. When we repeat this beautiful experiment under the best conditions, we find that after a certain point the oil is not content with expanding in one plane, it is not a question of shortening one diameter and increasing another; but under one set of conditions the oil can be made to form a complete ring, absolutely perfect and disconnected from the central disc; and when the rotation of the central disc is slackened, the oil then comes back again and re-forms, so to speak, a miniature planet. That is one case. Another case can be studied by commencing the rotation with somewhat greater rapidity; and what happens then is that, instead of getting the formation of a ring, the mass of oil is broken up and thrown off in tangents, forming a kind of spiral.

We have already seen that the interior group of planets has a day almost entirely the same as ours—a period of rotation of about twenty-four hours. The period of rotation of the exterior planets has not been determined in the case of the two outermost ones, Neptune and Uranus; but we do know that in the case of Jupiter and Saturn the rotation is accomplished in less than half the time taken by the members of the interior group.

What, then, are the facts with regard

to these planets and their flattening? We will begin with the planet which is most similar to our own, the planet Mars. Its compression is small, in fact I may say that it is not to be appreciated The Earth's place then, in at all. Nature, as regards polar compression, is evidently very similar to that of Mars. When, however, we go from Mars, which is the only member of the interior group, excepting the Earth, about which we can say anything with decision, we see that all the phenomena are considerably changed. We not only pass from a density of six to a density of one, from a day of twenty-four hours to a day of something like ten hours in the case of Jupiterhere the polar diameter is much shorter than the equatorial one. Going still outwards, from Jupiter to Saturn, we go from a compression of considerable magnitude to a planet in which the compression is somewhat less. But you will see

equatorial diameter is so much greater that although the polar compression is less, we have what I described when I was referring to Plateau's experiment. We have in Saturn exactly the condition which was observed by Plateau in his experiments with the oil and mixture of spirit and water. The all-absorbing feature in the case of Saturn is the wonderful ring, about which observations, fortunately for science, are being very rapidly accumulated, showing that considerable changes are going on in it.

We now know that we are in presence of a ring, or rather an infinite series of rings, of, let us say, meteorites, small satellites of Saturn, out of which at some future time larger satellites will be compound-This is one of the most beautiful results of modern thought and work.

Laplace, who first considered the question of the mechanics of the rings, which were in his time considered to be solid, was content to leave them solid, provided the rings were very numerous and that the centre of gravity of each was not coincident with the centre of gravity of the ball. But modern mathematicians, among whom must be specially mentioned Peirce and Clerk Maxwell, have shown that the rings cannot be solid and cannot be liquid; in short, such a structure as that referred to above is the one now required by mathematical theory, and such a structure, moreover, is the only one which fits the facts. The brightness of different portions, the variations in brightness and breadth of each bright or dark part, the gradual widening of the whole system-twentynine miles a year according to one estimate—and many other facts are thus easily explained. Some recent observations made by the Washington 26-inch equatorial not only establish important changes which have recently been going on, but afford further evidence of the meteoric structure of the strange appendages; e.g. the dusky inner ring is said to be not now perfectly transparent as it once was; the planet can only be imperfectly seen through it, while the matter composing it is agglomerated here and there into small masses, which prevent the planet being seen at all. - Good Words.

HALLUCINATIONS OF THE SENSES.

BY HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D.

tific phraseology, such a false perception of one or other of the senses as a person has when he sees, hears, or otherwise perceives as real what has no outward existence—that is to say, has no existence outside his own mind, is entirely subjective. The subject is one which has special medical interest; but it will be seen to have also a large general interest, when it is remembered how momentous a part hallucinations have played sometimes at critical periods of human history. Take, for example, the mighty work which was done in the deliverance of France from English dominion by a peasant girl of eighteen-Joan of Arc, the famous Maid of Orleans, who was inspired to her mission by the vision which she saw, and the commands which she heard, of St. Michael and other holy persons. Now, as there are few persons nowadays who believe that St. Michael really appeared to this enraptured maiden, and as few, if any, will doubt that she herself sincerely believed that he did, one must needs suppose that her visions were hallucinations generated by the enthusiasm of a mind which was in a singularly exalted strain of religious and patriotic feeling.

The special medical interest of the subject lies in this—that there are a great many persons in the world who, suffering under some form or other of nervous disorder, habitually see figures or faces, hear threatening or insulting voices, even feel blows and taste poisons, which have no existence outside their own minds; and neither argument nor demonstration of the impossibility of what they allege they perceive, will shake their convictions in the least. "You assure me," they will say, "that I am mistaken; that there are no such persons as I see, no such voices as I hear; but I protest to you that I see and hear them as distinctly as I see and hear you at this moment, and that they are just as real to me." What are we to reply? I have replied sometimes, "that as you are alone on one side in your opinion, and all the

By hallucination is meant, in scien- think, either that you are an extraordinary genius, far in advance of the rest of the world, or that you are a madman a long way behind it; and as I don't think you to be a genius I am bound to conclude that your senses are disordered." But the argument does not produce the least effect.

Let me give an example or two of the character of these hallucinations, and of their persistence in minds that might be thought sane enough to correct them. The first shall be that of an old gentleman who was much distressed because of an extremely offensive smell which he imagined to proceed from all parts of his body: there was not the least ground, in fact, for this imagination. He was scrupulously clean in person, extremely courteous in manner, thoroughly rational in his conversation on every other subject, a shrewd and clever man of business; no one, talking with him, would, for a moment, have suspected him of entertaining such extraordinary fancies. Nevertheless, his life was made miserable by them; he would not go into society, but took solitary rambles in the country, where he might meet as few persons as possible; in his own house he slept for the first part of the night on the ground-floor, mounting up higher at a later period of the night; and this he did to prevent the bad odors from becoming too concentrated in one room. He believed that the people in the next house were irritated and offended by the emanations, for he often heard them moving about and coughing; and when he passed a cab stand in the street, he noticed that even the horses became restless and fidgeted. He used to hang his clothes out of the window at night that they might get pure, until his housekeeper put a stop to the practice by telling him that the exhibition of them would excite the notice and comment of his neighbors. All the while he was conducting his business with propriety and success; his own partners had no suspicion of his condition. Knowing this, I asked him how it was that no one world is on the other side, I must needs of the many persons whom he met daily

in business had ever complained of any bad smell, and the answer he made wasthat they were all too polite to do so, but he could see that they were affected nevertheless, as they sometimes put their handkerchiefs to their noses—no doubt for a putte innocent purpose.

for a quite innocent purpose. Another gentleman was the victim of a very common hallucination; he was much afflicted by voices, which were continually speaking to him at all times and all places-in the quietude of his room and in the crowded streets, by night and by day. He had come to the conclusion that they must be the voices of evil spirits in the air which tormented him. They knew his thoughts and replied to them before he had himself conceived them; the remarks which they made were always annoying, often threatening and abusive, and sometimes most offensive and distressing; and they disturbed him so much at night that he got very little sleep. He had been driven to the expedient of buying a musicalbox, which he placed under his pillow when he went to bed. The noise of the music drowned the noise of the tormenting voices and enabled him to get to sleep; but, as he said, the measure was not entirely satisfactory, because when the box had played out its tunes, it stopped, and he was obliged to wind it up again. It was impossible to persuade this gentleman, sensible as he seemed in other respects, that the voices had no real existence, and that they were due to the disordered state of his nervous system. After listening attentively to my arguments he went away sorrowful, feeling that I had no help for him. I may remark, by the way, that auditory hallucinations of this kind are apt to occur in prisoners who are subjected to long periods of solitary confinement in their cells: they have no mental resources to fall back upon, and their brooding thoughts, not being distracted by the conversation of others, nor having their usual outlet in their own conversation, become audible by them as actual voices. I might relate many more examples, but these will suffice. Each sense may of course be affected, and sight stands next to hearing in its liability to suffer. In delirium tremens, hallucinations of sight are characteristic features: the patient

his room, serpents crawling over the floor, rats and mice running over his bed, and pushes them away in a state of restless agitation. In some forms of insanity, the sufferer mistakes persons, believing entire strangers to be near friends or relations; or, again, he may see a person whom he imagines to be his persecutor, escape from the house, when there was really no such person, and buy a revolver, to be ready for him when next he comes prowling about; and in one form of the deepest melancholy, which is known as melancholia attonita, he has sometimes terrible hallucinations—sees, probably, a deep abyss of roaring flames or a vast sea of blood immediately in front of him, and will not make the least movement, lest he should be precipitated headlong into it. There can be no doubt of the mental disorder of persons who suffer in this way; but it must not be supposed that hallucinations of sight do not occur to persons who are free from mental disorder. I cannot help thinking that they furnish the explanation of the firm belief in ghosts and apparitions which has prevailed among all nations and in all times. A belief so universal must have some deep foundation in the facts of nature or in the constitution of man. One may freely admit that persons have seen apparitions and have heard voices which they thought to be supernatural; but inasmuch as seeing is one thing, and the interpretation thereof quite another thing, it may be right to conclude that they were nothing more than hallucinations, and that the reason why no ghosts are seen now, when people pass through churchyards on dark nights, as our forefathers saw them, is that ghosts are not believed in nowadays, while we have gained a knowledge of the nature of hallucinations, and of the frequency of their occurrence, which our forefathers had not.

conversation of others, nor having their usual outlet in their own conversation, become audible by them as actual voices. I might relate many more examples, but these will suffice. Each sense may of course be affected, and sight stands next to hearing in its liability to suffer. In delirium tremens, hallucinations of sight are characteristic features: the patient commonly sees reptiles and vermin in

pily well-nigh extinct; but two or three often have. Let any one stoop down hundred years ago, when it would have with his head hanging low for a minute, been thought something like blasphemy and when he raises it he will have, beto doubt the being and doings of witches, sides a feeling of giddiness, a sound of have been found to avouch it solemnly. In like manner, apparitions of Satan were not very uncommon in the middle ages to persons who, like Luther, were in earnest spiritual conflict with him; but there is no instance on record, so far as I know, of such an apparition having ever been seen by an ancient Greek or Roman. The Satan of the middle ages who gave Luther so much trouble had not then been invented. Spirits, ghosts, then, and all apparitions of the same kind, I was prepared to have pronounced unhesitatingly to have been hallucinations, which would be found on examination to reflect pretty fairly the prevailing ideas of the time concerning the supernatural; but it occurred to me that it might be prudent, before doing that, to consult the article on apparitions in the latest edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, lest perchance I should be outrunning current authority; and I have there discovered, to my no small surprise, that it is still an open question whether invisible inhabitants of the unknown world did not take human or other shapes and become visible to men. The writer of the article plainly inclines to the opinion that they do, and that there is more in the matter than science has yet dreamt of. So also think the spiritualists.

I now go on to consider the mode of production of hallucinations. At the first blush there might seem to be a great gap between such false perceptions of the senses as I have given examples of, and the faithfully serving senses of a person who is in good health of mind and body. But here, as elsewhere, in nature we find, when we look closely into the matter, that there is no break; we may be pretty sure, perhaps, that when we say of any phenomenon, however strange, that it is singular and quite unlike anything else in the world, we are mistaken, and that we shall not fail to gradational states between the most extreme hallucinations and such temporary The proof is that if a person blind from

ing, because the belief in witchcraft is hap- disorders of the senses as healthy persons persons of character and veracity might singing or of ringing in his ears, and may see a flash or two of light before his eyes; and there are some persons who, under such circumstances, see actual figures for the moment. These sensations are hallucinations; there is no light, nor sound, nor figure outside to cause them; they are owing to the stimulation of their respective nerve-centres by a congestion of blood in the brain, which has been produced by the hanging down of the head. Here, then, we have hallucinations that are consistent with the best health; they are due to temporary causes of disturbance of the circulation, and disappear as they disappear. Going a step further, we may watch at the beginning of a fever how gradually the hallucinations take hold of the mind, until their true nature is not recognised. At first the fever-patient is quite aware of his actual surroundings, knowing the persons and objects about him, and when strange faces seem to appear among the familiar faces, as they do, he knows that they are not real, and will talk of them as visions; perhaps they occur at first only when his eyes are shut, or when the room is dark, and vanish directly he opens his eyes or the room is lit up. After awhile they come more often, and whether his eyes are shut or not; he becomes uncertain whether they are real or not, assenting when he is told that they are phantoms, but falling back immediately into doubt and uncertainty. At last they get entire mastery of him, he cannot distinguish in the least between them and real figures, discourses with them as if they were real is wildly delirious.

If the nature of the process by which we perceive and know an external object, be considered, it will be seen that it is much easier to have a false perception than might appear at first sight. When we look at any familiar object-say a cat or a dog-we seem to see at once its shape, its size, its smoothness of coat, discover other things like it if we search and the other qualities by which we intelligently. Certainly we can trace know it to be a cat or a dog, but we don't actually see anything of the kind.

by means of a surgical operation when he was thirty years old, he would not know by sight alone either cat or dog, or be able to tell which was which. But if he were permitted to touch the animals he would recognise them instantly, and ever afterwards the impression which they produce on sight would be associated with the impression which they produce on touch, and he would know them when he saw them. That is the way in which the perception of a particular object is formed-by the association of all the sensations which it is adapted to excite in our different senses, their combination in what we call an idea. For example, in the idea of an orange are combined the sensations which we get by tasting it, by touching it, by smelling it, by looking at it, by handling it, each sensation having been acquired by its particular sense in the course of an education which has been going on ever since we were born: when we have got them in that way, they combine to form the idea of the orange; and it is by virtue of this idea, which has been formed and registered in the mind, that we are able to think of an orange, that is, to form a mental image of it, when it is not present to any sense, and to recognise it instantly when it is. It is plain, then, how large a part, by virtue of its past experience, the mind contributes to each perception: when we look at an orange it tacitly supplies to the impression which it makes on sight all the information about it which we have got at different times by our other senses, and which sight does not in the least give us; the visual impression is no more in truth than a sign to which experience has taught us to give its proper meaning, just as the written or spoken word in any language is a sign which is meaningless until we have been taught what to mean by it. So true it is that the eye only sees what it brings the faculty of seeing, and that many persons have eyes, yet

This being so, it is clear that the idea in the mind will very much affect the perception, and that if any one goes to look at something, or to taste something. or to feel something, with a strongly preconceived idea of what it is, he will be

his birth, who knew the cat and dog per- likely, if it is not what he thinks it, to fectly well by touch, were to obtain sight have a mistaken perception-to see, or feel, or touch what he thinks it is, not what it really is. This is, indeed, one of the most common causes of erroneous observation, and one which the scientific observer knows well he must always vigilantly guard against. If a man has a foregone conclusion of what he will see, it is not safe to trust his observation implicitly, either in science or in common life. We witness the most striking examples of this dominion of the idea over sense in persons who have been put into the so-called mesmeric state. The operator gives them simple water to taste, telling them at the same time that it is some nauseating and bitter mixture, and they spit it out with grimaces of disgust when they attempt to drink it; when he tells them that what he offers them is sweet and pleasant, though it is as bitter as wormwood, they smack their lips as if they had tasted something remarkably good; if assured that a swarm of bees is buzzing about them, they are in the greatest trepidation, and go through violent antics to beat them off. Their senses are dominated by the idea suggested, and they are very much in the position of an insane person who believes that he tastes poison in his food when he imagines that some one wishes to poison him, or sees an enemy lurking about his premises when he believes himself to be the victim of persecution.

Here, then, we are brought to one efficient cause of hallucinations, -namely, a vividly conceived idea which is so intense that it appears to be an actual perception, a mental image so vivid that it becomes a visual image. Everybody knows that the idea or imagination of a sensation will sometimes cause a person to feel the sensation; the mention or the sight of certain little insects which inhabit the body of uncleanly persons, seldom fails to make the skin itch uncomfortably. John Hunter said of himself: "I am confident that I can fix my attention to any part, until I have a sensation in that part." Sir Isaac Newton could call up a spectrum of the sun when he was in the dark, by intense direction of his mind to the idea of it, " as when a man looks earnestly to see a thing which is difficult to be seen." Dickens used to allege that he sometimes

heard the characters of his novels actually speak to him; and a great French been there. When I looked at the novelist declared that when he wrote the description of the poisoning of one of his characters, he had the taste of arsenic so distinctly in his mouth that he was himself poisoned, had a severe attack of indigestion, and vomited all his dinner-a most pregnant proof of the power of imagination over sense, because arsenic has scarcely an appreciable taste beyond being sweetish! Artists sometimes have, in an intense form, the faculty of such vivid mental representation as to became mental presentation. It was very notable in that extraordinary genius, William Blake, poet and painter, who used constantly to see his conceptions as actual images or visions. "You have only," he said, "to work up imagination to the state of vision, and the thing is done." The power is, without doubt, consistent with perfect sanity of mind, although it may be doubtful whether a person who thought it right for himself and his wife to imitate the naked innocence of Paradise in the back garden of a Lambeth house, as Blake did, was quite sane; but too frequent exercise of the power is full of peril to the mind's stability. A person may call up images in this way, and they will come, but he may not be able to dismiss them, and they may haunt him when he would gladly be rid of them. He is like the sorcerer who has called spirits from the vasty deep, and has forgotten the spell by which to lay them again. Dr. Wigan tells of a skilful painter whom he knew, who assured him that he had once painted three hundred portraits in one year. The secret of his rapidity and success was that he required but one sitting and painted with wonderful facility. "When a sitter came," he said, "I looked at him attentively for half an hour, sketching from time to time on the canvas. I wanted no more; I put away my canvas, and took another sitter. When I wished to resume my first portrait, I took the man and set him in the chair, where I saw him as distinctly as if he had been before me in his own proper person-I may almost say more vividly. I looked from time to time at the imaginary figure, then worked with my pencil, then referred to the countenance, and so on, just as

I should have done had the sitter chair, I saw the man. . . . Gradually I began to lose the distinction between the imaginary figure and the real person, and sometimes disputed with sitters that they had been with me the day before. At last I was sure of it, and then—and then—all is confusion. suppose they took the alarm. I recollect nothing more. I lost my senseswas thirty years in an asylum. The whole period, except the last six months of my confinement, is a dead blank in my memory."

Or, if the person does not go out of his mind, he may be so distressed by the persistence of the apparition which he has created as to fall into melancholy and despair, and even to commit suicide.

"I knew," says the same author, "a very intelligent and amiable man, who had the power of thus placing before his own eyes himself, and often laughed heartily at his double, who always seemed to laugh in turn. This was long a subject of amusement and joke; but the ultimate result was lamentable. became gradually convinced that he was haunted by himself. This other self would argue with him pertinaciously, and, to his great mortification, sometimes refute him, which, as he was very proud of his logical powers, humiliated him exceedingly. He was eccentric, but was never placed in confinement, or subjected to the slightest restraint. At length, worn out by the annoyance, he deliberately resolved not to enter on another year of existence-paid all his debts, wrapped up in separate papers the amount of the weekly demands, waited, pistol in hand, the night of the 31st December, and as the clock struck twelve fired it into his mouth.'

Were illustrations needed of the production of hallucination by the intensity of the conception, I might take them from Shakspeare, who has given many instances of these "coinages of the brain" which, he says truly, ecstasy is very cunning in. Hamlet, perturbed by the apparition of his father's ghost, whose commands he was neglecting, bends his eyes on vacancy and holds discourse with the incorporeal air. A dagger, sensible to sight but not to feeling, points Macbeth the way to the bed where lay Duncan whom he was about lucination is produced—by the downtreacherously to stab; he attempts to ward action of idea upon sense. My ilclutch it, exclaiming justly when he lustrations of this mode of production grasps nothing—have been taken from sane minds, but

"There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes,"

In the well-known passage in which he compares the imaginations of the lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Shakspeare sets forth the very manner of the production of hallucinations, and illustrates the gradations of the process:—

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven;

And as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings

A local habitation and a name."

Or I might adduce the case of the great Protestant Reformer, Luther, who is said-I know not how truly-to have thrown his inkstand at the devil on one occasion; at any rate the mark of the ink is still shown on the wall of the chamber which Luther occupied. True or not, there is nothing improbable in the story; for Luther, though endowed with great sagacity and extraordinary intellectual energy, entertained the common notions of the personality and the doings of the devil which were current among the people of his age. He pictured him very much as a Saxon peasant pictured him. It was the devil, he believed, who caused a great storm, and he declared that idiots, the blind, the lame, and the dumb were persons in whom devils had established themselves, and that physicians who tried to cure their infirmities as though they pro-ceeded from natural causes were ignorant blockheads who knew nothing of the power of the demon. He speaks of the devil coming into his cell and making a great noise behind the stove, and of his hearing him walking in the cloister above his cell in the night; "but as I knew it was the devil," he says, "I paid no attention to him, and went to

This, then, is one way in which hal-

ward action of idea upon sense. My illustrations of this mode of production have been taken from sane minds, but the hallucinations of the insane are oftentimes generated in the same way. A person of shy, suspicious, and reserved nature, who imagines that people are thinking or speaking ill of him or going out of their way to do him harm, nurses his habit of moody suspicion until it grows to be a delusion that he is the victim of a conspiracy; he then sees evidence of it in the innocent gestures and words of friends with whom he holds intercourse, of servants who wait upon him, and of persons who pass him in the streets; these he misinterprets entirely, seeing in them secret signs, mysterious threats, criminal accusations. It may be pointed out to him that the words and gestures were perfectly natural and innocent, and that no one but himself can perceive the least offence in them; his belief is not touched by the demonstration, for his senses are enslaved by the dominant idea and work only in its service. Sometimes an insane patient who tastes poison in his food and refuses it when it is given to him by one attendant whom he suspects of poisoning him, will take the same food from another attendant, of whom he has no suspicion, without tasting any poison: a proof how much the morbid idea perverts his taste. There is a form of insanity, known as general paralysis, which is marked by an extraordinary feeling of elation and by the most extravagant delusions of wealth or grandeur, and the patient who labors under it often picks up pebbles, pieces of broken glass, and the like, which he hoards as priceless jewels: there is another form of insanity known as melancholia, which is marked by an opposite feeling of profound mental depression and corresponding gloomy delusions, and the patient who labors under its worst form sometimes sees devils in those who minister to him, hears jeers in their consoling words, and imagines torments in their anxious attentions. In each case the hallucinations reflect the dominant morbid feelings and ideas.

A second way in which hallucinations appear to originate is directly in the organ of sense or in its sensory ganglion, which for present purposes I may consider as one. Stimulation of the organ or of its ganglion will undoubtedly give rise to hallucination: a blow on the eye makes a person see sparks of fire or flashes of light, a blow on the ear makes his ears ring; in fact, any organ of sense, when irritated either by a direct stimulus to its nerve-centre, or by a perverted state of the blood which circulates through it, will have the same sensation aroused in it, no matter what the stimulus, as is produced by its natural stimulus. We can irritate the sensory ganglion directly by introducing certain poisonous substances into the blood, and so occasion hallucinations: for example, when a person is poisoned with belladonna (deadly nightshade) he smiles and stares and grasps at imaginary objects which he sees before him, and is delirious. Other drugs will produce similar effects. A French physiologist has made a great many experiments in poisoning dogs with alcohol by injecting it into their veins, and he has found that he can arouse in them very vivid hallucinations: the dog will start up perhaps with savage glare, stare at the blank wall, bark furiously, and seem to rush into a furious fight with an imaginary dog; after a time it ceases to fight, looks in the direction of its imaginary adversary, growling once or twice, and settles down quietly.

The hallucinations which occur in fevers and in some other bodily diseases evidently proceed directly from disorder of the sensory centres, and not from the action of morbid idea upon sense; for we have seen that before they are fixed the intellect struggles against them successfully and holds them in check. A well-known and instructive instance of hallucinations, due to bodily causes, and which did not affect the judgment, is that of Nicolai, a bookseller of Berlin, who, being a person of great intelligence, observed his state carefully and has given an interesting account of it. He had been exposed to a succession of severe trials which had greatly affected him, when, after an incident which particularly agitated and distressed him, he suddenly saw at the distance of ten paces a figure—the standing figure of a deceased person. He asked his wife if she could not see it, but she, as she saw nothing, was alarmed and sent for a

physician. When he went into another room it followed him. After troubling him for a day it disappeared, but was followed by several other distinct figures; some of them the figures of persons he knew, but most of them of persons he did not know. "After I had recovered," he says, "from the first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I considered them to be what they really were—the extraordinary consequences of indisposition; on the contrary, I endeavored as much as possible to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within He could trace no connection between the figures and his thoughts, nor could he call up at his own pleasure the phantoms of acquaintances which he tried to call up by vivid imagination of them; however accurately and intensely he pictured their figures to his mind, he never once succeeded in his desire to see them externally, although the figures of these very persons would often present themselves involuntarily. He saw the figures when alone and in company, in the daytime and in the night; when he shut his eyes they sometimes disappeared, sometimes not; they were as distinct as if they were real beings, but he had no trouble in distinguishing them from real figures. After four weeks they began to speak, sometimes to one another, but most often to him: their speeches were short and not disagreeable. Being recommended to lose some blood, he consented. During the operation the room swarmed with human figures, but a few hours afterwards they moved more slowly, became gradually paler, and finally vanished. This example proves very clearly that a person may be haunted with apparitions, and yet observe them and reason about their nature as sanely as any indifferent outsider could do. It illustrates very well, too, the second mode of origin; for it is reasonable to suppose that they were produced by congestion of blood in the brain acting upon the sensory centres, and that they were dissipated by the removal of the congestion by bloodletting. This is the more probable, as cases have been recorded in which the suppression of a habitual discharge of

blood from the body has been followed a wasting disease, has had his deathbed by hallucinations, and others again in which hallucinations have been cured by the abstraction of blood.

Exhaustion of the nerve-centres themselves by excessive fatigue, mental and bodily, or by starvation, or by disease, will cause a person to see visions sometimes. I may call to mind the wellknown case of Brutus, who, as he sat alone at night in his tent before the decisive battle of Philippi, wrapt in meditation, saw on raising his eyes a monstrous and horrible spectre standing silently by his side. "Who art thou?" he asked. The spectre answered, "I am thy evil genius, Brutus. Thou wilt see me at Philippi." He replied, "I will meet thee there." The religious ascetic who withdrew himself from the society of men to some solitary place in the desert or to some cave in the hills, there passing his lonely life in prayer and meditation, and mortifying his body with long fastings and frequent scourgings, brought himself to such a state of irritable exhaustion that he commonly saw, according to his mood of feeling, either visions of angels and saints who consoled him in his sufferings, or visions of devils The who tempted and tormented him.** shipwrecked sailor, when delirious from the exhaustion produced by want of food and drink, sometimes has attractive visions of green fields and pleasant streams, and cannot be prevented from throwing himself overboard in the mad desire to reach them. The dying person, in the last stage of exhaustion from visions of joy or of horror: the good man, whose mind was at rest, has been comforted by visions of heaven; the wicked man, whose troubled conscience would not let him die in peace, has been terrified with spectres of horror-the murderer perhaps by the accusing apparition of his victim. These were thought at one time to be supernatural visitations; they are known now to be for the most part hallucinations, such as occur in the last stage of flickering life, when, to use Shakspeare's words,

" His brain doth, by the idle comments that it makes.

Foretell the ending of mortality."*

I cannot of course enumerate all the bodily conditions in which hallucinations appear, but there is one more which I shall mention particularly, because it has been the foundation of a prophetic or apostolic mission. It is not at all uncommon for a vivid hallucination of one or other of the senses, of hearing, of sight, of smell, of touch, of muscular sensibility, to precede immediately the unconsciousness of an epileptic fit. It may be a command or threat uttered in a distinct voice, or the figure of a person clearly seen, or a feeling of sinking into the ground or of rising into the air; and a common visual hallucination on such occasions is a flash, a halo, or a flood of bright or colored light, which makes a strong impression

^{*} This is a Mohammedan receipt for summoning spirits:

[&]quot;Fast seven days in a lonely place, and take incense with you, such as benzoin, aloes-wood, mastic, and odoriferous wood from Soudan, and read the chapter 1001 times (from the Koran) in the seven days-a certain number of readings, namely, for every one of the five daily prayers. That is the secret, and you will see indescribable wonders; drums will be beaten beside you, and flags hoisted over your head, and you will see spirits full of light and of beautiful and benign aspect."— Upper Egypt; its People and Products, by Dr. Klunzinger, p. 386.

An acquaintance of his, who had undergone the course of self-mortification, said that he really saw all kinds of horrible forms in his magic circle, but he saw them also when his eyes were shut. At last he got quite terrified and left the place.

[&]quot;In the Second Part of Henry VI., Shakspeare gives an instance of a fearful deathbed hallucination, when Cardinal Beaufort is at the point of death:

[&]quot;King. How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Cardinal. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee

England's treasure, Enough to purchase such another island,

So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain. King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
Warwick. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign

speaks to thee. Car. Bring me unto the trial when you will. Died he not in his bed? where should he die? Can I make men live, whether they will or no? O, torture me no more! I will confess. Alive again? then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him. He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them. Comb down his hair; look, look, it stands upright.

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul. Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

before the person falls unconscious. When he comes to himself, he remembers it vividly, and believes perhaps that it was a vision of an angel of light or of the Holy Ghost. There can be no doubt that angelic apparitions and heavenly visions have sometimes had this origin. Proceeding from the sensory centre, not from the higher centres of thought, they are calculated to produce the stronger impression of their miraculous nature; for if the person knows that he was not thinking of anything of the kind when the vision occurred, he will naturally be the more startled and affected by it. I might give many striking examples in proof of what I say, but I will content myself with an ordinary and comparatively recent one. Two or three years ago a laborer in the Chatham dockyard, who was epileptic and had once been in an asylum for insanity, suddenly split the skull of a fellowlaborer near him with an adze. There was no apparent motive for the deed, for the men were not on bad terms. He was of course tried for murder, but was acquitted by the jury on the ground of insanity, in accordance with the medical evidence, but directly in the teeth of a strong charge of the judge, and much to the disappointment of certain newspapers whose editorial feelings are sadly harrowed whenever an insane person escapes from the gallows. He is now in the criminal asylum at Broadmoor, and he has told the medical officers therewhat was not known at the trial-that some years before the murder he had received the Holy Ghost; that it came to him like a flash of light; and that his own eyes had been taken out and other eyes, like balls of fire, substituted for them. A characteristic epileptic hallucination! Let us suppose that this man had undertaken some prophetic mission, as epileptics have done, and had put into it all the energy of his epileptic temperament, he would have declared with perfect sincerity, so far as he was concerned, that the Holy Ghost appeared to him in a vision as an exceeding bright light, and, behold! his own eyes were taken out and balls of fire were in their

Some persons maintain that the earliest visions of Mahomet, who, like Cæsar, was epileptic, were of this kind,

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and that his change of character and the assumption of his prophetic mission followed an epileptic vision. Tradition tells us that he was walking in solitude in the lonely defiles and valleys near Mecca, when every stone and tree greeted him with the words, "Hail to thee, O messenger of God!" He looked thee, O messenger of God !" round to the right and to the left, but discovered nothing but stones and trees. Soon after this, the angel Gabriel appeared to him ir a vision on the mountain Hira, and announced to him the message of God. The origin of the hal-lucination seems to have been in this wise. While walking in the valley meditating in solitude on the degrading idolatry of the people, and girding himself to the resolution to undertake a great work of reform which might well seem beyond his strength and make him pause, the intense thoughts of his mental agony were suddenly heard by him as a real voice, where there was no voice; and the vision which he saw when he next fell into an epileptic trance was deemed to be the apparition of the angel Gabriel.

If this be so, and much more if all the apparitions and visions which mankind have seen at different times were really hallucinations, it is startling to reflect what a mighty influence illusions have had on the course of human his-One is almost driven to ask in tory. despair whether all in the world is not illusion, whether "all that we see and seem is not a dream within a dream." But there are countervailing considerations which may abate alarm. If a great work in the world has been done in consequence of a vision which was not, as it was believed to be, a supernatural revelation, but a hallucination produced in accordance with natural laws, the work done, were it good or bad, was none the less real. And inasmuch as the hallucination, whatever its character, is in accordance with the habit of thought and feeling of the person to whom it occurs, and is interpreted, if it be not actually generated, by his manner of think ing, we may put it out of sight as a thing of secondary importance, as an incidental expression, so to speak, of the earnest belief, and fix our minds on this belief as the primary and real agent in the production of the effect. Had Mahomet never seen the angel Gabriel, it is probable that the great mission which he accomplished—the overthrow of idolatry and polytheism and the welding of scattered tribes into a powerful nationwould have been accomplished either by him or by some other prophet, who would have risen up to do what the world had at heart at that time. Had any one else who had not Mahomet's great powers of mind, and who had not prepared himself, as he had done, by many silent hours of meditation and prayer, to take up the reformer's cross, seen the angel Gabriel or any number of angels, he would not have done the mighty work. Who can doubt that the mission of Mahomet was the message of God to the people at that time, as who can doubt that the thunder of the Russian cannon has been the awful message of God to the Mahometan Turks of this time?

So much then for the nature of hallucinations and their principal modes of origin. Although they sometimes originate primarily in the sensory centres, and sometimes primarily in the higher centres of thought, it is very probable that, in many instances, they have a mixed origin. It can hardly be otherwise, seeing how intimate is the structural and functional connection between the nerve-centres of thought and sense, and how likely so closely connected nerve-centres are to sympathise in suffering when the one or the other is disordered.

No one pretends that a person who, laboring under hallucinations, knows their true nature, as Nicolai did, is insane; but it is often said that he has passed the limits of sanity and must be accounted insane when he does not recognise their real nature, and believes in them and acts upon them. . But the examples which I have given prove this to be too absolute a statement. I should be very loath to say that either Mahomet or Luther was mad. When the hallucination is the consistent expression of an earnest and coherent belief, which is not itself the product of insanity, it is no proof of insanity, although it may indicate a somewhat unstable state of the brain, and warn a prudent man to temper the ardor of his belief. When, however, a person has hallucinations that are utterly inconsistent with the observation and common sense of the rest

of mankind, when he cannot correct the mistakes of one sense by the evidence of another, although every opportunity is afforded him to do so, when he believes in them in spite of confuting evidence, and when he suffers them to govern his conduct, then he must certainly be accounted insane: he is so much out of harmony of thought and feeling with his kind that we cannot divine his motives or reckon upon his conduct, and are compelled to put him under re-straint. Persons of this class are apt to be troublesome and even dangerous; believing that they are pursued by a conspiracy, hearing the threatening voices of their persecutors wherever they go, seeing proofs everywhere of their evil machinations, smelling poisonous fumes, feeling the torture inflicted by concealed galvanic wires, they endeavor to protect themselves by all sorts of devices-appeal to the magistrates and the police for assistance, become public nuisances in courts of justice, are, perhaps, driven at last, either from despair of getting redress, or by the fury of the moment, to attack some one whom they believe to be an agent in the persecution which they are undergoing. Some of them hear voices commanding them peremptorily to do some act or other—it may be to kill themselves or others-and they are not unlikely in the end to obey the mysterious commands which they receive.

Having said so much concerning the causation and character of hallucinations, I ought, perhaps, before concluding, to say something about the means of getting rid of them. Unfortunately, it is very little that I can say, for, when once they have taken firm hold of a person, they are seldom got rid of. When they occur during an acute case of insanity, where there is much mental excitement, they certainly often disappear as the excitement passes off, or soon afterwards, just as they disappear when the delirium of fever subsides; but when they have become chronic they hold their ground in defiance of every kind of assault upon them. Over and over again the experiment has been tried of proving to the hallucinated patient in every possible way, and by every imaginable device, that his perceptions are false, but in vain :-

"You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation is
Piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body."

There is more to be done to prevent hallucinations, I think, than to cure them; that is to say, by prudent care of the body and wise culture of the mind. Looking to their mode of origin, it is obviously of the first importance, trite maxim as it may seem, to keep the body in good health; for not only will bodily disorder directly occasion hallucinations by disturbance of the sensory centres, but by its depressing influence on the entire nervous system it hinders sound, and predisposes to unsound, thought and feeling. Every one knows how hard a matter it is to perceive accurately, to feel calmly, and to think clearly, when the liver is out of order; there is then a good foundation for hallucination. It has so long been the habit to exalt the mind as the noble, spiritual, and immortal part of man, at the expense of the body, as the vile, material, and mortal part, that, while it is not thought at all strange that every possible care and attention should be given to mental cultivation, a person who should give the same sort of careful attention to his body would be thought somewhat meanly of. And yet I am sure that a wise man, who would ease best the burden of life, cannot do better than watchfully to keep undefiled and holy-that is, healthy—the noble temple of his body. Is it not a glaring inconsistency that men should pretend to fall into ecstasies of admiration of the temples which they have built with their own hands, and to claim reverence for their ruins, and, at the same time, should have no reverence for, or should actually speak contemptuously of, that most complex, ingenious, and admirable structure which the human body is? However, if they really neglect it, it is secure of its revenge; no one will come to much by his most strenuous mental exercises, except upon the basis of a good organization—for a sound body is assuredly the foundation of a sound mind.

In respect of the mental cultivation to be adopted, in order to guard against hallucination, I can now only briefly and

vaguely enforce one important principle -namely, the closest, most exact, and sincere converse with nature, physical and human. Habitual contact with realities in thought and deed is a strong defence against illusions of all sorts. We must strive to make our observation of men and things so exact and true, must so inform our minds with true perceptions, that there shall be no room for false perceptions. Calling to mind what has been said concerning the nature of perception-how the most complete and accurate perception of an object is gained by bringing it into all its possible relations with our different senses, and so receiving into the idea of it all the impressions which it was fitted to produce upon them-it will appear plainly how necessary to true perception, and to sound thought, which is founded on true perception, and to wise conduct, which is founded on sound thought, are thoroughness and sincerity of observation So to observe nature as to learn her laws and to obey them, is to observe the commandments of the Lord to do them. Speculative meditations and solitary broodings are the fruitful nurse of delusions and illusions. By faithfully intending the mind to the realities of nature, as Bacon has it, and by living and working among men in a healthy, sympathetic way, exaggeration of a particular line of thought or feeling is prevented, and the balance of the faculties best preserved. Notably the best rules for the conduct of life are the fruits of the best observations of men and things; the achievements of science are no more than the organized gains-orderly and methodically arranged—of an exact and systematic observation of the various departments of nature; the noblest products of the arts are nature ennobled through human means, the art itself being nature.

There are not two worlds—a world of nature and a world of human nature—standing over against one another in a sort of antagonism, but one world of nature, in the orderly evolution of which human nature has its subordinate part. Delusions and hallucinations may be described as discordant notes in the grand harmony. It should, then, be every man's steadfast aim, as a part of nature, his patient work, to cultivate such entire sincerity of relations with it;

so to think, feel, and act always in inti- fearfully, as to an enemy who has vanmate unison with it; to be so completely quished him, but trustfully, as to a one with it in life, that when the summother who, when the day's task is mons comes to surrender his mortal part done, bids him lie down to sleep. - Fortto absorption into it, he does so, not nightly Review.

BELSHAZZAR.

AFTER HEINE, BY THEODORE MARTIN.

THE midnight hour was drawing on; Hushed into rest lay Babylon.

All save the royal palace, where Was the din of revel, and torches' flare.

There high within his royal hall Belshazzar the king held festival.

His nobles around him in splendor shine. And drain down goblets of sparkling wine.

The nobles shout, and the goblets ring; 'Twas sweet to the heart of that stiffnecked king.

The cheeks of the king, they flushed with fire, And still as he drank his conceit grew higher;

And, maddened with pride, his lips let fall Wild words, that blaspheme the great Lord of All.

More vaunting he grew, and his blasphemous sneers Were hailed by his lordly rout with cheers.

Proudly the king has a mandate passed; Away hie the slaves, and come back full fast.

Many gold vessels they bring with them, The spoils of God's House in Jerusalem.

With impious hand the king caught up, Filled to the brim, a sacred cup;

And down to the bottom he drained it dry, And aloud with his mouth afoam did cry,--

" Jehovah! I scoff at Thy greatness gone! I am the king of Babylon.

The terrible words were ringing still, When the king at his heart felt a secret chill.

The laughter ceased, the lords held their breath, And all through the hall it was still as death.

And see, see there! on the white wall, see, Comes forth what seems a man's hand to be!

And it wrote and wrote in letters of flame On the white wall,—then vanished the way it came.

The king sat staring, he could not speak, His knees knocked together, death-pale was his cheek.

With cold fear creeping his lords sat round, They sat dumbstricken, with never a sound.

The Magians came, but not one of them all Could interpret the writing upon the wall.

That self-same night—his soul God sain!— Was Belshazzar the king by his nobles slain.

Blackwood's Magazine.

MACLEOD OF DARE,

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

to find excuses for her. He strove to lonely than ever it had been even during convince himself that this strange cold- that long winter that he had said was ness, this evasion, this half-repellent at- like a grave. and have played with the pretty dream, until she grew tired of the toy and was ready to let her wandering fancy turn to something other and new.

He dared not even think of that; but all the same, as he stood at this open come over him. It was a fear altogether vague and undefined; but it seemed to light around him. Here was the very picture he had so often desired that she should see-the wind-swept Atlantic; the glad blue skies with their drifting clouds of summer white; the Erisgeir rocks; the green shores of Ulva; and Colonsay, and Gometra, and Staffa all shining in the sunlight; with the seabirds calling, and the waves breaking,

CHAPTER XXXVI. and the soft west wind stirring the THE NEW TRAGEDY.

fuchsia-bushes below the windows of Castle Dare. And it was all dark now; His generous large nature fought hard and the sea was a lonely thing-more

titude, was but a form of maiden coyness. And she ?-at this moment she was It was her natural fear of so great a down at the small bridge that crossed change. It was the result, perhaps, of the burn. She had gone out to seek her some last lingering look back to the father; had found him coming up scene of her artistic triumphs. It did through the larchwood; and was now not even occur to him as a possibility accompanying him back. They had that this woman, with her unstable sym- rested here; he sitting on the weatherpathies and her fatally facile imagina- worn parapet of the bridge; she leaning tion, should have taken up what was over it, and idly dropping bits of velvetnow the very end and aim of his life, green moss into the whirl of clear brown water below.

"I suppose you must be thinking of getting away from Castle Dare, Gerty,' said he.

"I shall not be sorry," she answered. But even Mr. White was somewhat window, alone, an unknown fear had taken aback by the cool promptitude of this reply.

"Well, you know your own business have the power of darkening the day- best," he said to her. "It is not for me to interfere. I said from the beginning I would not interfere. But still-I wish you would be a little more explicit, Gerty, and let one understand what you mean-whether, in fact, you do mean, or do not mean, to marry Macleod."

"And who said that I proposed not to marry him?" said she, but she still leant over the rough stones and looked at the water. "The first thing that for me-when I am taken about-well, driving me into a corner—the continual goading, and reminding me of the duty I had to perform. There has been just a little too much of that here"-and at this point she raised herself so that she could regard her father when she wished " and I really must say that I do not like to be taking a holiday with the feeling hanging over you that certain things are expected of you every other moment, and that you run the risk of being considered a very heartless and ungrateful person unless you do and say certain things you would perhaps rather not do and say. I should like to be let alone. I hate being goaded. And I certainly did not expect that you too, papa, would try to drive me into a corner.

She spoke with some little warmth. Mr. White smiled.

I was quite unaware, Gerty," said he, "that you were suffering this fearful

persecution."

"You may laugh, but it is true," said she, and there was a trifle of color in her cheeks. "The serious interests I am supposed to be concerned about! Such profound topics of conversation! she talked with spirit, and it amused Will the steamer come by the south tomorrow, or round by the north? The Gometra men have had a good take of lobsters yesterday. Will the head man at the Something lighthouse be transferred to some other lighthouse? and how will his wife and family like the change? They are doing very well with the subscription for a bell for the Free Church at Iona. The deer have been down at John Maclean's barley again. Would I like to visit the weaver at Iona who has such a wonderful turn for mathematics? and would I like to know the man at Salen who has the biographies of all the great men of the time in his head?

Miss White had worked herself up to a pretty pitch of contemptuous indignation; her father was almost beginning to

believe that it was real.

"It is all very well for the Macleods to interest themselves with these trumpery little local matters. They play the of the crofter's youngest boy. But as kerchiefs. And then Miss Macleod buys

would make me decline would be the I do not like being stared at as if they thought I was wearing too fine clothes. I don't like being continually placed in a position of inferiority through my ignorance—an old fool of a boatman saying Bless me!' when I have to admit that I don't know the difference between a sole and a flounder. I don't want to know. I don't want to be continually told. I wish these people would meet me on my own ground. I wish the Macleods would begin to talk after dinner about the Lord Chamberlain's interference with the politics of burlesques; and then perhaps they would not be so glib. I am tired of hearing about John Maclean's boat; and Donald Maclean's horse; and Sandy Maclean's refusal to pay the road-tax. And as for the drinking of whisky that these sailors get through—well, it seems to me that the ordinary condition of things is reversed here altogether; and if they ever put up an asylum in Mull, it will be a lunatic asylum for incurable abstainers."

"Now, now, Gerty," said her father: but all the same he rather liked to see his daughter get on her high horse, for him. "You must remember that Macleod looks on this as a holiday-time, and perhaps he may be a little lax in his regulations. I have no doubt it is because he is so proud to have you on board his yacht that he occasionally gives the men an extra glass-and I am sure it does them no harm, for they seem to me to be as much in the water as out of it."

She paid no heed to this protest. She was determined to give free speech to her sense of wrong, and humiliation.

and disappointment.

"What has been the great event since ever we came here—the wildest excitement the island can afford?" she said. The arrival of the pedlar! A snuffy old man comes into the room, with a huge bundle wrapped up in dirty waterproof. Then there is a wild clatter of Gaelic. But suddenly, don't you know, there are one or two glances at me; and the Gaelic stops; and Duncan, or John, or whatever they call him, begins part of grand patron; the people are to stammer in English, and I am shown proud to honor them; it is a conde- coarse stockings, and bundles of wool, scension when they remember the name and drugget petticoats, and cotton handa number of things which I know she does not want; and I am looked on as a strange creature because I do not purchase a bundle of wool or a pair of stockings fit for a farmer. The Autolycus of Mull is not impressive, pappy. Oh, but I forgot the dramatic surprisethat also was to be an event, I have no doubt. I was suddenly introduced to a child dressed in a kilt; and I was to speak to him; and I suppose I was to be profoundly moved when I heard him speak to me in my own tongue in this out-of-the-world place. My own tongue! The horrid little wretch has not an h."

"Well, there's no pleasing you,

Gerty," said he.

"I don't want to be pleased; I want

to be let alone," said she.

But she said this with just a little too much sharpness; for her father was, after all, a human being; and it did seem to him to be too bad that he should be taunted in this fashion, when he had done his best to preserve a wholly neu-

tral attitude.

"Let me tell you this, madam," said he, in a playful manner, but with some decision in his tone, "that you may live to have the pride taken out of you. You have had a good deal of flattery and spoiling; and you may find out you have been expecting too much. As for these Macleods here, I will say thisalthough I came here very much against my own inclination—that I defy any one to have been more kind, and courteous, and attentive than they have been to you. I don't care. It is not my business, as I tell you. But I must say, Gerty, that when you make a string of complaints as the only return for all their hospitality-their excessive and almost burdensome hospitality-I think that even I am bound to say a word. You forget how you came here. You, a perfect stranger, come here as engaged to marry the old lady's only son-to dispossess her-very probably to make impossible a match that she had set her heart on. And both she and her niece -you understand what I mean-instead of being cold, or at least formal, to you, seem to me to think of nothing from you with kindness, in a way that Englishwomen would never think of. And

this you call persecution; and you are vexed with them because they won't talk to you about theatres-why, bless my soul! how long is it since you were yourself talking about theatres as if the very word choked you !-

"Well, at least, pappy, I never thought you would turn against me," said she, as she put her head partly aside, and made a mouth as if she were about to cry; " and when mamma made you promise to look after Carry and me, I am sure she never thought-

Now this was too much for Mr. White. In the small eyes behind the big gold spectacles there was a quick flash

"Don't be a fool, Gerty," said he, in downright anger. "You know it is no use your trying to humbug me. If you think the ways of this house are too poor and mean for your grand notions of state; if you think he has not enough money, and you are not likely to have fine dinners and entertainments for your friends; if you are determined to break off the match-why, then do it !-but, I tell you, don't try to humbug me !"

Miss White's pathetic attitude sud-denly vanished. She drew herself up with much dignity and composure, and

"At all events, sir, I have been taught my duty to you; and I think it

better not to answer you."

With that she moved off towards the house; and Mr. White, taking to whistling, began to do as she had been doing—idly throwing bits of moss into the rushing burn. After all, it was none of his business.

But that evening, some little time before dinner, it was proposed they should go for a stroll down to the shore; and then it was that Miss White thought she would seize the occasion to let Macleod know of her arrangements for the coming autumn and winter. Ordinarily, on such excursions, she managed to walk with Janet Macleod-the old lady of Castle Dare seldom joined them-leaving Macleod to follow with her father; but this time she so managed it that Macleod and she left the house together. Was he greatly overjoyed? There was morning till night but how to surround a constrained and anxious look on his face that had been there too much of "I suppose Oscar is more at home here than in Bury Street, St. James's?" said she, as the handsome collie went down the path before them.

"No doubt," said he absently: he was not thinking of any collie.

"What beautiful weather we are having," said she to this silent companion.
"It is always changing, but always beautiful. There is only one other aspect I should like to see—the snow-time."

"We have not much snow here," said he. "It seldom lies in the winter."

This was a strange conversation for two engaged lovers: it was not much more interesting than their talk—how many ages ago?—at Charing Cross station. But then, when she had said to him, "Ought we to take tickets?" she had looked into his face with those appealing, innocent, beautiful eyes. Now her eyes never met his. She was afraid.

never met his. She was afraid. She managed to lead up to her announcement skilfully enough. By the time they reached the shore an extraordinarily beautiful sunset was shining over the sea and the land-something so bewildering and wonderful that they all four stopped to look at it. The Atlantic was a broad expanse of the palest and most brilliant green, with the pathway of the sun a flashing line of gold coming right across until it met the rocks, and these were a jet black against the glow. Then the distant islands of Colonsay, and Staffa, and Lunga, and Fladda, lying on this shining green sea, appeared to be of a perfectly transparent bronze; while nearer at hand the long ranges of cliffs were becoming a pale rose-red under the darkening blue-grey sky. It was a blaze of color such as she had never even dreamed of as being possible in nature; nothing she had as yet seen in these northern latitudes had at all approached it. And as she stood there, and looked at those transparent islands of bronze on the green sea, she said to him-

"Do you know, Keith, this is not at all like the place I had imagined as the scene of the gloomy stories you used to tell me about the revenges of the clans. I have been frightened once or twice since I came here, no doubt—by the wild sea and the darkness of the cathedral, and so forth: but the longer I stay the less I see to suggest those awful stories.

How could you associate such an evening as this with a frightful tragedy? Do you think those people ever existed who were supposed to have suffocated, or slaughtered, or starved to death any one who opposed their wishes?"

"And I do not suppose they troubled themselves much about fine sunsets," said he. "That was not what they had to think about in those days."

"Perhaps not," said she lightly; but, you know, I had expected to find a place from which I could gain some inspiration for tragedy—for I should like to try, once for all—if I should have to give up the stage—whether I had the stuff of a tragic actress in me. And, you know, in that case, I ought to dress in black velvet; and carry a taper through dungeons; and get accustomed to storms, and gloom, and thunder and lightning."

"We have no appliances here for the education of an actress—I am very sorry," said he.

"Now, Keith, that is hardly fair," said she, with a smile. "You know it is only a trial. And you saw what they said of my *Juliet*. Oh, did I tell you about the new tragedy that is coming out?"

"No, I do not think you did," said

"Ah, well, it is a great secret as yet; but there is no reason why you should not hear of it."

"I am not anxious to hear of it," said

he, without any rudeness.
"But it concerns me," she said, "and so I must tell you. It is written by a brother of Mr. Lemuel, the artist I have often spoken to you about. He is by profession an architect; but if this play should turn out to be as fine as some people say it is, he ought to take to dramatic writing. In fact, all the Lemuels—there are three brothers of them, you know-are like Michael Angelo and Leonardo-artists to the fingertips, in every direction-poets, painters, sculptors and all the rest of it. And I do think I ought to feel flattered by their choice in asking me to play the heroine; for so much depends on the choice of the actress-

"And you are still to act?" said he quickly, though he spoke in a low voice, so that those behind should not hear.

"Surely I explained to you?" said she in a pleasant manner. "After all, life-long habits are not so easily cast aside; and I knew you would be generous, and bear with me a little bit, Keith."

He turned to her. The glow of the sunset caught his face. There was a strange, hopeless sadness in his eyes.

"Generous to you?" said he. "You know I would give you my life if that would serve you. But this is worse than taking my life from me."

"Keith, Keith!" said she, in gentle protest, "I don't know what you mean. You should not take things so seriously. What is it after all? It was as an actress that you knew me first. What is the difference of a few months more or less? If I had not been an actress, you would never have known me—do you recollect that? By the way, has Major Stewart's wife got a piano?"

He turned and stared at her for a sec-

ond, in a bewildered way.

"Oh, yes," said he, with a laugh, "Mrs. Stewart has got a piano. She has got a very good piano. And what is the song you would sing now, sweetheart? Shall we finish up and have done with it, with a song at the end? That is the way in the theatre, you know—a dance and a song as the people go. And what shall our song be now? There was one that Norman Ogilvie used to sing."

"I don't know why you should talk to me like that, Keith," said she, though she seemed somewhat frightened by this fierce gaiety. "I was going to tell you that, if Mrs. Stewart had a piano, I would very gladly sing one or two songs for your mother and Miss Macleod when we went over there to-morrow. You have frequently asked me. Indeed, I have brought with me the very songs I sung to you the first time I saw you—at Mrs. Ross's."

Instantly his memory flew back to that day—to the hushed little room over the sunlit gardens—to the beautiful, gentle, sensitive girl who seemed to have so strange an interest in the Highlands—to the wonderful thrill that went through him when she began to sing with an exquisite pathos, "A wee bird cam' to our ha' door"—and to the prouder enthusiasm that stirred him when she sang,

"I'll to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them!" These were fine, and tender, and proud songs. There was no gloom about them—nothing about a grave and the dark winter-time, and a faithless lost love. This song of Norman Ogilvie's that he had gaily proposed they should sing now—what had Major Stewart, or his wife, or any one in Mull to do with "Death's black wine"?

"I meant to tell you, Keith," said she, somewhat nervously, "that I had signed an engagement to remain at the Piccadilly Theatre till Christmas next. I knew you wouldn't mind-I mean, you would be considerate, and you would understand how difficult it is for one to break away all at once from one's old associations. And then, you know, Keith," said she shyly, "though you may not like the theatre, you ought to be proud of my success, as even my friends and acquaintances are. And as they are all anxious to see me make another appearance in tragedy, I really should like to try it; so that when my portrait appears in the Academy next year, people may not be saying, 'Look at the impertinence of that girl appearing as a tragic actress when she can do nothing beyond the familiar modern comedy!' I should have told you all about it before, Keith, but I know you hate to hear any talk about the theatre; and I shan't bore you again, you may depend on that. Isn't it time to go back now? See! the rose-color is away from Ulva now; it is quite a dark purple.'

He turned in silence and led the way back. Behind them he could faintly hear Mr. White discoursing to Janet Macleod about the manner in which the old artists mixed their own pigments.

Then Macleod said with a great gen-

tleness and restraint,-

"And when you go away from here, Gertrude, I suppose I must say good-by to you; and no one knows when we shall see each other again. You are returning to the theatre. If that is your wish, I would not try to thwart it. You know best what is the highest prize the world can give you. And how can I warn you against failure and disappointment? I know you will be successful. I know the people will applaud you, and your head will be filled with their praises.

You are going forward to a new triumph, Gerty; and the first step you will take -will be on my heart."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN UNDERSTANDING.

"PAPPY dear," said Miss White to her father, in a playful way, although it was a serious sort of playfulness, "I have a vague feeling that there is a little too much electricity in the atmosphere of this place just at present. I am afraid there may be an explosion; and you know my nerves can't stand a shock. I should be glad to get away."

By this time she had quite made up that little difference with her fathershe did not choose to be left alone at a somewhat awkward crisis. She had told him she was sure he had not meant what he said about her; and she had expressed her sorrow for having provoked him; and there an end. And if Mr. White had been driven by his anger to be for the moment the ally of Macleod, he was not disinclined to take the other side now and let Miss White have her own will. The vast amount of training he had bestowed on her through many long years was not to be thrown away after all.

"I told him last night," said she, " of my having signed an engagement till Christmas next.

"Oh, indeed," said her father, quickly looking at her over his spectacles.

'Yes," said she, thoughtfully, "and he was not so disturbed or angry as I had expected. Not at all. He was very kind about it. But I don't understand him.

What do you not understand?"

"Hé has grown so strange of lateso sombre. Once, you know, he was the lightest-hearted young man-enjoying every minute of his life, you knowand really, pappy, I think—"
And here Miss White stopped.

"At all events," said she quickly, "I want to be in a less dangerously excited atmosphere, where I can sit down and consider matters calmly. It was much better when he and I corresponded: then we could fairly learn what each other thought. Now I am almost afraid of him-I mean I am afraid to ask him

a question. I have to keep out of his way. And if it comes to that, pappy, you know, I feel now as if I was called on to act a part from morning till night, whereas I was always assured that if I left the stage and married him it was to be my natural self and I should have no more need to pose and sham. However, that is an old quarrel between you and me, pappy, and we will put it aside. What's more to the purpose is this-it was half understood that when we left Castle Dare he was to come with us through at least a part of the Highlands."

"There was a talk of it." "Don't you think," said Miss White, with some little hesitation, and with her eyes cast down, "don't you think that would be-a little inconvenient?"

" I should say that was for you to decide," he answered, somewhat coldly; for it was too bad that she should be continually asking his advice and then openly disregarding it.

"I should think it would be a little uncomfortable," she said demurely. "I fancy he has taken that engagement till Christmas a little more to heart than he chooses to reveal—that is natural—I knew it would be a disappointment—but then, you know, pappy, the temptation was very great, and I had almost promised the Lemuels to do what I could for the piece. And if I am to give up the stage, wouldn't it be fine to wind up with a blaze of fireworks to astonish the public?"

" Are you so certain you will astonish

the public?" her father said. "I have the courage to try," she answered readily. " And you are not going to throw cold water on my endeavors, are you, pappy? Well, as I was saying, it is perhaps natural for Sir Keith Macleod to feel a bit annoyed; and I am afraid if he went travelling with us, we should be continually skating on the edge of a quarrel. Besides, to tell you the truth, pappy-with all his kindness and gentleness, there is sometimes about him a sort of intensity that I scarcely like-it makes me afraid of him. If it were on the stage, I should say it was a splendid piece of acting-of the suppressed vehement kind, you know; but really-during a holiday-time, when one naturally wishes to enjoy the fine weather and gather strength for one's work-well, I do think he ought not to come with us, pappy."

"Very well; you can hint as much

without being rude."

"I was thinking," said she, "of the Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin who were in that Newcastle company, and who went to Aberdeen. Do you remember them, pappy?"

"The low comedian, you mean?"

"Yes. Well, at all events they would be glad to see us. And so—don't you think?—we could let Macleod understand that we were going to see some friends in the north? Then he would not think of coming with us."

"The representation would scarcely be justifiable," observed Mr. White, with a profound air, "in ordinary circumstances. But, as you say, it would be neither for his comfort nor for yours

that he should go with us."

"Comfort!" she exclaimed. "Much comfort I have had since I came here! Comfort I call quiet, and being let alone. Another fortnight at this place would give me brain-fever-your life continually in danger either on the sea or by the cliffs-your feelings supposed to be always up at passion pitch—it is all a whirl of secret or declared emotions that don't give you a moment's rest. Oh, pappy, won't it be nice to have a day or two's quiet in our own home, with Carry and Marie. And you know, Mr. Lemuel will be in town all the summer and winter. The material for his work he finds within himself. He doesn't need to scamper off like the rest of them to hunt out picturesque peasants and studies of waterfalls-trotting about the country with a note-book in hand-

"Gerty, Gerty," said her father, with a smile, "your notions are unformed on that subject. What have I told you often—that the artist is only a reporter. Whether he uses the pencil, or the pen, or his own face and voice to express the highest thoughts and emotions of which he is conscious, he is only a reporter—a penny-a-liner whose words are written in fire. And you—don't you carry your

note-book too?"

"I was not comparing myself with an artist like Mr. Lemuel, pappy. No, no. Of course I have to keep my eyes open, and pick up things that may be useful.

His work is the work of intense spiritual contemplation—it is inspiration—"

" No doubt," the father said, " the in-

spiration of Botticelli."

" Papa !"

Mr. White chuckled to himself. He was not given to joking: an epigram was not in consonance with his high sententiousness. But instantly he resumed his solemn deportment.

"A picture is as much a part of the world as a human face: why should I not take my inspiration from a picture as well as from a human face?"

"You mean to say he is only a copyist—a plagiarist?" she said, with some

indignation.

"Not at all," said he. "All artists have their methods, founded more or less on the methods of those who have gone before them. You don't expect an artist to discover for himself an entirely new principle of art, any more than you expect him to paint in pigments of his own invention. Mr. Lemuel has been a diligent student of Botticelli—that is all."

This strange talk amid the awful loneliness and grandeur of Glen Sloich! They were idly walking along the rough road: far above them rose the giant slopes of the mountains retreating into heavy masses of cloud that were moved by the currents of the morning wind. It was a grey day; and the fresh-water lake here was of a leaden hue; and the browns and greens of the mountain-side were dark and intense. There was no sign of human life or habitation; there was no bird singing; the deer were far away in the unknown valleys above them, hidden by the mystic cloud-phantoms. There was an odor of sweetgale in the air. The only sound was the murmuring of the streams that were pouring down through these vast solitudes to the sea.

And now they reached a spot from whence, on turning, they caught sight of the broad plain of the Atlantic—all wind-swept and white. And the sky was dark and low down; though at one place the clouds had parted, and there was a glimmer of blue as narrow and keen as the edge of a knife. But there were showers about; for Iona was invisible, and Staffa was faintly grey through the passing rain; and Ulva was almost

black as the storm approached in its gloom. Botticelli! Those men now in that small lug-sailed boat-far away off the point of Gometra-a tiny dark thing apparently lost every second or so amid the white Atlantic surge, and wrestling hard with the driving wind and sea to reach the thundering and foam-filled caverns of Staffa-they were not thinking much of Botticelli. Keith Macleod was in that boat. The evening before Miss White had expressed some light wish about some trifle or other; but had laughingly said that she must wait till she got back to the region of shops. Unknown to her, Macleod had set off to intercept the steamer: and he would go on board and get hold of the steward; and would the steward be so kind as to hunt about in Oban to see if that trifle could not be found? Macleod would not intrust so important a message to any one else: he would himself go out to meet the Pioneer.

"The sky is becoming very dark," Mr. White said; "we had better go back, Gerty."

But before they had gone far, the first heavy drops were beginning to fall, and they were glad to run for refuge to some great grey boulders which lay in the moist moorland at the foot of the mountain-slopes. In the lee of these rocks they were in comparative safety; and they waited patiently until the gale of wind and rain should pass over. And what were these strange objects that appeared in the grey mists far along the valley? She touched her father's arm, she did not speak. It was her first sight of a herd of red-deer; and as the deer had doubtless been startled by a shepherd or his dog, they were making across the glen at a good speed. First came the hinds, running almost in Indian file, and then with a longer stride came one or two stags, their antlered heads high in the air, as though they were listening for sounds behind them and sniffing the wind in front of them at the same time. But so far away were they that they were only blurred objects passing through the rain-mists; they passed across like swift ghosts; there was no sound heard at all. And then the rain ceased, and the air grew warm around them. They came out from the shadow of the rock-behold! a blaze of hot sun on the moist moors,

with a sudden odor of bracken, and young heather, and sweet-gale all about them. And the sandy road quickly grew dry again; and the heavens opened; and there was a flood of sunlight falling on that rushing and breezy Atlantic. They walked back to Dare.

"Tuesday, then, shall we say, pappy?" she remarked, just before entering. "Very well."

"And we are going to see some friends in Aberdeen."

"Very well."

After this Miss White became a great deal more cheerful; and she was very complaisant to them all at luncheon. And quite by accident she asked Macleod, who had returned by this time, whether they talked Scotch in Aberdeen.

"Because, you know," said she,
"one should always be learning on one's
travels; and many a time I have heard
people disputing about the pronunciation of the Scotch; and one ought to be
able to read Burns with a proper accent.
Now you have no Scotch at all here;
you don't say "my dawtie," and 'ben
the hoose, and 'twixt the gloaming and
the mirk."

"Oh no," said he, "we have none of the Scotch at all, except among those who have been for a time to Glasgow or Greenock; and our own language, the Gaelic, is unknown to strangers; and our way of speaking English-that is only made a thing to laugh at. And yet I do not laugh at all at the blunders of our poor people in a strange tongue. You may laugh at us for our way of speaking English—the accent of it; but it is not fair to laugh at the poor people when they will be making mistakes among the verbs. Did you ever hear of the poor Highlander who was asked how he had been employing himself, and, after a long time, he said, 'I wass for tree years a herring-fish, and I wass for four months or three months a broke stone on the road '? Perhaps the Highlanders are not very clever at picking up another language; but all the same that did not prevent their going to all parts of the world and fighting the battles of other people. And do you know that in Canada there are descendants of the Highlanders who went there in the last century-and they are proud of their name and their history—and they have swords that were used at Falkirk and Culloden-but these Macnabs and Mackays, and Camerons, they speak only French! But I think, if they have Highland blood in them, and if they were to hear the 'Failte Phrionsa!' played on the pipes, they would recognise that language. And why were you asking about Aberdeen?"

"That is not a Highland, but a Scotch way of answering my question," said

she, smiling.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said he hastily; "but indeed I have never been to Aberdeen, and I do not know what it is they speak there, but I should say it was likely to be a mixture of Scotch and English such as all the big towns have. I do not think it is a Highland place, like Inverness.

"Now I will answer your question," said she. "I asked you because papa and I propose to go there before return-

ing to England-

How quickly the light fell from his

-The fact is, we have friends there." There was silence. They all felt that

it was for Macleod to speak; and they may have been guessing as to what was passing in his mind. But to their surprise he said, in almost a gay fashion-

"Ah, well, you know they accuse us Highland folk of being rather too importunate as hosts; but we will try not to harass you; and if you have friends in Aberdeen, it would not be fair to beg of you to leave them aside this time. But surely you are not thinking of going to Aberdeen yet, when it is many a place you have yet to see about here. I was to take you in the Umpire to Skye; and we had many a talk about the Lewis

"Thank you very much," said she, murely. "I am sure you have been demurely. most kind to us; but-the fact is-I

think we must leave on Tuesday."
"On Tuesday!" said he; but it was only for an instant that he winced. Again he roused himself-for he was talking in the presence of his mother and the cousin Janet-" You have not been quite fair to us," said he cheerfully; you have not given yourself time to make our acquaintance. Are you determined to go away as you came, the Fio-

naghal? But then, you know, Fionaghal came and stayed among us, before she began to write her songs about the Western Isles; and the next time you come, that must be for a longer time, and you will get to know us all better, and we will not frighten you any more by taking you on the sea at night or into the cathedralruins. Ah!" said he, with a smile lighting up his face—but it was a constrained gaiety altogether-" do I know now why you are hurrying away so soon? You want to avoid that trip in the Umpire to the island where I used to think I would like my grave to be-

frown, "how can you repeat that non-sense! Miss White will think you are mad!"

"It was only an old fancy, mother," said he gently. "And we were thinking of going out to one of the Treshnish islands, anyway. Surely it is a harmless thing that a man should choose out the place of his own grave, so long as he does not want to be put into it too soon."

"It will be time for you to speak of such things thirty years hence," said

Lady Macleod.

"Thirty years is a long time," said he; and then he added lightly, "but if we do not go out to the Treshnish islands we must go somewhere else before the Tuesday; and would you go round to Loch Sunart now; or shall we drive you to-morrow to see Glen More and Loch Buy? and you must not leave Mull without visiting our beautiful town-and capital-that is, Tobermory.

Every one was quite surprised and pleased to find Macleod taking the sudden departure of his sweetheart in this fashion; it showed that he had abundant confidence in the future. And if Miss White had her own thoughts about the matter, it was at all events satisfactory to her that outwardly Macleod and she were parting on good terms.

But that evening he happened to find her alone for a few moments; and all the forced cheerfulness had left his eyes, and there was a dark look there-of

hopeless anxiety and pain.

"I do not wish to force you, Gerty— to persecute you," said he. "You are our guest. But before you go away, cannot you give me one definite word of promise and hope—only one word?"

"I am quite sure you don't want to persecute me, Keith," said she, "butyou should remember there is a long time of waiting before us, and there will be plenty of opportunity for explaining and arranging everything when we have leisure to write-

"To write!" he exclaimed. "But I am coming to see you, Gerty! Do you think I could go through another series of long months, with only those letters, and letters, and letters to break one's heart over? I could not do it again, Gerty. And when you have visited your friends in Aberdeen, I am coming to London."

"Why Keith, there is the shooting." " I do not think I shall try the shooting this year-it is an anxiety-I cannot have patience with it. I am coming to

London, Gerty.'

'Oh, very well, Keith," said she, with an affectation of cheerful content; "then there is no use in our taking a solemn good-by just now-is there? You know how I hate scenes. And we shall part very good friends, shall we not? And when you come to London, we shall make up all our little differences, and have everything on a clear understanding. Is it a bargain? Here comes your cousin Janet-now show her that we are good friends, Keith. And for goodness' sake don't say that you mean to give up your shooting this year; or she will wonder what I have made of you. Give up your shooting! Why, a woman would as soon give up her right of being incomprehensible and whimsical and capricious—her right of teasing people, as I very much fear I have been teasing you, Keith. But it will be all set right when you come to London."

And from that moment to the moment of her departure, Miss White seemed to breathe more freely, and she took less care to avoid Keith Macleod in her daily walks and ways. There was at last quite a good understanding between them, as the people

around imagined.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AFRAID.

But the very first thing she did on reaching home again was to write to Macleod begging him to postpone his visit to London. What was the use? The company of which she formed a part was probably going on autumn tour; she was personally very busy. Surely it would not much interest him to be present at the production of a new piece in

Liverpool?

And then she pointed out to him that, as she had her duties and occupations, so ought he to have. It was monstrous his thought of foregoing the shooting that year. Why, if he wanted some additional motive, what did he say to preserving as much grouse-plumage as would trim a cloak for her? It was a great pity that the skins of so beautiful a bird should be thrown away. And she desired him to present her kind regards to Lady Macleod and Miss Macleod; and to thank them both for their great kindness.

Immediately after writing that letter Miss White seemed to grow very lighthearted indeed, and she laughed and chatted with Carry, and was exceedingly affectionate towards her sister.

"And what do you think of your own home now, Gerty?" said Miss Carry, who had been making some small experi-

ments in arrangement.

"You mean, after my being among the savages?" said she. "Ah, it is too true, Carry. I have seen them in their war-paint; and I have shuddered at their spears; and I have made voyages in their canoes. But it is worth while going anywhere and doing anything in order to come back and experience such a sense of relief and quiet. Oh, what a delicious cushion-where did you get it,

She sank back in the rocking-chair out on this shaded verandah. It was the slumbering noontide of a July day; the foliage above and about the Regent's Canal hung motionless in the still sunlight; and there was a perfume of roses in the air. Here, at last, was repose. She had said that her notion of happiness was to be let alone; and-now that she had dispatched that forbidding letter she would be able to enjoy a quiet and languor free from care.

"Aha, Gerty, don't you know?" said the younger sister. "Well, I suppose, you poor creature, you don't know-you have been among the tigers and crocodiles so long. That cushion is a present from Mr. Lemuel to me-to me, mind,

not to you—and he brought it all the way from Damascus some years ago. Oh, Gerty, if I was only three years older, shouldn't I like to be your rival, and have a fight with you for him!"

"I don't know what you mean !" said

the elder sister sharply.

"Oh, don't you! Poor, innocent thing! Well, I am not going to quarrel with you this time—for at last you are showing some sense. How you ever could have thought of Mr. Howson, or Mr. Brook, or—you know whom—I never could imagine; but here is some one now whom people have heard of—some one with fame like yourself—who will understand you. Oh, Gerty, hasn't he lovely eyes?"

"Like a gazelle," said the other.
"You know what Mr. — said, that he never met the appealing look of Mr. Lemuel's eyes without feeling in his

pockets for a biscuit.'

"He wouldn't say anything like that about you, Gerty," Carry said reproachfully.

fully.
"Who wouldn't?"

"Mr. Lemuel."
"Oh, Carry, don't you understand that I am so glad to be allowed to talk nonsense? I have been all strung up lately, like the string of a violin—everything au grand sérieux. I want to be idle, and to chat, and to talk nonsense. Where did you get that bunch of stephanotis?"

"Mr. Lemuel brought it last evening. He knew you were coming home to-day. Oh, Gerty, do you know I have seen your portrait, though it isn't finished yet; and you look—you look like an inspired prophetess. I never saw anything so

lovely!"

"Indeed," said Miss White with a

smile; but she was pleased.

"When the public see that, they will know what you are really like, Gerty—instead of buying your photograph in a shop from a collection of ballet-dancers and circus women. That is where you ought to be—in the Royal Academy: not in a shop-window with any mountebank. Oh, Gerty, do you know who is your latest rival in the stationer's windows? The woman who dresses herself as a mermaid and swims in a transparent tank, below water. Fin-fin they call

her. I suppose you have not been reading the newspapers?"

" Not much."

"There is a fine collection for you up-stairs. And there is an article about you, in the Islington Young Men's Improvement Association. It is signed Trismegistus. Oh, it is beautiful, Gerty—quite full of poetry. It says you are an enchantress striking the rockiest heart, and a well of pure emotion springs up. It says you have the beauty of Mrs. Siddons and the genius of Rachel."

" Dear me !"

"Ah, you don't half believe in yourself, Gerty," said the younger sister, with a critical air. "It is the weak point about you. You depreciate yourself, and you make light of other people's belief in you. However, you can't go against your own genius—that is too strong for you. As soon as you get on the stage, then you forget to laugh at yourself."

"Really, Carry, has papa been giving

you a lecture about me?'

"Oh, laugh away; but you know it is true. And a woman like you—you were going to throw yourself away on a—"

"Carry! there are some things that are better not talked about," said Gertrude White curtly, as she rose and went

in-doors.

Miss White betook herself to her professional and domestic duties with much alacrity and content, for she believed that by her skill as à letter-writer she could easily ward off the importunities of her too passionate lover. It is true that at times, and in despite of her playful evasion, she was visited by a strange dread. However far away, the cry of a strong man in his agony has something terrible in it. And what was this he wrote to her in simple and calm words?

"Are our paths diverging, Gerty? and, if that is so, what will be the end of it for me and for you? Are you going away from me? After all that has passed, are we to be separated in the future, and you will go one way, and I must go the other way, with all the world between us, so that I shall never see you again? Why will you not speak? You hint of lingering doubts and hesitations. Why have you not the courage

to be true to yourself—to be true to your woman's heart—to take your life in your own hands and shape it so that it shall be worthy of you?"

Well, she did speak, in answer to this piteous prayer. She was a skilful letter-

"It may seem very ungrateful in an actress, you know, dear Keith, to contest the truth of anything said by Shakespeare; but I don't think, with all humility, there ever was so much nonsense put into so small a space as there is in these lines that everybody quotes at your head.

'To thine own self be true; And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

'Be true to yourself,' people say to you. But surely every one who is conscious of failings, and deceitfulness, and unworthy instincts, would rather try to be a little better than himself? Where else would there be any improvement, in an individual, or in society? You have to fight against yourself, instead of blindly yielding to your wish of the moment. I know I, for one, should not like to trust myself. I wish to be better than I am-to be other than I am-and I naturally look around for help and guidance. Then you find people recommending you absolutely diverse ways of life, and with all show of authority and reason, too; and in such an important matter ought not one to consider before making a final choice?"

Miss White's studies in mental and moral science, as will readily be perceived, had not been of a profound character. But he did not stay to detect the obvious fallacy of her argument. It was all a maze of words to him. The drowning man does not hear questions addressed to him. He only knows that the waters are closing over him—and that there is no arm stretched out to save.

"I do not know myself for two minutes together," she wrote. "What is my present mood, for example? Why, one of absolute and ungovernable hatred—hatred of the woman who would take my place if I were to retire from the stage. I have been thinking of it all the morning—picturing myself as an unknown nonentity, vanished from the eyes of the public, in a social grave. And I have to listen to people praising the new

actress; and I have to read columns about her in the papers; and I am unable to say, 'Why, all that and more was written and said about me!' What has an actress to show for herself if once she leaves the stage? People forget her the next day; no record is kept of her triumphs. A painter now, who spends years of his life in earnest study—it does not matter to him whether the public applaud or not, whether they forget or not. He has always before him these evidences of his genius; and among his friends he can choose his fit audience. Even when he is an old man, and listening to the praises of all the young fellows who have caught the taste of the public, he can at all events show something of his work as testimony of what he was. But an actress, the moment she leaves the stage, is a snuffed-out candle. has her stage-dresses to prove that she acted certain parts; and she may have a scrap-book with cuttings of criticisms from the provincial papers! You know, dear Keith, all this is very heart-sickening; and I am quite aware that it will trouble you-as it troubles me, and sometimes makes me ashamed of myself-but then it is true, and it is better for both of us that it should be known. I could not undertake to be a hypocrite all my life. I must confess to you, whatever be the consequences, that I distinctly made a mistake when I thought it was such an easy thing to adopt a whole new set of opinions and tastes and habits. The old Adam, as your Scotch ministers would say, keeps coming back, to jog my elbow as an old familiar friend. And you would not have me conceal the fact from you? I know how difficult it will be for you to understand or sympathize with me. You have never been brought up to a profession, every inch of your progress in which you have to contest against rivals; and you don't know how jealous one is of one's position when it is gained. I think I would rather be made an old woman of sixty to-morrow morning than get up and go out and find my name printed in small letters in the theatrebills. And if I try to imagine what my feelings would be if I were to retire from the stage, surely that is in your interest as well as mine. How would you like to be tied for life to a person who was continually looking back to her past career

with regret, and who was continually looking around her for objects of jealous and envious anger? Really, I try to do my duty by everybody. All the time I was at Castle Dare I tried to picture myself living there, and taking an interest in the fishing and the farms and so on: and if I was haunted by the dread that, instead of thinking about the fishing and the farms, I should be thinking of the triumphs of the actress who had taken my place in the attention of the public, I had to recognise the fact. It is wretched and pitiable, no doubt; but look at my training. If you tell me to be true to myself-that is myself. And at all events I feel more contented that I have made a frank confession."

Surely it was a fair and reasonable letter. But the answer that came to it had none of its pleasant common sense. It was all a wild appeal-a calling on her not to fall away from the resolves she had made-not to yield to those despondent moods. There was but the one way to get rid of her doubts and hesitations: let her at once cast aside the theatre and all its associations and malign influences, and become his wife, and he would take her by the hand, and lead her away from that besetting temptation. Could she forget the day on which she gave him the red rose? She was a woman; she could not forget.

She folded up the letter; and held it in her hand; and went into her father's room. There was a certain petulant and irritated look on her face.

"He says he is coming up to London, papa," she said abruptly.

"I suppose you mean Sir Keith Macleod," said he.

"Well, of course. And can you imagine anything more provoking-just at present, when we are rehearsing this new play, and when all the time I can afford, Mr. Lemuel wants for the portrait? I declare the only time I feel quiet, secure, safe from the interference of anybody—and more especially the worry of the postman-is when I am having that portrait painted; the intense stillness of the studio is delightful, and you have beautiful things all around As soon as I open the door, I come out into the world again, with constant vexations and apprehensions all around. Why, I don't know but that at

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any minute Sir Keith Macleod may not come walking up to the gate!"

"And why should that possibility keep you in terror?" said her father calmly.

"Well, not in terror," said she, looking down, "but—but anxiety, at least; and a very great deal of anxiety. Because I know he will want explanations and promises, and I don't know what—just at the time I am most worried and unsettled about everything I mean to do."

Her father regarded her for a second or two.

"Well?" said he.

"Isn't that enough?" she said, with some indignation.

"Oh," said he coldly, "you have merely come to me to pour out your tale of wrongs. You don't want me to interfere, I suppose. Am I to condole with you?"

"I don't know why you should speak to me like that, at all events," said she. "Well, I will tell you," he responded, in the same cool, matter-of-fact way. "When you told me you meant to give up the theatre and marry Sir Keith Macleod, my answer was that you were likely to make a mistake. I thought you were a fool to throw away your position as an actress; but I did not urge the point. I merely left the matter in your own hands. Well, you went your own way. For a time your head was filled with romance-Highland chieftains, and gillies, and red-deer, and baronial halls, and all that stuff; and no doubt you persuaded that young man that you believed in the whole thing fervently, and there was no end to the names you called theatres and everybody connected with Not only that, but you must needs drag me up to the Highlands to pay a visit to a number of strangers with whom both you and I lived on terms of apparent hospitality and good-will, but in reality on terms of very great restraint. Very well. You begin to discover that your romance was a little bit removed

you say so !" she exclaimed.

"Hear me out," the father said patiently. "I don't want to offend you, Gerty, but I wish to speak plainly. You have an amazing faculty for making yourself believe anything that suits you.

from the actual state of affairs—at least,

I have not the least doubt but that you have persuaded yourself that the change in your manner towards Keith Macleod was owing to your discovering that their way of life was different from what you expected; or perhaps that you still had a lingering fancy for the stage-anything you like. I say you could make yourself believe anything. But I must point out to you that any acquaintance of yoursan outsider—would probably look on the marked attentions Mr. Lemuel has been paying you; and on your sudden conversion to the art-theories of himself and his friends; and on the revival of your ambitious notions about tragedy-

"You need say no more," said she, with her face grown quickly red, and with a certain proud impatience in her look.

"Oh, yes, but I mean to say more," her father said quietly, "unless you wish to leave the room. I mean to say this: that when you have persuaded yourself somehow that you would rather reconsider your promise to Sir Keith Macleod -am I right?-that it does seem rather hard that you should grow ill-tempered with him and accuse him of being the author of your troubles and vexations. I am no great friend of his-I disliked his coming here at the outset-but I will say he is a manly young fellow, and I know he would not try to throw the blame of any change in his own sentiments on to some one else. And another thing I mean to say is, that your playing the part of the injured Griselda is not quite becoming, Gerty; at all events, I have no sympathy with it. If you come and tell me frankly that you have grown tired of Macleod, and wish somehow to break your promise to him, then I can advise you."

"And what would you advise, then," said she, with equal calmness, "supposing that you choose to throw all the blame

"I would say that it is a woman's privilege to be allowed to change her mind; and that the sooner you told him

so the better.' "Very simple!" she said, with a flavor of sarcasm in her tone. "Perhaps you don't know that man as I know

"Then you are afraid of him?"

She was silent.

"These are certainly strange relations

between two people who talk of getting married. But, in any case, he cannot suffocate you in a cave, for you live in London; and in London it is only an occasional young man about Shoreditch who smashes his sweetheart with a poker when she proposes to marry somebody else. He might, it is true, summon you for breach of promise; but he would prefer not to be laughed at. Come, come, Gerty, get rid of all this nonsense. Tell him frankly the position; and don't come bothering me with pretended wrongs and injuries.

"Do you think I ought to tell him?" said she slowly.

" Certainly.

She went away and wrote to Macleod; but she did not wholly explain her position. She only begged once more for time to consider her own feelings. It would be better that he should not come just now to London. And if she were convinced, after honest and earnest questioning of herself, that she had not the courage and strength of mind necessary for the great change in her life she had proposed, would it not be better for his happiness and hers that the confession should be made?

Macleod did not answer that letter; and she grew alarmed. Several days elapsed. One afternoon, coming home from rehearsal, she saw a card lying on

the tray on the hall-table.

' Papa," said she, with her face somewhat paler than usual, "Sir Keith Macleod is in London !"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A CLIMAX.

SHE was alone in the drawing-room. She heard the bell ring, and the sound of some one being let in by the front Then there was a man's step in the passage outside. The craven heart grew still with dread.

But it was with a great gentleness that he came forward to her, and took both of her trembling hands, and said-

"Gerty, you do not think that I have come to be angry with you-not that !"

He could not but see with those anxious, pained, tender eyes of his that she was very pale; and her heart was now beating so fast-after the first shock of fright-that for a second or two she

could not answer him. She withdrew her hands. And all this time he was regarding her face with an eager, wistful

ntensity.

"It is—so strange—for me to see you again," said he, almost in a bewildered way. "The days have been very long without you—I had almost forgotten what you were like—and now—and now—oh, Gerty, you are not angry with me for troubling you!"

She withdrew a step, and sat down.
"There is a chair," said she: he did
not seem to understand what she meant.
He was trying to read her thoughts in
her eyes, in her manner, in the pale face;
and his earnest gaze did not leave her for

a moment.

" I know you must be greatly troubled and worried, Gerty; and-and I tried not to come; but your last letter was like the end of the world for me. I thought everything might go then. But then I said, 'Are you a man, and to be cast down by that? She is bewildered by some passing doubt; her mind is sick for the moment; you must go to her, and recall her, and awake her to herself; and you will see her laugh again!' And so I am here, Gerty, and if I am troubling you at a bad time-well, it is only for a moment or two; and you will not mind that? You and I are so different, Gerty! You are all-perfect. You do not want the sympathy of any one. You are satisfied with your own thinkings; you are a world to But I cannot live without yourself. being in sympathy with you. It is a craving-it is like a fire. Well, I did not come here to talk about myself."

"I am sorry you took so much trouble," she said, in a low voice—and there was a nervous restraint in her manner. "You might have answered my letter

instead."

"Your letter!" he exclaimed.
"Why, Gerty, I could not talk to the letter. It was not yourself. It was no more part of yourself than a glove. You will forget that letter—and all the letters that ever you wrote—let them go away like the leaves of former autumns that are quite forgotten; and instead of the letters, be yourself—as I see you now—proud-spirited and noble—my beautiful Gerty—my wife!"

He made a step forward: and caught

her hand. She did not see that there were sudden tears in the imploring eyes. She only knew that this vehemence seemed to suffocate her.

"Keith," said she, and she gently disengaged her hand, "will you sit down, and we will talk over this matter calmly, if you please; but I think it would have been better if you left us both to explain ourselves in writing. It is difficult to say certain things without giving pain—and you know I don't wish to do that—""

"I know," said he, with an absent look on his face; and he took the chair she had indicated and sat down beside her; and now he was no longer regard-

ing her eyes.

"It is 'quite true that you and I are different," said she, with a certain resolution in her tone, as if she was determined to get through with a painful task—" very seriously different in everything, in our natures, and habits, and opinions, and all the rest of it. How we ever became acquainted I don't know; I am afraid it was not a fortunate accident for either of us. Well—"

Here she stopped. She had not prepared any speech; and she suddenly found herself without a word to say, when words, words, words were all she eagerly wanted in order to cover her retreat. And as for him, he gave her no help. He sat silent, his eyes downcast, a tired and haggard look on his face.

"Well," she resumed, with a violent effort, "I was saying, perhaps we made a mistake in our estimates of each other. That is a very common thing; and sometimes people find out in time, and sometimes they don't. I am sure you agree with me, Keith?"

"Oh yes, Gerty," he answered ab-

sently.

"And then — and then — I am quite ready to confess that I may have been mistaken about myself; and I am afraid you encouraged the mistake. You know, I am quite sure I am not the heroic person you tried to make me believe I was. I have found myself out, Keith; and just in time, before making a terrible blunder. I am very glad that it is myself I have to blame. I have got very little resolution; 'unstable as water,' that is the phrase: perhaps I should not like other people to apply it

to me; but I am quite ready to apply it to myself, for I know it to be true; and it would be a great pity if any one's life were made miserable through my fault. Of course, I thought for a time that I was a very courageous and resolute person-you flattered me into believing it; but I have found myself out since. Don't you understand, Keith?'

He gave a sign of assent; his silence was more embarrassing than any protest

or any appeal.

Oh, I could choose such a wife for you, Keith-a wife worthy of you-a woman as womanly as you are manly: and I can think of her being proud to be your wife, and how all the people who came to your house would admire her and love her-

He looked up in a bewildered way.

"Gerty," he said, "I don't quite know what it is you are speaking about. You are speaking as if some strange thing had come between us; and I was to go one way, and you another, through all the years to come. Why, that is all nonsense! See! I can take your hand -that is the hand that gave me the red rose. You said you loved me, then; you cannot have changed already. I have not changed. What is there that would try to separate us? Only words, Gerty! -a cloud of words, humming round the ears and confusing one. Oh, I have grown heart-sick of them in your letters, Gerty; until I put the letters away altogether, and I said, 'They are no more than the leaves of last autumn: when I see Gerty, and take her hand, all the words will disappear then.' Your hand is not made of words, Gerty; it is warm, and kind, and gentle-it is a woman's hand. Do you think words are able to make me let go my grasp of it? I put them away. I do not hear any more of them. I only know that you are beside me, Gerty; and I hold your hand !"

He was no longer the imploring lover: there was a strange elation, a sort of

triumph, in his tone.

"Why, Gerty, do you know why I have come to London? It is to carry you off-not with the pipes yelling to drown your screams, as Flora Macdonald's mother was carried off by her lover, but taking you by the hand, and waiting for the smile on your face. That

we shall be plagued with no more words then. Oh, I understand it all, sweetheart-your doubts of yourself, and your thinking about the stage: it is all a return of the old and evil influences that you and I thought had been shaken off forever. Perhaps that was a little mistake; but no matter. You will shake them off now, Gerty. You will show yourself to have the courage of a woman. It is but one step, and you are free! Gerty," said he, with a smile on his face, do you know what that is?"

He took from his pocket a printed document, and opened it. Certain words there that caught her eye caused her to turn even paler than she had been; and she would not even touch the paper.

He put it back.

Are you frightened, sweetheart? No! You will take this one step, and you will see how all those fancies and doubts will disappear forever! Gerty, when I got this paper into my pocket to-day, and came out into the street, I was laughing to myself; and a poor woman said, 'You are very merry, sir; will you give a poor old woman a copper?' 'Well,' I said, 'here is a sovereign for you, and perhaps you will be merry too'—and I would have given every one a sovereign if I had had it to give. But do you know what I was laughing at -I was laughing to think what Captain Macallum would do when you went on board as my wife. For he put up the flags for you when you were only a visitor coming to Dare; but when I take you by the hand, Gerty, as you are going along the gangway, and when we get on to the paddle-box, and Captain Macallum comes forward, and when I tell him that you are now my wife, why he will not know what to do to welcome you! And Hamish, too-I think Hamish will go mad that day. And then, sweetheart, you will go along to Erraidh, and you will go up to the signal-house on the rocks, and we will fire a cannon to tell the men at Dubh Artach to look out. And what will be the message you will signal to them, Gerty, with the great white boards? Will you send them your compliments, which is the English way? Ah, but I know what they will answer to you. They will answer in the Gaelic; and this will is the way out of all our troubles, Gerty; be the answer that will come to you from the lighthouse—'A hundred thousand welcomes to the young bride!' And you will soon learn the Gaelic, too; and you will get used to our rough ways; and you will no longer have any fear of the sea. Some day you will get so used to us that you will think the very sea-birds to be your friends, and that they know when you are going away and when you are coming back, and that they know you will not allow any one to shoot at them or steal their eggs in the springtime. But if you would rather not have our rough ways, Gerty, I will go with you wherever you please-did I not say that to you, sweetheart? There are many fine houses in Essex-I saw them when I went down to Woodford with Major Stewart. And for your sake I would give up the sea altogether; and I would think no more about boats: and I would go to Essex with you if I was never to see one of the sea-birds again. That is what I will do for your sake, Gerty, if you wish-though I thought you would be kind to the poor people around us at Dare, and be proud of their love for you, and get used to our homely But I will go into Essex, if you like, Gerty-so that the sea shall not frighten you; and you will never be asked to go into one of our rough boats any more. It shall be just as you wish, Gerty; whether you want to go away into Essex, or whether you will come away with me to the north, that I will say to Captain Macallum, 'Captain Macallum, what will you do now ?-that the English lady has been brave enough to leave her home and her friends to live with us; and what are we to do now to show that we are proud and glad of her coming?' "

Well, tears did gather in her eyes as she listened to this wild, despairing cry, and her hands were working nervously with a book she had taken from the table; but what answer could she make? In self-defence against this vehemence she

adopted an injured air.

"Really, Keith," said she, in a low voice, "you do not seem to pay any attention to anything I say or write. Surely I have prepared you to understand that my consent to what you propose is quite impossible—for the present, at least? I asked for time to consider."

"I know, I know," said he. "You

would wait, and let those doubts close in upon you. But here is a way to defeat them all. Sweetheart, why do you not rise, and give me your hand, and say 'Yes'? There would be no more doubts at all!"

"But surely, Keith, you must understand me when I say that rushing into a marriage in this mad way is a very dangerous thing. You won't look or listen to anything I suggest. And really—well, I think you should have some little consideration for me—"

He regarded her for a moment, with a look almost of wonder; and then he said,

hastilv-

"Perhaps you are right, Gerty; I should not have been so selfish. Butbut you cannot tell how I have suffered -all through the night-time thinking and thinking, and saying to myself that surely you could not be going away from me; and in the morning, oh! the emptiness of all the sea and the sky, and you not there to be asked whether you would go out to Colonsay, or round to Loch Scridain, or go to see the rock-pigeons fly out of the caves. It is not a long time since you were with us, Gerty, but to me it seems longer than half-a-dozen of winters; for in the winter I said to myself, 'Ah, well, she is now working off the term of her imprisonment in the theatre; and when the days get long again, and the blue skies come again, she will use the first of her freedom to come and see the sea-birds about Dare.' But this last time, Gerty-well, I had strange doubts and misgivings; and sometimes I dreamed in the night-time that you were going away from me altogether—on board a ship—and I called to you and you would not even turn your head. Oh, Gerty, I can see you now as you were then—your head turned partly aside; and strangers round you; and the ship was going farther and farther away; and if I jumped into the sea, how could I overtake you? But at least the waves would come over me, and I should have forgetfulness."

"Yes, but you seem to think that my letters to you had no meaning whatever," said she almost petulantly. "Surely I tried to explain clearly enough what our relative positions

vere?"

"You had got back to the influence

of the theatre, Gerty-I would not believe the things you wrote. I said. 'You will go now and rescue her from herself. She is only a girl, she is timid; she believes the foolish things that are said by the people around her.' And then, do you know, sweetheart," said he, with a sad smile on his face, "I thought if I were to go and get this paper, and suddenly show it to youwell, it is not the old romantic way, but I thought you would frankly say 'Yes!' and have an end of all this pain. Why, Gerty, you have been many a romantic heroine in the theatre; and you know they are not long in making up their minds. And the heroines in our old songs, too: do you know the song of Lizzie Lindsay, who 'kilted her coats o' green satin,' and was off to the Highlands before any one could interfere with her? That is the way to put an end to Gerty, be a brave woman! Be worthy of yourself! Sweetheart, have you the courage now to 'kilt your coats o' green satin'? And I know that in the Highlands you will have as proud a welcome as ever Lord Ronald Macdonald gave his bride from the south,

Then the strange smile left his face. "I am tiring you, Gerty," said he. "Well, you are very much excited, Keith," said she; "and you won't listen to what I have to say. I think your coming to London was a mistake. You are giving both of us a great deal of pain; and, as far as I can see, to no purpose. We could much better have arrived at a proper notion of each other's feelings by writing; and the matter is so serious as to require consideration. If it is the business of a heroine to plunge two people into life-long misery without thinking twice about it, then I am not a heroine. Her 'coats o' green satin'!—I should like to know what was the end of that story. Now really, dear Keith, you must bear with me if I say that I have a little more prudence than you; and I must put a check on your headstrong Now I know there is no use in our continuing this conversation: you are too anxious and eager to mind any-

thing I say. I will write to you."
"Gerty," said he slowly, "I know
you are not a selfish or cruel woman;

and I do not think you would willingly pain any one. But if you came to me and said, 'Answer my question; for it is a question of life or death to me,' I should not answer that I would write a letter to you.''

"You may call me selfish if you like," said she, with some show of temper, "but I tell you once for all that I cannot bear the fatigue of interviews such as this, and I think it was very inconsiderate of you to force it on me. And as for answering a question, the position we are in is not to be explained with a 'Yes' or a 'No'—it is mere romance and foily to speak of people running away and getting married; for I suppose that is what you mean. I will write to you, if you like; and give you every explanation in my power. But I don't think we shall arrive at any better understanding by your accusing me of selfishness or cruelty."

"Gerty!"

"And if it comes to that," she continued, with a flush of angry daring in her face, "perhaps I could bring a similar charge against you, with some better show of reason."

"That I was ever selfish or cruel as regards you!" said he, with a vague wonder, as if he had not heard aright.

"Shall I tell you, then," said she, "as you seem bent on recriminations? Perhaps you thought I did not understand?—that I was too frightened to understand? Oh, I knew very well!"

"I don't know what you mean," said

he, in absolute bewilderment.

"What!—not the night we were caught in the storm in crossing to Iona?—and when I clung to your arm you shook me off, so that you should be free to strike out for yourself if we were thrown into the water. Oh, I don't blame you! it was only natural. But I think you should be cautious in accusing others of selfishness."

For a moment he stood looking at her, with something like fear in his eyes—fear and horror, and a doubt as to whether this thing was possible; and then came the helpless cry of a breaking heart—

"Oh, God, Gerty! I thought you loved me—and you believed that!"—Good Words.

THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA.

BY ARTHUR J. EVANS.

ENGLISH critics have failed to realise the true significance of the Austrian occupation of Bosnia. It is not a mere step towards the disintegration of Turkey in Europe. It is not a mere compensation to the "Monarchy" for the loss of Lombardy and Venice, or an equivalent for Kars and Batoum. Rather it is part of a far greater process, bringing with it as one of its results the certain dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy as at present understood.

To begin with, not to waste words, let us call the proceeding "annexation" at once. The whole thing had been resolved upon at least as early as 1875, and well before the troubles in Bosnia and Herzegovina had begun to attract the attention of Europe. The project had always been a favorite one with the Emperor Francis Joseph, and when the Austrian agents in the two Turkish provinces indicated by their reports that Ottoman misrule was about to bear its inevitable fruits, and that a Christian insurrection was imminent, the Court and Military Party in Vienna resolved to profit by it. To this end the Emperor's Dalmatian journey was planned. Every effort was made to give it the air of a great political demonstration. Dalmatian Slavs were flattered. insurgents took heart. When the Emperor left Dalmatia the frontier officials had got their cue to favor the insurrection. Were it worth while, I could bring forward the most convincing evidence on this head. Reinforcements-Dalmatians, Croats, Serbs, Slovenes, Bohemians, Italians-were allowed to pass into Bosnia and Herzegovina unhindered. The committees in the various Dalmatian and Croatian towns were allowed to collect military stores for their insurgent kinsmen, which were trailed across the frontier at various spots that might be named, under the very eyes of the Austrian officials. Russia was not then ready, and the Austrian "peacemaker" would willingly have received the European mandate for the tranquillisation of Bosnia at that moment. But that did not suit St. Petersburg. While Russia

prepared to make her voice heard in the future resettlement, the Serbian and Montenegrin war served her as an intermezzo. Austria was kept waiting; Hungary grew restive, and sops had to be thrown to the Magyars. It became necessary to kidnap a few insurgent leaders and to seize a few rusty cannon, which was effected by the Austrian authorities with a great flourish of trumpets. Lest the Hungarians should suspect the Cabinet of Vienna of any secret complicity with the aspirations of the Serbian national party in Bosnia, Count Andrassy could point to the fact that between the autumn of 1875 and the summer of 1878 from sixty to a hundred thousand Bosnian refugees of Serbian or Orthodox belief perished on Austro-Hungarian soil from hunger, exposure, and their attendant diseases. Passive atrocity and active chicane both served their turn.

So the time came when the current of events was too strong for Magyar oppo-The military party had its way, and the European mandate was obtained from the Congress of Berlin for the entry of the Austro-Hungarian troops into Bosnia. Count Andrassy still talked of "temporary" occupation; but soldiers have a habit of plain speaking, and General Philippovich, in addressing a deputation of the citizens of Slavonian Brood on the very eve of the passage of the Save, after hinting at the difficulties that might be experienced from the present race of Bosnians, did not hesitate to express his conviction that "under wise government the next generation would grow up loyal subjects of the Emperor-King." Less began to be talked, even at Pesth, about the purely temporary character of the occupation. The Hungarians were now told that the troops were going into Bosnia "to put down the Serbs. was a measure " for the protection of the Mahometan population of Bosnia and Herzegovina." Count Andrassy would fain have posed as "the friend of Turkey." But unfortunately for this official theory the astute Asiatic would throw difficulties into the way of the conclusion of the Convention which was to smooth over all the Count's difficulties. The Porte easily perceived that whether the Court of Vienna was sincere or not in its professions, Austria, once in possession of Bosnia, would never willingly resign its grip. The temporary occupation theory was obviously a hollow pretence, and that being the case, why should the Sultan's advisers court the implacable hostility of Moslem fanaticism just to gratify Austrian vanity with a diplomatic triumph? The Porte knew besides that it was powerless to control the will of the Bosnian population.

There was just this difference between the policy of the military party and that of Count Andrassy. The Count seriously wished to make things pleasant for the Turks, and to use Bosnia as a lever for fresh diplomatic influence at Stamboul. The Generals and Fieldmarshallieutenants did not care a rap about the Turks. What they wanted was to test their new reserve organisation, to gain a province, and—it might be—to stand a fair chance of a shindy. Once more the Military Party triumphed, and this time in bloodshed.

There was something dramatic in the transformation of Austrian policy which resulted from the desperate resistance of the Bosnian Mahometans. Although the Austrian Consul-General in Serajevo, Herr Wassich, had repeatedly warned the Government that resistance was to be apprehended, his warnings seem to have been little heeded. The only chance of avoiding bloodshed lay in making an exhibition of force so imposing that even the most fanatic of the native Begs should see in the Swabian invasion the irresistible decree of Kismet. But the Cabinet of Vienna preferred to run the risk of encouraging opposition to confessing by the magnitude of its preparations that Bosnia was implacably hostile to its pacifiers. General Philippovich is said to have asked for 150,000 men. He was allowed little more than half that number.

Still it was generally believed at headquarters—as I myself can testify—that the troops, in sporting parlance, would have a "walk over." The Save was crossed, and the first day's march was signalised by nothing more inconvenient than the breakdown of the commissariat, a

hurricane, and flood. Flattering deputations of Turkish' functionaries had audiences with the Commander-in-Chief. Correspondents-among whom I must rank myself-then present in the camp, had ample opportunity for imbibing the official theory of the occupation as it existed up to that moment. This opportunity was supplied them, free gratis and for nothing, by the presence at headquarters of an agent of the Austrian Official Press Bureau, who had been despatched from Vienna to supply correspondents with the only authentic information, and to kindly correct their telegrams when at variance with official Austrian" notions. This gentleman (whom I have never ceased to regard as the highest product of "Austrian" isation) was at this juncture employed in disseminating among the representatives of the press a series of formulas almost laudatory of the official Ottoman. We heard very little about the native Bosnians at all, but very much about the Turkish Mutessarifs, and Kaimakams, and Mudirs, who for their exemplary subservience were to retain their offices under the ægis of his Apostolic Majesty. It did not strike this gentleman as at all strange that Austrian intervention should be employed to maintain undisturbed the scum of Ottoman corruption. But that was the way the wind blew at that moment from Vienna, and the gentleman with the wooden accent worked like a windmill.

What I may call "the Andrassy period " of the occupation lasted only three days and five hours. There was at headquarters a Captain Milinkovich, who having been Austrian Vice-Consul at Serajevo, was attached to the general staff as capable of giving valuable advice. Rumors of impending opposition in the passes of the Upper Bosnia valley began to pour in; but Captain Milinkovich, who "knew the Bosnians," expressed very decided opinions that it would all end in smoke. Give him, he said, a squadron of hussars and a sufficient sum of money, and he would ride forward and buy provisions in the very pass where the insurgents were supposed to be. The Vice-Consul and the fifth squadron of the seventh hussars were despatched on their mission. A day's ride brought them to Maglaj. From Maglaj they rode forward next morning towards Zepshe-more than half of them never to return. One of the surviving hussars spurred his exhausted horse into camp with the news that the bulk of that splendid troop lay slain and mutilated in the defile beyond Maglaj, and from that moment the pacific period of the occupation was at an end. The whole fabric of the official "theory" collapsed. Martial law had to be proclaimed, and two days later the disillusionment was completed by the discovery that battalions of Turkish regular troops were fighting in the ranks of the "insurgents." From that moment General Philippovich and not Count Andrassy was master of the situation; if indeed events in Bosnia could be described as even under the General's control.

The officials at Vienna were not quite beaten yet, however. A desperate effort was first made to show that the resistance in Bosnia was due to the "Panslavists" and the Serbian element of the population, and not to the benevolent Turkish officials and the steady-going native Mahometans. But facts were too strong even for this revised edition of the official theory. Christian insurgents do not bear before them green flags with a crescent device. It was soon confessed, even by the official world, that the force against which Austria had to contend in Bosnia was mainly, if not exclusively, inspired by Mahometan fanaticism. The Head Centre of the "Insurgents" was the fanatical Hadji Loya, who, wounded, standing on a minaret, directed the fearful struggle in the streets of Serajevo. The other commanders, almost to a man, were Begs, or great native landholders, the renegade descendants of the old Slavonic nobility of Bosnia as it existed before the Turkish conquest. What rayah insurgents there were—and it must be remembered that the Christian insurrection against the Turkish Government and the Mahometan landlords had prolonged itself down to the very moment of the Austrian invasion-wisely resolved for the most part to submit to the new "occu-' The bands in Southern Bosnia under their chief, Golub Babich, sent a friendly deputation to General Jovanovich, and one band at least, but these

chiefly Roman Catholics, gave active assistance to the Emperor's troops.

As to the attitude of Serbia and Montenegro, a very elementary knowledge of the actual position of affairs in the Illyrian triangle would serve to exonerate the little principalities from the charge of lending active assistance to the Mahometans of Bosnia. Hateful as the Austrian occupation is to both Serbs and Montenegrins, fatal as it appears to them to be to the greater aspirations of Serbian race, there is at present a very active factor to be considered, which has the effect of almost forcing Serbia and Montenegro for the moment into the Austrian camp. The agitation of this spring in Albania which originated on the publication of the original treaty of St. Stefano, and which culminated in the formation of the Albanian League, did not attract nearly the attention it deserved. The Congress of Berlin seems to have taken very little count of the Albanians. But, as diplomatists have been rudely reminded by the murder of Mehemet Ali, the Skipetar is quite capable of asserting his existence, and the Albanian League has pledged itself to resist to the uttermost a settlement which hands over to Serbia, Montenegro, and Austria, territories where part of the population at least is Skipetar, and which Albanian pride has always included within the national limits. It was natural that community of interest should lead the Albanians to seek an alliance with the Bosnian Begs, and there can be no doubt that even in the earliest engagements Albanian volunteers were fighting in the Bosnian ranks against the hated Swabians, Indeed I noticed one myself among the slain after the storming of the "insurgent" camp at Maglaj. But as the Austrians advance into the pashalik of Novipazar, where a perceptible Albanian ingredient is to be found among the native population, they may expect to be opposed by a more formidable contingent. The difficulties of any advance along that narrow mountain neck which acts as a wall of partition between Serbia and Montenegro, and which forms the wasp's waist between Bosnia and Albania, are so great that Austria might well be inclined to bid for something more than the benevolent neutrality of these two free as to Kurshumlje and Leshkovatz, Montenegro not yet in possession of her new acquisitions in the Moratcha valley, might well be desirous of securing Austrian aid against Albanian opposition.

To an outsider an actual alliance dictated by these obvious common interests between the monarchy and its two small Slavonic neighbors might have been considered at least within the bounds of possibility. Such, however, has been rendered almost out of the question by the frantic impolicy of Austro-Hungarian statesmen, which has devoted two years to repressive measures against the Serbs within the borders of the Empire-Kingdom, and to thwarting the legitimate aspirations of the Serbian principalities outside the Austrian limits. This "Austrian" policy, which reached its lowest depth of meanness in the efforts to cut off Montenegro from the sea-coast, to which she had fought her way, and in the actual ravishment of Spizza from the hands of its liberators, has borne its natural fruit. Although political considerations, due principally to the attitude of the Albanians, have led Serbia proper, Montenegro, and the minority of the Pravoslav population of Bosnia to hold aloof from the contest, a minority of Bosnian Serbs have actually joined the Begs and made common cause with them against the Austrians.

As to what that struggle may bring forth, even in the immediate future, it would be hardly wise to hazard a prediction. That Austria-Hungary will ultimately succeed in her present undertaking, is probable enough; but at what a cost in men and money! With what far-reaching effect on her own internal constitution, and leaving behind her what a heritage of hate! Already we see the conflict spreading from Bosnia to Albania, nor is it possible to say what freak of Magyar animosity, what triumph of Italian or Muscovite intrigue might not convert the temporarily politic neutrality of the Pravoslavs into active hostility. And yet, paradox as it may seem, the opposition which the Austrian troops are encountering from the Bosnian fanatics might no doubt be urged as the best justification for the present solution of the Bosnian difficulty. Before order and good government of any kind could be

Serbian principalities. Serbia, anxious re-established in the province, it was necessary to break the power of the haughty and oppressive ruling caste, whose tyranny provoked three years ago that "beginning of evils," the agrarian uprising of the Christian Serbs. The very desperation with which the Begs and their Mahometan supporters are resisting the "Swabian" invaders only shows their inexorable determination to accept no compromise. They at least have fully realised the issue that was at stake, so far as they themselves were concerned: the overthrow of their caste privileges, the intrusion of the hated Giaour, and the raising of the despised Rayah to an equality with themselves; and they have chosen to die hard. "I tell you," said one of the leading Begs of Bosnia to me, "the lot of the Rayah shall be worse than before." "Rather than submit to that," said another, speaking then of Midhat's Constitution, and the threat-ened equality of the Rayah, "we will shut ourselves up in our houses, with our wives and our children, and with our own hands we will slay our wives and our children, and last of all we will cut our own throats with our own handjars." * It is certainly hard to see who, besides Austria, could have been entrusted with the reduction of intransigentes such as these. Europe could hardly have called upon the Porte to undertake a war against the true-believing Bosnian subjects on behalf of Rayah outlaws. The Pravoslav majority of the Bosnian population would certainly have preferred the intervention of Serbia-but was Serbia equal to the task? Austria, both as a border-state chronically affected by the disturbances in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and as the official guardian of the hundred thousand and odd Rayah refugees from those provinces, still lingering out their exile on her borders, had certainly some claim to interfere, while her military might alone have qualified her to interfere with some prospect of success. Only, that salutary measure was too long postponed. Only, it was so inaugurated that Mahometan fanaticism

^{*} I have recorded this speech in my Illyrian Letters-Correspondence from the Illyrian Prov-inces of Bosnia, &c., addressed to the "Man-chester Guardian." London: Longmans. 1878.

did not feel at once the paralysing arm of Kismet. Only, it was entered upon at last after Austria-Hungary had courted for years the hostility of the Christian as well as the Infidel population of Bosnia.

Let us assume, however, that Austria-Hungary ultimately succeeds even now in breaking down the native resistance. The inevitable consequence will be, so far as can be foreseen, the incorporation of the hardly-conquered province in the Hapsburg Monarchy. But this involves at the outset fundamental changes in the Constitution of the Empire-Kingdom.

The question at once arises—To which half of the Monarchy is Bosnia to belong? * So far as historic claims are to be allowed, it is evident that this old fief of the Crown of St. Stephen should be assigned to the Hungarian kingdom. Down at least to the Treaty of Passarovitz, in 1718, the Hapsburg kings of Hungary asserted their titular claim to Bosnia. So far again as geographical considerations weigh, it is evident that Bosnia belongs by nature to that part of the Monarchy which possesses Slavonia and Croatia, and this consideration again assigns it to Hungary. But Dalmatia, as being merely a strip of Bosnian and Herzegovinian coastland, cut off by the maritime rapacity of Venice, and inherited by Austria, must go with the mainland provinces. One of the evident advantages that would accrue from the annexation of Bosnia is the reunion of the Illyrian midlands with their seacoast. It would be preposterous to suppose that by placing Bosnia in Magyar hands, and leaving Dalmatia in Austrian, as it is at present, the mainland province should be perpetually debarred from its natural commercial outlets on the Adriatic; and the littoral province as perpetually cut off from its Hintenländer by the vexatious financial barriers with which either half of the Monarchy walls off the other. But supposing Hungary accepted Bosnia and Dalmatia, what then? It follows that the Magyar state, already over-weighted with Slavonic populations, would be fairly swamped, and Magyar

hegemoné might anticipate its natural end by at least a generation.

Supposing on the other hand Hungary refuses the gift of Bosnia, with Dalmatia, as it must be, attached, it is perfectly obvious that she must also forego the possession of Slavonia and Croatia.

The so-called "Triune Kingdom of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia," occupied, be it observed, by the same Serbo-Croatian race that peoples Bosnia and the Principalities, has been hitherto split in two-most conveniently for the German and Magyar Government administrators at Vienna and Pesth-by a wedge of Turkish territory. But assuming that Austria successfully "occupies" and incorporates Bosnia, what was formerly a wall of division between the Slavonic provinces will become a bridge of territory uniting them. Hitherto the Governments of Pesth and Vienna have, by the famous dualistic arrangement, coolly portioned out and shared between them the old Triune Kingdom: Hungary taking Croatia and Slavonia, while Dalmatia fell to Cisleithania. "Divide et Impera," alike with German bureaucrat and Magyar magnate, that has been hitherto the leading principle in controlling the destinies of the Southern Slavs. In the future the natural union between the four provinces of Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, and Bosnia will be too strong for such artificial separation.

But supposing the Triune Kingdom, by the addition of Bosnia become quadripertite, is taken from Austria, this arrangement would be hardly less fatal to Magyar aspirations than the other. The Croatian under-kingdom divorced from Hungary, she would lose that which it has been her perpetual ambition to possess—a sea-coast. The three Slavonic provinces added to the Austrian half of the Monarchy which holds already Dalmatia de facto, Cisleithania would assume a preponderance intolerable to the Hungarian half of the Dual State.

There remains a third alternative, the grouping of these South Slavonic provinces into a third body politic, and their detachment from both Cis- and Trans-Leithania. In other words, there remains that last desperate expedient of Austrian statesmen, the reconstitution of the Monarchy on a "trial" in place of a dual basis. A pleasant outlook indeed

^{*} I have here summarised some considerations, into which I entered more fully in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, from Agram, July 18th last.

for future Tiszas and Auerspergs—a triple compromise! But stranger events than the incorporation of the German portion of the Empire—of the true Austria—in its natural Fatherland may well have taken place before a Hapsburg monarch reigns as Illyrian king in Agram

or Serajevo.

At present we are more exclusively concerned with the fate of Bosnia; and the very gravity of the constitutional questions to which its future position in the Monarchy must inevitably give rise may justify us in assuming that some provisional arrangement, such as that with which the inhabitants of the Military Confines are well acquainted, will be continued in the province. Martial law will, in one form or another, be prolonged, perhaps by the very necessities of the case. Bosnia will remain dependent on the War Office at Vienna, and "will become," to quote the pregnant words of an eminent Croat, "an exaggerated version of the Military Frontier." The ultimate settlement cannot indeed be staved off forever, but measures will be taken which may be supposed to facilitate the ultimate solution in a sense favorable to "Austrian" ideas.

What those "ideas" were at the moment of the passage of the Save I have already pretty well indicated. Austria entered Bosnia "to put down the Serbs." That was a policy on which some unity of sentiment could be relied on both among the Magyar rulers of Hungary and the governing circles at Vienna. There was indeed this difference between the Magyar "view" pure and simple, and the Austrian "view" pure and simple. The Magyars hoped, and perhaps believed, that the Monarchy, after successfully employing its forces in reducing the unruly elements of Bosnia and Herzegovina, might see its way to handing them back to the Sublime Porte as a bulwark of Ottoman power which should effectually curb the future aspirations of the Serbian principalities. The iron wedge was to be driven anew into the heart of the Jugo-Slavs. The Military Party at Vienna, on the other hand, though quite at one with the Magyars so far as the inauguration of Anti-Serbian measures was concerned, differed from them in

this important particular, that, having got hold of Bosnia, they meant to keep her. They hoped, however, to be able, by occupying Bosnia, to drive an "Austrian," and not a Turkish, wedge between Serbia and Montenegro.

The Catholic dominant faction in Croatia, which, aided and abetted by the Magyar superiors, has distinguished itself during the last two years by its inauguration of a politico-religious persecution of the very considerable Serbian minority resident in the province, perceived that those in power at Vienna were about to plunge into what, if it succeeded, might be called a "Croatian" policy, and rejoiced accordingly. The idea of the Catholic faction at Agram has been that the whole Triune Kingdom and Bosnia as well might be moulded into a " Great Croatia," in the formation of which as good Catholics and loyal subjects of the Hapsburgs they relied at least on support from Vienna. Bosnia, they imagined, might be governed by an alliance between the small Roman Catholic minority of the province with the native Mahometans as against the Serbian majority of the population, and Croatian administrators were to preside over and direct this holy alliance. They believed, not without some show of reason, that the native Mahometan aristocracy, the Begs and Aghas, might easily be won back by the Roman propaganda from the faith of Islâm, which their ancestors had accepted as a social necessity. As the Serbs—the Pravoslavs, or members of orthodox Greek Church-representing the great independent traditions of the Southern Slavs, were to be everywhere trodden down, the little Croatian Government, not without many nods of approval from Pesth and Vienna, which in this respect were at one, set itself to "put down" the Serbian nationality under its immediate jurisdiction—the Croatian officials who were to undertake the same work beyond the Save wishing no doubt to get their hands in. Elsewhere * I have described some of that flagitious work. Elsewhere I have described—not from vague hearsay, but from personal obser-

^{*} I must refer to my letters in the Manchester Guardian of June 24th and 29th of this year, on "The Politico-Religious Persecution in Croatia," and "The Proclamation of Martial Law in Slavonia."

vation-the shameless neglect of the Serbian refugees from Bosnia who had sought shelter within the limits of Christendom to find by scores of thousands but six feet of Austro-Hungarian soil. Elsewhere I have described the secret denunciations, the mock trials, the illegal imprisonments, to which leading Serbs of the province were subjected, without a possibility of redress, by the agents of a Government which, under the ægis of a sham constitutionalism, has furbished up anew the Inquisition tools of Metternich. For the object in view no means, were too vile, no measures too high-handed; but the suppression-no other word will serveof the Refugee Schools erected by the English ladies, Miss A. P. Irby and Miss Johnston, for the Bosnian children, by an edict of the Governor of the Croatian Military Frontier, the brother, be it observed, of the present Commander-in-Chief of the invading army, must stand alone for its infamy. Nearly two thousand children were turned adrift and cut off from the bread of knowledge by this Catholic Croat and military barbarian, for no other reason than that they were

But this "Croatian" policy received its death-blow from the hands of the Bosnian Mahometans, When it was found that the Mahometan population of Bosnia obstinately refused to receive the Austrians as benefactors, and preferred to treat them as brigands, the hope of governing Bosnia in an anti-Serbian sense by an alliance between Roman Catholic and Mahometan, dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision. The effect of the invasion has indeed in many ways strengthened the position of the Serbian majority of the Bosnian pop-The Mahometans have been led to bid for Serbian assistance. The Serbs, though for the most part passively acquiescent for the present, see that when "order" of any kind is re-established in Bosnia, what remains of the Mahometan population will be led to link itself with them in common political opposition to the hated Swabian and Magyar. The Austrian "occupation" has indeed had the effect of healing to a great extent the inveterate feud between the Begs and the Serbian Rayahs of the Province.

It almost seems now as if the Austrian invaders, the fine political combination having broken down, were determined to ground their usurpation on blood and iron alone. Those not behind the scenes can have no adequate conception of the precautionary measures taken by the Austrian Government to prevent any genuine information of what is taking place from reaching the outside world. Experto crede. When I, in company with the single other representative of the English press, was forced by refinements of "control" such as were never practised even by the Russians, to take leave of head-quarters on the road to Serajevo, the only "Austrian" institution that had been successfully introduced on to Bosnian soil was the "Press Bureau," to whose representative I have already in part introduced the reader. The telegraph lines from Pesth and Vienna have become mere instruments of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office, and one at least of the chief agencies for the dissemination of intelligence in England, chronicles nothing but such items as have been already cooked for foreign consumption by the officiose of Vienna. The Times, that used to publish whole telegraphic columns from the Austrian capital, now that political interest centres with the Austrians in Bosnia, has to put off its readers with such paltry scraps and tags of information as have escaped the official scissors. Even the transmission to England of extracts from the Hungarian papers is prohibited by the censors at Vienna! If in spite of these unscrupulous efforts to gag the public press of Europe and to hoodwink public opinion, we hear through roundabout sources of the wholesale shooting of Mahometan prisoners; of the execution of forty Serbian merchants at a time "on suspicion;" of villages and towns given up to wholesale plunder; of mutiny among the imperial and royal troops, and the decimation of regiments by order of their own commanders; -if we learn that General Szapary at the defeat of Tuzla lost nearly 5000 men and two batteries of cannon; or that in his repulse at Bihacs General Zach lost more than double the 700 men given in the official reports ;-and if these as well as the most exaggerated reports from Belgrade of Austrian misdoings and disasters find ready credence, the Government of Vienna has only itself to thank. Reticence provokes suspicion, and those who shun the light cannot easily be acquitted of deeds of darkness.

The fact is, the statesmen of the Dual Monarchy are beginning to realise that behind the fiery ranks of the Bosnian Begs and their supporters there lurks a passive opposition which they cannot overcome. The first line of the Bosnian defences, if I may so phrase it, is Mahometan, the second line is Serbian. The arms of the first opponents to be encountered are physical, and may be overcome by superior brute force. The arms of the second line of defence are moral, and cannot be successfully opposed. The Begs, much as we may admire the grandeur of their resistance, are fighting partly, at least, for caste and sectarian privileges. The political opposition of the Serbian population, which will remain even when the military resistance of the Begs is broken down, is based upon the simple rights of man. They claim no exclusive privileges, but they claim that the majority of the Bosnian population should be allowed to choose its own governors. They claim a right to unite themselves to the other portions of their own people. They consider that national traditions that have survived four centuries of alien bondage justify them, at the very moment when their liberation seemed to dawn, in refusing allegiance to another foreign sovereign, and declining a sham citizenship in another foreign state, whose imperial crown ranks in point of antiquity with that of Brazil.

The Serbs, for reasons partly indicated, have chosen to bide their time; but the impartial observer must see in them, and in them alone, those who hold the future of Illyria in their hands. The little free principality, Danubian Serbia, has of late received scant justice from English critics. The resistance offered to the Turks during the first Serbian war was far more gallant than it has been described; indeed no less a personage than Midhat Pasha remarked to General Ignatieff that Europe had entirely underrated the powers of resistance displayed by the Principality. The fact that the Turks, with a total invading army of over 17c,000 men, only advanced a few miles in as many weeks into Serbian territory, cannot be explained away, as some have sought to do, by Turkish fear of provoking Russian intervention. The Turks, as afterwards became manifest, were quite equal to the feat of daring Russia and all Europe into the bargain. The Serbians were in truth grossly exploited by the drunkard Tchernaieff, and his Russian boon companions, who, in order that they might play the game of the Moscow committee, and render the intervention of official Russia inevitable, resigned position after position to the Turks. Serbia was damned in England by an accident of "Special Correspondence"; but a deathtale of 40,000 is not the death-tale of a

nation of poltroons. But behind and beyond the small Principality extends a greater Serbia, bound together by undying traditions as well as by language and blood. Not only Montenegro, but Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, and the old Voivodina in Hungary belong to the Serbian race area; although in the Triune Kingdom the prevalence of the Roman Catholic religion forbids us to call the majority of the population Serbs in the present political sense, which often confines the term to Pravoslavs. Beyond this area the Wends or Slovenes of Carinthia, Carniola, and a good part of Styria are closely allied to the Serbian race in language and political aspirations, The Catholic Croats only, although belonging to precisely the same race as the Serbs, hold for the present aloof from those political aims which to-day are stirring these other South Slavonic populations to their depths, and which centre round the Serbs as the most powerful of the Jugoslav

peoples.

There never was a more signal instance of political infatuation than when Count Andrassy despatched the troops of the Monarchy into Bosnia "to put down the Serbs." Austrian occupation with all its sanguinary accompaniments, may yet be useful. I have never wished to gainsay that. It may be useful even as paving the way for the break-up of that heterogeneous Empire, and its ultimate re-distribution in such a form that patriotism may again become a possible virtue

among those who are to-day its subjects. It may be useful as cutting off the last shred of connexion between Bosnia and the corruption of Stamboul. It may be useful as probably the only possible means at hand to break the still half feudal domination of the Mahometan ruling caste in Bosnia. It may be useful, even, as paving the way for future But a government which is not a nation cannot give them, cannot secure them. It is not for Austria-Hungary to reap the fruits of her exertions. Her military might is great. Let her occupy her new Lombardy by all means. But in attempting, as she seems resolved to do, to stamp out the spirit of Serbian nationality, she is attempting something beyond the power of her arms. She will find the Mahometan as well as the Pravoslav element, both alike Serbian by blood, linked together in opposition against the Croatian bureaucrats by whose means she vainly hoped to Austrianize the province.

The spirit of nationality awakened now among all Serbian and potentially Serbian peoples is indeed in its way one of the most striking phenomena to be found in modern Europe. There occurs to me a little orphan child of nine years, a Bosnian Serb, who, with his little sister and parents, had fled across the Dalmatian border from the Mahometan Terror. The little lad and his sister, who both displayed a singular talent for music, had learnt to sing the national songs and to play the ghuzla or Serbian lyre, and as both their father and mother died with thousands of others of the hunger disease on Austrian soil, I suppose it was only their sweet tongues and nimble fingers that saved the little ones from the same grave. The small orphan had been found by Miss Irby in the mountain village, where hundreds of refugees were congregated, and taken to her school at Knin, where I saw him and heard him play. The "little minstrel" -Mali Pievatz, the Bosnians knew him by no other name-who had a ghuzla given him not too big for his small hands, sat down on a stool and played and sung a lay of Marko Kraljevich, the old Serbian hero, that had been taught him by his father. He sang with a clear, fine voice and singular expression, his pretty boyish face completely

wrapped in the lay he sang, his keen eyes gazing beyond the listeners into another world-peopled with no visionary heroes; and as he rehearsed the mighty deeds of Serbian forefathers against the Turks his small face flushed with suppressed excitement, and his eyes, bright as those of a young falcon, flashed with all the pride of a great ancestry. When he had finished Miss Irby asked him what was most thought of in Bosnia—meaning what song. The boy, misunderstanding the question, replied decisively, "Heroes!" I do not hesitate to say that those old Serbian heroes and those national traditions of bygone freedom and unity which even little children serve to keep alive among the Bosnian people, excite a devotion against which the artificial Monarchy of the Hapsburgs has nothing to oppose. The bones of Dushan may yet work more miracles than the living arm of Francis Joseph. The Spirit of Nationality - the self-consciousness which makes a people a people—the self-confidence which enables a nation to read the prophecies of its future in the sublime traditions of its past-the selfknowledge which enables it to choose for itself a government in conformity with its true genius-that Spirit without which a body politic, under whatever government, must degenerate into a machine—will triumph yet in Eastern Europe. There may be renegade Englishmen who oppose in the Balkan peninsula the realisation of the very principles of nationality whose triumph they hailed in Italy and Germany; who would sign and seal the partition of a Southern Poland, and link, as far as in them lay, the destinies of their country with those of the most artificial and pettily tyrannical Power on the Continent of Europe, in order, it would seem, to secure the eventual triumph of a Power, tyrannical indeed, but not artificial. But the Spirit of Nationality which the Serbs have, which the Austrians have not, will survive their machinations. As I wrote on the eve of the Austrian entry into Bosnia so I now repeat. The artificial government of a Monarchy which cannot even call itself by a single name, is powerless against a nationality which has its stronghold in the hearts of peoples striving after union. No diplomatic jugglery, no constitutional makeshifts, no show of military might, no laws, no of education and an inspired press, but police regulations, can avail such a gov- in a thousand heroic lays and on the ernment to crush out a nationality which chords of the Serbian lyre. - Macmillan's finds its best propaganda, not in Jesuit Magazine.

intrigues, not in an anti-national system

"FRED:" A TALE FROM JAPAN.

FRED was a stray dog whose origin and whose name even were shrouded in mystery. In 1861 he had landed in Yokohama from an English tea-clipper, in the company of a melancholy traveller. Nobody, of course, took any notice of the dog at the time, and he, on his part, avoided all familiarity with strangers, having, apparently, eyes and ears only for his master, whom he followed

everywhere.

This master, Mr. Alexander Young, was a rather mysterious character. Nobody knew whence he came or whither he was bound. The captain of the Georgina had made his acquaintance in Java, and had given him a passage to Japan on very moderate terms. During the voyage, Alexander Young-or Sandy, as he was commonly called-spoke very little, but drank a good deal. The captain, who, when at sea, made it a rule never to take anything stronger than water, was not at all disinclined, when ashore, to indulge in an extra bottle or In consequence, he treated the weakness of his companion with compassionate fellow-feeling, and even felt, on that very account, a sort of sympathy for him, which showed itself in many little kindnesses. Sandy was very grateful; and in his sad, dreamy, blue eyes there was a tender and friendly expression whenever they rested on the rugged, weather-beaten features of the captain.

Fred was Sandy's constant companion, and the dog's nose was never many inches distant from his master's heels.

"Fred is a curious name for a dog," said the captain, one evening; " why did you call him so?"

Sandy was silent for fully a minute, and then answered slowly, "Because he was a present from my cousin Louisa."

The captain was much impressed by this unexpected explanation; but as he was himself accustomed to clothe his ideas in most enigmatical language, he made no doubt that Sandy's reply had

some deep hidden meaning; and without indulging in indiscreet questions, he made many and fruitless efforts to solve the problem unaided. From that time Sandy rose in his esteem. Neither Sandy nor he ever recurred to the subject; but when, at a later period, the captain was asked why Mr. Young's dog was called "Fred," he answered, authoritatively, "Because the dog was a present from his cousin Louisa.

Fred was a thorough-bred bull-terrier. snow-white, with one black round spot over his left eye. His fore-legs were bowed, his chest was broad and powerful, his head wide and flat as a frog's... His jaws were armed with a set of short, uneven, sharp teeth, which seemed strong enough to crunch a bar of iron. His eyes were set obliquely in his head, Chinese fashion; nevertheless there was an honest and trustworthy expression in them. One could see that Fred, though he was a dangerous was not a savage or a wicked beast.

Fred could smile in his grim way, if his master showed him a bone and said. "Smile!" But, as a rule, he was as grave and serious as Young himself. He was no bully or street-fighter. Confident in his own strength, he looked with contempt on the small curs who barked and yelped at him. But if a large dog, a worthy adversary, attacked him, he fought with mute, merciless fury. He neither barked nor growled on such occasions, but the quick deep breathing under which his broad chest heaved, betrayed his inward fury. His green eyes shone like emeralds, and he fastened his fangs into his enemy with such mad violence that it was a matter of great difficulty to make him loose his hold.

During six months Sandy and Fred led a quiet life at Yokohama. Sandy was known, it is true, to consume in private an incredible amount of spirits; but in public, his behavior was unexceptionable, and no one had ever seen him intoxicated. A few days after his arrival, he had bought one of the rough ugly little ponies of the country. Those who, for some reason or another, strayed from the beaten paths usually frequented by foreign residents at Yokohama, declared that they had met Young, the pony, and Fred in the most unlooked-for places. The lonely rider, the horse, and the dog appeared, they said, equally lost in deep reverie. Young smoked; the pony, with the reins hanging loose on its neck, walked with his head down, as though it were studying that road of which its master took no heed; while Fred followed close behind, with his dreamy halfclosed eyes fixed on the horse's hoofs. Young never addressed anybody, but returned every salute politely, and, so to speak, gratefully. The Europeans at Yokohama wondered at their quiet fellow-exile; and the Japanese called him,

kitchingay—crazy. Young rarely remained in town when the weather was fine. He would leave the settlement in the early morning with his two four-footed companions, and not return from his ride till dusk. But if it rained and blew hard, one might be sure to meet him on the bund the street which leads from the European quarter to the harbor. On such occasions Sandy, with his hands behind his back, walked slowly up and down the broad road, with Fred at his heels as usual; though it was evident that the poor drenched animal did not share his master's enjoyment of bad weather. At intervals Sandy would stop in his walk and watch with apparent interest the boisterous sea and the vessels that were tossing on it. Whenever this happened Fred immediately sat upon his haunches and fixed his blinking eyes on his master's countenance, as though he were trying to discover some indication that he was going to exchange the impassable street for the comfortable shelter of his lodgings. If Young stayed too long, Fred would push him gently with his nose as if to wake him out of his day-dream. Sandy would then move on again; but he never went home till the storm had abated or night had set in. This strange aimless walking up and down gave him the appearance of a man who has missed his railway-train, and who, at some NEW SERIES .- VOL. XXVIII., No. 6

strange uninteresting station, seeks to while away the time till the next departure.

Young must have brought some money with him to Yokohama, for he lived on for several weeks without seeking employment. At the end of that time, however, he advertised in the "Japan Times" to the effect that he had set up in busi-ness as public accountant. In this capacity he soon got some employment. He was a steady, conscientious worker, rather slow at his work, and evidently not caring to earn more than was required for his wants. In this way he became acquainted with Mr. James Webster, the head of an important American firm, who, after employing Young on several occasions, at last offered him an excellent situation as assistant bookkeeper in his house. This offer Sandy declined with thanks,

"I do not know how long I may remain out here," he said. "I expect letters from home which may oblige me to leave at once."

Those letters never came, and Sandy grew paler and sadder every day. One evening he went to call on James Webster. A visit from Sandy Young was such an unusual occurrence that Webster, who, as a rule, did not like to be disturbed, came forward to greet his visior. But Sandy would not come in; he remained at the entrance, 'leaning against the open door. His speech and manner were calm and even careless; and Webster was consequently somewhat surprised to hear that he had come to take leave.

"Sit down, man," said Webster, "and take a soda-and-brandy and a cheroot."

"No, thank you," replied Young.
I leave early to-morrow morning; and I have only just time to get my things ready."

"So you are really going away?" said Webster. "Well, I am sorry you would not stay with us. As it is, I can only wish you good luck and a prosperous voyage."

He held out his hand, which Young pressed so warmly that Webster looked at him with some surprise; and as he looked, it seemed to him that there was moisture in Sandy Young's eyes.

"Why won't you stay?" continued

the sad, quiet man. "The place I offered you the other day is still there."

Young remained silent for a few moments. Then he shook his head, and said, gently, "No, thanks. You are very kind, but I had better go. . . . What should I do here? Japan is a fine country; but it is so very small-always the same blue sea, the same white Fusyyama, and the same people riding the same horses and followed by the same dogs. I am tired of it all. . . . You must admit, Mr. Webster, that life is not highly amusing out here."

There was a short pause, after which Sandy resumed, but speaking more slowly and in still lower tones, "I think there must be a typhoon in the air; I feel so weary. . . . I do not think, Mr. Webster, that you can ever have felt as tired as I do. I thought we were going to have a storm this morning. It would perhaps have done me good. This has been a very close, heavy day. . . . Well, good-night. I did not like to leave Yokohama without bidding you good-bye, and thanking you for all your friendliness."

He moved away with hesitating steps; and when he had gone a few paces he turned round and waved his hand to Webster, who was following him with

"I thank you again, Mr. Webster," he repeated, with almost pathetic earnestness. "I wish you a very goodnight." And so he disappeared into the darkness.

That night a terrific storm burst over Yokohama, but it came too late to revive poor weary Sandy. He was found dead in his bedroom the next morning, having hanged himself during the night. On the table lay a large sheet of paper with the following words, written in a bold hand, "Please take care of Fred."

Nothing was found in Sandy's trunk but some shabby clothes and a bundle of old letters which had evidently been read over and over again. They were without envelopes, dated from Limerick, 1855 and 1856, and merely signed, "Louisa." They were examined carefully in the hope that they might furnish some clue to Sandy's parentage and connections; but they were love-lettersmere love-letters-and contained noth- erick Millner had been known there in

Webster, who felt a curious interest in ing that could interest any one but poor Sandy himself. There was frequent mention of a father and a mother in these letters, and it was clear that they had not been favorable to the lovers; but who this father and mother were did not appear. Other persons were mentioned, as "Charles," "Edward," "Mary," and "Florence," but their Christian names only were given. In the last letters of October, November, and December 1856, there was constant reference to a certain Frederick Millner, a friend of Sandy's, whom he had, apparently, introduced to his cousin and lady-love. In the first of these letters, Louisa wrote that her mother was much pleased with Mr. Millner, who was a most agreeable and charming companion. In course of time Mr. Millner became "Frederick Millner," then "Fred Millner," "F. M.," and at last he was simply "Fred." Fred had accompanied Louisa and her mother to Dublin, where they had all been much amused. Fred was a capital rider, and at the last meet he had taken the big stone wall behind Hrachan Park, in a style which had excited the admiration of all present. Fred accompanied Louisa frequently on horseback, and she had never had such capital ridinglessons as from him: he understood horses better than anybody, and that illtempered "Blackbird" that Sandy had never dared to ride, was as gentle as a lamb with Fred. At the last athletic sports, got up by the officers of the 19th, Fred had thrown the hammer farther than anybody; and would certainly have won the foot hurdle-race likewise, if he had not fallen at the last hurdle. Fred had a beautiful voice; Fred danced well;-Fred here, Fred there, Fred everywhere. In the last letter it was said how "poor daring Fred had fallen with 'Blackbird' at the last steeplechase and had broken his collar-bone. Yet he did not give up the race, and came in Mother has insisted on his third! remaining here to be nursed by us till he gets well. He sends his best love, and will write as soon as he is able.'

These letters were sealed up and deposited in the archives of the British consulate at Yokohama. Inquiry was made officially at Limerick whether a Mr. Alexander Young and a Mr. Fredthe reply came, but brought no satisfactory answer to the questions. Alexander Young was quite unknown. A young man, called Frederick Millner, had lived at Limerick at the date mentioned. After bringing shame and sorrow to the daughter of an honored family, he had left the town in secret and had never been heard of since.

As Alexander Young left no property of any value, no further inquiries were made, and he was soon forgotten. He was buried very quietly; and James Webster, the constable of the English consulate, and Fred, alone accompanied

him to the grave.

After the funeral the dog returned to Yokohama. For several days he searched anxiously for his master in his old lodgings and near the new-made grave; but he soon became convinced of the fruitlessness of his endeavors, and thenceforward he became, as a Californian called him, "an institution of Yokohama.

Sandy's last wish, "Please take care of Fred," was faithfully attended to. Many of the residents of Yokohama showed themselves ready to adopt the good dog; but Fred did not seem inclined to acknowledge a new master, and testified little gratitude for the caresses bestowed on him. He visited first one and then another of his numerous patrons, and did not object to accompany any of them in turn during a walk or a ride; but no one could boast that Fred was his dog. His favorite resort was the club, where, in the evening, all his friends met, and where he usually Magazine.

1855 and 1856. In due course of time remained till the last guest left. Then he took up his quarters for the night with one or other of his friends; and hospitality was readily extended to him. for he was both watchful and well-behaved.

> A year had thus gone by, when the Georgina once more arrived in Yokohama harbor. The captain walking on the bund one day, recognised his former passenger Fred, and called to the dog. Fred snuffed at him deliberately, drooped his head, and appeared, for a few moments, to meditate profoundly. But suddenly he showed the wildest delight, leaped up at the captain and licked his hands, barking and smiling; then started down the street at full speed, and at last returned to take his old place at the heels of his new master. The captain, we have said, was a philosopher: he accepted the adoption as a decree of fate to which he bowed submissively

One evening, not long after this, the captain was attacked by a party of drunk-en Japanese officers. Fred sprang at the throat of one of the assailants and would have strangled him, if another of the Japanese had not cut him down with a stroke of his sword. The captain escaped with a slight wound and took refuge in the club, from whence he soon sallied forth with a party of friends to give chase to his foes and try to save his dog. But his brave friend and defender was dead. He was buried in the yard of the club-house of Yokohama, where a stone, with the inscription, "Fred, 1863," still marks the place where poor Sandy's faithful companion lies. - Blackwood's

MUSICAL POETRY.

the poetry of our time does not very readily lend itself to the service of the musician. The composer who is casting about in search of "words" for a song is still constantly driven back to the earlier sources of English literature; and, in the rare instances where he accepts modern aid, the kind of poetry that he finds suitable for his purpose is not, as a rule, that which bears the highest literary character. A number of obscure bards who would otherwise scarcely gain

It is a matter of general remark that a hearing at all find a brief immortality upon the covers of fashionable musicpieces. Their verses have for the most part little merit as musical compositions; they would indeed scarcely pass muster in the pages of a second-class magazine; but they are not the less constantly preferred by musicians, who discover in them some negative or positive quality lacking to the work of poets of established fame. Of course there are individual instances where the rule does not hold good. Mr. Tennyson's wide-

spread reputation has forced composers to essay the task of setting some of his success; and if some persons still ensongs to music. In a considerable number of cases these efforts have proved successful; and we believe isolated experiments have also been made with the poetry of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Morris. But even Mr. Tennyson, who of all living writers seems to offer the greatest facilities to the musical composer, cannot compete in this respect with a writer like Herrick; and we fancy that, as a matter of fact, a much smaller proportion of his work has actually been utilized by musicians. There are, no doubt, certain poets of our time in whose case the hesitation of the musical composer may be very easily explained. No one, we suppose, would think of asking Mr. Browning to write a libretto for an opera, and no one surely need be surprised that his rugged dialect has not been found suitable for association with melody. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Browning in this respect stands alone, The. deliberate uncouthness of his utterance is not by any means a characteristic of the time; on the contrary, there is reason for the belief that there never was a period in English literature when the suavity and music of versification were more sedulously cultivated, and the charge most commonly brought against the younger poets of the day is that they are too often tempted to sacrifice the claims of sense to the pleasures of mere sound. Even the bitterest critics of Mr. Swinburne, for instance, are ready to admit the extraordinary charm of his music, and a like admission is very generally and justly made in the case of Mr. Morris and Mr. Rossetti.

How, then, does it happen, we may ask, that, with all this musical poetry, there is such a scanty supply of verse that is fitted for musical accompaniment? If the poets of our generation were exclusively employed in the service of dramatic literature, the question would admit of easy solution. But we know that this is not so. We know, on the contrary, that poetical dramas are few and far between, and even of those actually written only a very small proportion are seriously intended for representation on the stage. The experiments in this kind that have been made by Mr. Browning and Mr.

Tennyson have met with little practical tertain the belief that Mr. Swinburne's genius is more dramatic, it is probably only because his dramas have not yet been tested in the same manner. And there is, it may be remarked, nothing surprising in this failure of our principal poets to write for the theatre. Apart from all other considerations, they are of necessity in a great measure influenced by a general tendency in modern English literature, and by the traditions established by their predecessors. When the satiric and didactic poetry of the last century fell back before the advent of a new era in our literature, there was no doubt a widespread impression that the poetical drama was about to be revived. All the leaders of the revolution were deeply penetrated by a profound study of the Elizabethan drama, and a few experiments were made which proved that even they themselves did not always appreciate the tendency of their own work. To us, however, it is no longer uncertain. In spite of the Cenci and of the dramatic essays of Byron, we now fully recognize that the genius of these men was lyrical and not dramatic, and that, however much they differed from one another, and both again from poets like Wordsworth and Coleridge, this one element of sympathy availed to give a certain coherence to the labors of the whole group. And since their time the impulse they gave to poetical art has only been further developed. Nearly all recent poetry, whatever the outward forms of its utterance, has been in essence lyrical. An increasing care has been bestowed upon the study of musical effect, and a more decided importance has been attached by the poet himself to this particular aspect of his work. Mr. Swinburne, who is a critic, as well as a professor, of his art, is constantly repeating the assertion that a poet must be, before all things, a singer; and it may be said that he amply enforces the maxim in his own practice.

But the conclusion at which we have arrived, if it be well established, seems only to make the question with which we set out more difficult of solution. The fact that the poetry of the age is preeminently lyrical would seem to imply that it is peculiarly adapted to the purwe could believe the most advanced school of theorists in music this is actually the case. Herr Wagner, we know, is constantly asserting that both the arts are eager for union. They have arrived, he tells us, at a stage of development when they are indispensable to one another, and when the only chance of further progress for either lies in their speedy marriage. And yet, when we turn to the arts themselves, we discover more of reluctance than we could have supposed possible with such eager lovers. In spite of their vaunted sympathy, they continue to stand apart, and if the foregoing facts are rightly recorded, the union is now more difficult than at any previous stage of their history. The few songs that were born in the great time of the English drama more readily lend themselves to the uses of the musician than the most musical verses of this age of lyrical poetry, and it is therefore idle in the face of these notorious facts to assure the world that the poet never stood so much in need of the support of the of the realities of pictorial art can only been secured by the skilful use of lancompete with the master of the brush; he is humiliated, not supported, by the true of the relation of poetry and music.

poses of musical composition. And, if calculated for the absence of music, just as the picturesque effects are calculated for the absence of painting. When we say, therefore, that Mr. Swinburne's way of writing is melodious, we do not mean that we feel the want of music, but rather that by artful combination of sounds he has contrived to supply its place. But in effecting this kind of triumph he does not pretend to challenge the musician to a competition; on the contrary, he must know well that so soon as they are brought together his carefully elaborated effects will go for nothing. All the other elements of his poetry may survive the alliance; its sentiment, its passion, and its picturesque force will each preserve a place; but in the nature of things, the music of the verse will be merged in the sounds that are supplied by way of accompaniment. We may therefore partly understand how it is that the development of lyrical poetry has not led to any closer connexion with the art of the musician. The poet begins to emulate the triumphs of the musical composer, and is no longer willing to work in his musician. If we would truly understand service. Conscious that his verses are the reasons of the apparent contradic- to be read and not sung, he labors for a tion, we must indeed look a little beyond certain kind of melody that will be effec-Wagnerian theories. It is no doubt true tive under these conditions. The versithat the development of the art of music fication must in a sense contain more of which has taken place during the present music than is needed for the words of a century has very powerfully influenced song, because it will receive no assistthe poetry of the same period, but the ance from without, and the author is thus influence has been exerted in a manner compelled to simulate the effects of anthat does not at all tend to bring the two other art. We may conclude, therefore, nearer together. Poetry in relation to that the influence of music upon poetry the other arts is essentially imitative, is rather to increase the distance that but its imitation is of a kind that will separates them, while at the same time it not bear the test of direct comparison. adds almost a new faculty to the poet's People who say, in the language of the resources. That combination of all the æsthetic school, that a writer's verse is arts so dearly desired by Herr Wagner picturesque and full of color, do not belongs to the period of their infancy. therefore conclude that it needs to be As they grow to maturity they become illustrated by the painter. On the con- increasingly independent, and they cantrary, it is evident that the introduction not enter into alliance without some sacrifice, which the most eminent exponents serve to destroy the illusion that has of each art are the least willing to endure. For the higher we go in the scale of guage. The poet is cheated of his art production, the more completely does triumph when he is asked seriously to the artist exhaust the resources at his the artist exhaust the resources at his command, the more readily does he submit himself to inherent limitations. His pretended help. And what is true of the .work is done in the full view of these relation of poetry and painting is no less resources and limitations, and it is done in such a way that nothing can be added The musical effects of verse are carefully from without that will not injure the intended effect. A second or third-rate poet is not injured by the help of the musician, because his work was not complete in the first instance, and music may possibly add what the author has failed to supply. But the poet of the first order wants nothing from any other art, nor in this case does the musician feel that he has anything to give. On the contrary, he is rather embarrassed and perplexed by the perfection of the material. He may turn it into something different, but he cannot improve it.

It may perhaps be a question whether the attention to the sensuous effect of the sound of poetry has not in our time been somewhat excessive. However our poets may pride themselves upon being singers, the fact remains that they do not sing in the strict sense of the word; and, by laying too much emphasis upon this one aspect of their work, they are apt to weaken the forces of an- tiny. - Saturday Review.

other kind. Even that element of poetry which we agree to call the musical element is partly dependent upon the sense, as well as the sound, of the words employed. We should experience no special delight in mere gibberish, however mellifluously arranged. The intellect must be charmed as well as the ear, or we become immediately conscious that we are being cheated by an easy trick of vowel sounds. It is this element of musical beauty which seems to be failing in modern poetry. The first impression of sweetness turns afterwards sour when we perceive that the word has not been chosen with as fine a sense of its meaning as of its ring in the ear. The music of Swinburne is, for this reason, far inferior to the music of Keats. It makes a stronger appeal, but it does not leave so sweet a recollection, and it will not bear the same close and searching scru-

DO WE WELL TO MOURN?

YES, grieve! it can be no offence to Him Who made us sensitive our loss to know; The hand that takes the cup filled to the brim May well with trembling make it overflow.

Who sends us sorrow means it should be felt; Who gave us tears would surely have them shed; And metal that the "furnace" doth not melt, May yet be hardened all the more instead.

Where love abounded will the grief abound; To check our grief is but to chide our love; With withered leaves the more bestrewed the ground, The fuller that the rose hath bloomed above!

Yes, grieve! 'tis Nature's-that is, God's-behest, If what is Nature called is Will Divine! Who fain would grieve not cannot know how blest It is to sorrow, and yet not repine.

The Spectator.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

BY THE EDITOR.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beacons- of a despised race, and always avowing field and Prime Minister of England, pride in his descent, he has by sheer was born in London, December 21, 1805; force of genius made himself a distinand his career has been one of the most guished name in English letters, and suc-extraordinary in English history. Un-aided by wealth or family influence, born mons, Minister of Finance in the most





Entraced for the Eductic Int J. J. Cade New York.

LORD BEAGORSFIELD.

commercial of countries, and twice Prime Minister of one of the mightiest

empires of the modern world. His father was Isaac Disraeli, the author of "Curiosities of Literature" and other works; his mother's maiden name was Baseri. He received his education at home, from his father and from private tutors. An intimate friend of his father, an eminent solicitor, who had no son of his own, wanted to make Benjamin the heir of his business; and took him into his office for a time; but the law proving distasteful to the young man, he abandoned the solicitor's office, with its brilliant prospect of wealth and reputation, and devoted himself to literature. His first success was in society, where his personal beauty, refined manners, and remarkable powers of conversation, made him a general favorite. At the age of nineteen he visited Germany, and on his return to England published (in 1827) his famous novel "Vivian Grey, the chief characters in which were faithful portraits of himself, and of persons well known in English society. In 1828 he published "The Voyage of Captain Popanilla," a gay and good-humored but flimsy satire which attracted little attention. The next year he commenced an extended tour in Italy, Greece, Albania, Syria, Egypt, and Nubia, returning in 1831. Shortly afterwards he published his second fashionable novel, "The Young Duke," and in the following year appeared "Contarini Fleming, a Psychological Autobiography," which Heinrich Heine pronounced to be" one of the most original works ever written," and which received high praise from Goethe. Its subject is the development of the poetical nature, and it contains brilliant sketches of Italy, Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. At this time Disraeli made his first attempt to enter Parliament. He presented himself to the electors of High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, near his father's residence, as a Tory-Radical, and was defeated by the Whig candidate. In December, 1834, he was again defeated at Wycombe. He next appealed, in May, 1835, at Taunton, as a thoroughgoing Conservative. It was on this occasion that, when charged by somebody in the crowd with "O'Connellism" he called the great Irish agitator a "bloody

traitor," to which Mr. O'Connell made the retort, "For aught I know the present Disraeli is the true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died on the cross!" Disraeli challenged O'Connell's son, Morgan O'Connell, who had taken up his father's quarrel; but the challenge was not accepted.

In the mean while Disraeli wrote and published several books. "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," an Oriental romance of extraordinary eloquence and power, depicting the adventures of a prince of the house of David, who, in the twelfth century, proclaimed himself the Messiah, and called the Jews of Persia to arms, appeared in 1833, accompanied by "The Rise of Iskander," a tale founded on the revolt of the famous Scanderbeg against the Turks in the fifteenth century; a political pamphlet entitled "What is He?" in 1834, in which he tried to explain his political views; "The Revolutionary Epic" and "The Crisis Examined" in the same year; and a "Vindication of the English Constitution" in 1835. In 1836 he published a series of letters in the London Times, under the signature of "Runnymede," which were read with great interest on account of their remarkable wit and sarcasm. Towards the close of the same year he published a love story, "Henrietta Temple;" and in the spring of 1837 appeared "Venetia," a novel in which he portrayed the characters and appearance of Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley. At last he achieved the great object of his ambition. In the first Parliament of the reign of Victoria, being then thirty-two years of age, he obtained a seat as representative of the Conservative borough of Maidstone. His maiden speech, which was highflown in style and delivered with extravagant gestures, was clamored down by the House, and he took his seat with the following words: "I am not surprised at the reception I have experienced. have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

In July, 1839, this prediction began to be fulfilled; he made a speech which was listened to with attention and praised for its ability. In that year he contracted a most fortunate marriage with the wealthy widow of Wyndham Lewis, his friend and colleague in the representation of Maidstone. The happy influence of this union upon his career he has himself acknowledged in the graceful dedication of one of his novels to a

"perfect wife."

In 1841 he was elected from the borough of Shrewsbury; and subsequently published "Coningsby; or, The New Generation," which achieved great success, and had a wide circulation. was regarded as an exposition of the views and designs of the famous half literary, half political party then attracting public attention under the name of "Young England," of which Disraeli was one of the most conspicuous leaders. In 1845 he published "Sibyl; or, The Two Nations," which depicts, with much care, the condition of the English people at that period, and especially the Chartist agitation. In 1847 he was returned as one of the members from Buckinghamshire, and in the same year he published "Ixion in Heaven," with other tales; and also "Tancred: the New Crusade," in some respects the best of his novels. He himself says in the preface to his collected works (1870) "Coningsby," "Sibyl," and "Tancred" form a trilogy, the object of which was to delineate the origin and character of English political parties.

He now began to take a leading part in the House of Commons. His severe attacks on Sir Robert Peel for alleged treachery to his party in the adoption of his free-trade policy are among the most remarkable speeches in the annals of the British Legislature. They established Disraeli's reputation as one of the most powerful debaters and keen and polished satirists in that body. In 1849 he became the recognized leader of the Conservative party in Parliament. In March, 1852, in the first Derby administration, he received the appointment of Chancellor of the Exchequer, was made a member of the Privy Council, and became leader of the ministerial party in the House of Commons. He went out of office with the rest of the Derby ministry in December of the same year. In February, 1858, when Lord Derby again accepted the task of forming a cabinet, after the downfall of Lord Palmerston, Disraeli again became Chancellor of the

Exchequer; but the new administration only retained power till June 11th, 1859, when it was driven out by a vote of want of confidence. It was succeeded by the Palmerston-Russell cabinet, and on the death of Lord Palmerston (October 18th, 1865) by the Russell-Gladstone ministry, which remained in power till June, 1866, when it in turn was driven out by a vote of want of confidence, owing to the unsatisfactory nature of the reform bill proposed by them. During this period Disraeli was leader of the opposition in the House of Commons. A new ministry was formed July 6th by Lord Derby, Disraeli becoming for a third time Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was the chief supporter of the Reform Bill of 1867, which extended the right of suffrage to all householders in a borough, and to every person in a county who had a freehold of 40s. The Earl of Derby resigning in February, 1868, Disraeli became Prime Minister; but before the end of the year was compelled to resign by the dissatisfaction of Parliament with the position which his ministry took on the question of disestablishing the Irish Church. He was succeeded as Prime Minister by Mr. Gladstone December 2d, 1868.

In 1870 Disraeli published "Lo-thair," a politico-religious novel, aimed at the Fenians, Communists, and Jesuits; it had a great success. In 1868 he was offered a peerage by the Queen, which he declined for himself but accepted for his wife, who was made Viscountess Beaconsfield. She died December 23d, 1872. In February, 1874, the parliamentary elections having resulted in a Conservative majority, Mr. Gladstone resigned, and Disraeli again became Prime Minister. On February 17th, 1876, he introduced a bill into the House of Commons, authorizing the Queen to take, in addition to her other titles, that of "Empress of India." After much opposition the bill became a law April 27th. On the 16th of August Mr. Disraeli was raised to the peerage with the title of Earl of Beaconsfield. His latest achievements are the Treaty of Berlin, in the negotiation of which he played a conspicuous part, and the acquisition of Cyprus through a Convention with Turkey, which is now being sub-

jected to fierce criticism.

LITE'RARY NOTICES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS, By Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons,

The recollections of Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke extend back into the first quarter of the century, and among their acquaintances may be numbered almost every man or woman who within the period thus covered has attained to eminence in letters. The names of nearly three hundred writers and artists appear in the index to the volume, and though some of these are the subject of a merely passing reference or mention, of the great majority there are details which may be fairly dignified with the title of reminiscences.

About a third of the book is taken up with what are called "General Recollections," which are partly autobiographical (as regards both the authors), and, for the rest, deal with such persons and experiences as can be disposed of in a sentence, a paragraph, or a page. In this section figure more or less prominently Coleridge, Percy Bysshe Shelley and his wife, Mary Wolstonecraft Shelley, Hazlitt, Godwin, Procter, Hood, Horace Smith, Cobden, Etty, Edmund Kean, Macready, Mendelssohn, Thalberg, Liszt, Mrs. Somerville, our own Emerson and James T. Fields, and a host of others. Following this chapter of general reminiscence are more detailed papers on Keats, "Charles Lamb and his Letters," "Mary Lamb," "Leigh Hunt and his Letters, "Douglas Jerrold and his Letters," and

"Charles Dickens and his Letters." The "Recollections of Keats," written by Charles Cowden Clarke, who was for several years a schoolfellow of the poet and afterwards one of his most intimate friends, are much the best portion of the volume's contents, and have a vigor and freshness which make most of the other reminiscences seem rather pallid in comparison. They throw new light upon that portion of Keats's life concerning which Lord Houghton's biography is least full and satisfactory - the years of youth and early manhood when his character and genius were forming. The chapters on Charles and Mary Lamb are among the best, and include several highly characteristic letters. The reminiscences of Mary Lamb are especially interesting, because it is so rarely that we obtain more than a glimpse of her, obscured as she usually is by the superior magnetism of her brother's personality. The chapter on Leigh Hunt is the longest in the book, but except for the letters (some of which are in Hunt's best vein) the interest is rather tenuous. The same may be said of the chapter on Douglas

Jerrold, though one aspect (and that the most pleasing) of the great wit's character is sympathetically portrayed. The liveliest chapter is that on Dickens, in which one of the most picturesque episodes in Dickens's life (that in which he acted as manager of the famous amateur theatrical company) is depicted much more effectively than in Forster's biography of him. Mrs. Cowden Clarke was a member of the company, and she describes their performances and triumphs, and their experiences on the stage and behind the scenes, thoroughly con amore. The only one of the Dickens letters which possesses much interest is the one reproduced in fac-simile; in it the great humorist signs himself with the names of eight of his stage characters, besides his own proper appellative—the handwriting of the various signatures being ingeniously diversified.

Of the Recollections as a whole, it may be said that their distinguishing characteristic is a certain amiable optimism, which sees nothing but good in everybody and everything. A more rosy picture of the world of literature and of the people who inhabit it was never painted. The Cowden Clarkes evidently recognize no genus irritabile, and when they have encountered any one deficient in amiability, they have only needed to draw upon their own superabundant store. As to the literary quality of the work, it is simply familiar talk, scarcely aiming at the dignity of formal composition. If, at times, it rises to dramatic force and pointed characterization, more often it ambles along at the level of fireside gossip.

RESEARCHES INTO THE EARLY HISTORY OF MANKIND AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF CIVILIZATION. By Edward B. Tylor, LL.D., F.R.S. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This book was the fruit of almost the first attempt made to apply the scientific method to the study of prehistoric times, and to ascertain the condition and character of man before he entered the arena of authentic history; and though, since its first appearance, few branches of inquiry have been pursued with such zealous industry, it still ranks among the standard and authoritative works upon its special subject. Other investigators - Sir John Lubbock, Mr. M'Lennan, and Herbert Spencer - have cultivated and enlarged the field, and Mr. Tylor himself has in his " Primitive Culture" developed several of the questions and considerations first raised in the present work : but nowhere else can be found so satisfactory a discussion of the Gesture-Language and its relation to Word-Language, of Picture-writing and Word-writing, of Images and Names, and of the bearing which the geographical distribution of certain myths, traditions, and customs has upon the great question of the origin of the nations and the spread of mankind over the world. Mr. Tylor not only performed the work of a pioneer in a new, untried, and most difficult subject; he really built a broad highway into the very heart of it, which later workers have indeed done much to strengthen, widen, and smooth, but which has hardly required to be modified at all either as to direction or method of construction. To drop metaphor, Mr. Tylor not only showed where facts bearing upon the early history of mankind were to be sought and how they were to be used when collected, but in the inferences based upon his then comparatively meagre accumulations anticipated the conclusions of a more recent period when the area of the facts had been multiplied to an indefinite extent. Especially valuable are the chapters on the Gesture-Language, which should be considered indispensable alike to the student of history and to the inquirer into the origin of human speech.

The "Researches" have been twice revised by the author since their first appearance in 1865, and though the changes are slight, they are sufficient to indicate the direction which later investigations have taken. This first American is from the third English edition, and is issued in a style befitting a work of permanent value and interest.

JOHNSON'S CHIEF LIVES OF THE POETS. And Macaulay's Life of Johnson. With a Preface by Matthew Arnold. To which are Appended Macaulay's and Carlyle's Essays on Boswell's Life of Johnson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Having already reproduced (in our August number) the prefatory essay in which Mr. Arnold explains the special merits and advantages of this selection from Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"-embracing the lives of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, and Gray-we need only say that, after a careful perusal of the book in its present form, we cordially agree with Mr. Arnold's high estimate. We know of no work which will better serve the purpose of an introduction to English literature, or which will give the reader a more vivid idea of some of the greatest men whose works have conferred lustre upon that literature. The book, too, is more homogeneous than one would expect from a collection of disconnected essays. The six selected "Lives" conduct us consecutively through more than a century and a half, from 1608, the year of Milton's birth, down to 1771, the date of the death of Gray; and through this long

and important period, as Mr. Arnold says, we follow the course of what Warburton calls "the most agreeable subject in the world, which is literary history," and follow it in the lives of men of letters of the first class.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that in the concluding sentence of his essay, Mr. Arnold remarked that, in order to make his volume of selections "quite perfect," it should be prefaced by Lord Macaulay's "Life of Johnson." By the consent of the publishers of the Encyclopadia Britannica, this Life (which shows Macaulay himself at his very best) is included; and to the American edition of the work the publishers have added Macaulay's famous essay on Boswell's Life of Johnson, with Carlyle's equally famous rejoinder thereto. All these, with Mr. Arnold's own Preface and a very complete index, constitute a volume for which readers, students, and teachers of English literature should be alike grateful.

How To Parse. An Attempt to Apply the Principles of Scholarship to English Grammar. By the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. Boston: Roberts Bros.

This is altogether the most sensible, scientific, and practically useful treatise on English grammar that has lately come under our notice. Without exactly endorsing Mr. Richard Grant White's assertion that English is "the grammarless tongue," Dr. Abbott utterly discards a large part of the cumbersome classifications and phraseology which the earlier grammarians borrowed from the Latin; and we hear nothing of those terms which by false analogies have misled and muddled so many generations of students-Articles, Cases, Proper Noun, Conjugation, Decline, Nominative, Objective, and the like. How much the exclusion of this rubbish simplifies the study of the real "Parts of Speech" can only be comprehended by practical trial, and for this Dr. Abbott's little book furnishes just what is wanted. Besides the grammatical portion proper, which is divided into lessons, rules, and exercises for use in schools, there are valuable appendixes on Analysis, Spelling, and Pronunciation, and an exceedingly instructive chapter on the Growth of the English Language.

REMORSE. A Novel. From the French of Th. Bentzon. No. XIII. Collection of Foreign Authors. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The "Collection of Foreign Authors" grows apace, and maintains the high standard established by the earlier volumes. "Remorse" is a story of slight texture, and its motif touches upon dangerous ground, but it is remarkably intense and dramatic in narrative,

and it is written with all that polish, precision, and vivacity of style which characterize the best class of French literary work. The story appeared originally in the Revue des Deux Mondes, where it attracted wide attention for the qualities already named, and also for the extraordinary subtlety and insight displayed by the author in his delineation of contrasted types of character. M. Bentzon's method of portrayal is not the tedious analytical-psychological method of the English school; it is essentially dramatic. He shows us men and women in action, and leaves us to infer from such actions the nature and quality of their motives. The superiority of this method in point of interest is undoubted; and it has the additional advantage of producing stories which can be enjoyed and finished at a sitting.

THE VOICE AS AN INSTRUMENT. By A. A. Pattou. New York: Edward Schuberth & Co.

In this useful and suggestive little treatise, the author takes for his text the saying of Aristotle that "although nature has gifted us all with voices, yet correct singing is the result of art and study;" but he enlarges the scope of his text somewhat, and insists with much emphasis that vocalization is not only an art but a science. He shows that it depends primarily upon certain physiological and anatomical conditions which must be thoroughly understood before we can safely venture upon either the teaching or the practice of vocal music; and he explains what may be called the mechanism of the human voice with a clearness and simplicity and a scientific precision that we have not seen equalled elsewhere. The essay is destructive rather than constructive in its criticism-that is, it points out the mistakes and errors and even dangers of the common theories and practice, without explaining the precise method of rectifying them; but much is gained when we learn that our principles are erroneous, and the little book offers suggestions of great value, even if it does not fully expound the author's system. The suggestions, we may add, will prove useful not merely to teachers and students of music, but to those numerous individuals who are suffering from throat affections, which a sound knowledge of the mechanism of the voice and how to use it would totally eradicate.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

DR. CARL FULDA is preparing an interesting contribution to literary history in the shape of a Life of Schiller's wife.

A SOCIETY with the comprehensive object of

protecting their interests at home and abroad has been formed by German authors.

MESSES. CALMANN LEVY, of Paris, have acquired the right of publication of all George Sand's works, and propose to issue in the course of the winter a considerable portion of her correspondence.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR'S "Life of Goethe" is approaching publication. It will contain important material hitherto quite unknown to English readers. Much has been gathered from oral testimony at Weimar.

THE Jahrbuch of the German Dante Society estimates that five hundred and fifty publications more or less concerning Dante have been issued within the seven years dating from July 1870 to July 1877.

M. LEON GAUTIER, of the Archives Nationales, Paris, is about to publish a collection of Latin liturgical pieces in verses from the eighth to the tenth centuries. Most of the inedited texts are collected from MSS. in the Library of St. Gallen.

THE Clarendon Press has, after some trouble, found a competent editor to continue the revised edition of the late Prof. Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, on which he had been engaged for many years before his death, but had not, we believe, carried beyond the letter G.

THE experiment of opening the public libraries and reading-rooms in Manchester appears to have been successful. An average of 500 visitors for each library is reported, and many of them are not the usual week-day frequenters. Mr. Alderman Baker, chairman of the Library Committee, considers that the result so far attained is most gratifying.

PHILOLOGISTS interested in mediæval and modern dialects will be glad to hear of the faithful reimpression of the Psalms in verses in the dialect of Béarn from a unique copy (1583) in the National Library in Paris, by Arnaud de Salette; and of Lucien Rigaud's "Dictionnaire du Jargon Parisien, l'Argot Ancien et l'Argot Moderne."

THE Eastern unsettlement threatens to create yet another nuisance, a new European language. The Albanians, in asserting their nationality, claim that Albanian shall be the official language of their country. The Albanians have two chief languages, the Tosk and the Guegh, and they cannot read them when other people write them, so they use Greek for written communications.

THE extraordinary persistency with which

unsuccessful candidates present themselves year after year at the Chinese competitive examinations is curiously illustrated by certain edicts in the *Peking Gasette* of last year, in which honorary degrees are conferred on forty-two candidates who were finally plucked at the age of ninety and upwards, and on one hundred and thirty-six who gave up the struggle when between eighty and ninety.

One subsidiary result of the late Eastern changes is the extension of the area of the Roman alphabet. The Austro-Hungarian Government has adopted for Bosnia and Herzegovina the Croato-Slav dialect in Roman type, instead of the Cyrillic type used by the Ottoman Government. The occupation of the Dobruja by the Roumans is attended by the use of the Roman character, which will, however, be displaced in Bessarabia by the Russian.

A STATEMENT has been published of the number of readers and of the works read in the thirty-two national libraries in Italy. The entire number of readers in 1877 was 806,388, being a slight increase on the number of the preceding year. The Library of Turin is the most frequented; next come those of Naples and of Rome. The libraries of Palermo and of the University of Rome reckon more than 40,000, but less than 50,000, readers, while that of Modena only boasts 1292. By various donations, and by books forwarded by the publishers in conformity with the law, the Italian libraries were increased last year by 32,014 works.

THE constant increase in the amount of unclaimed property and money seeking an owner in this country is one of its curious economic phenomena. It appears from the fourth edition, just published, of Mr. Edward Preston's Index to Heirs at Law, Next of Kin, and Unclaimed Money, that upwards of 50,000 persons have been advertised for in the last 150 years, and no fewer than 10,000 of these since 1871. It would follow that nearly 1 in 3300 of the population of the United Kingdom might find something to their advantage in Mr. Preston's Index, in connection with advertisements which have appeared in the last six years and a half alone. But a vast number of persons besides are interested without their knowledge in unclaimed property advertised about in antecedent years. Another curious economic phenomenon is such a subdivision of labor and of knowledge that there should be an indefatigable person like the compiler of the Index to collect the information requisite to put so many thousands of persons in the way of getting property they knew nothing about .- Academy.

SCIENCE AND ART.

A HINT TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.-A COTTEspondent of Les Mondes calls attention to the fact that butchers, though they may be pale and thin when they enter on the business, quickly gain freshness of color, stoutness, and a generally comfortable look. It is a pure fiction, of course, that they put aside the best portions of the meat for themselves, and it is a known fact that most of them lose appetite. The correspondent attributes their general well-being to assimilation, through the respiratory passages, of nutritive juices of the meat volatilized in the air-a kind of nutrition by affusion. If this be really a fact, it is argued that young people, suffering from deficient or impure blood, and especially children of a weak or lymphatic constitution, might be subjected with advantage to hygienic treatment based upon it. A well-known French physician commends the idea, and offers the following plan for the treatment of consumptive persons, in place of sending them off to distant places with reputedly mild climates. In a well-ventilated, sunlit and sheltered room, with southern exposure, he would, by means of a Mousseron brazier, the high moist heat of which is salutary and favorable to respiration, form for the patient an artificial climate, like that of Nice or Florida, having all the advantages, without the inconveniences, of the real climate. To aid the antiseptic action of the warm moist air, rich in vapors, charged with dissolved carbonic acid, he would place in one or more corners of the room an open bottle of water saturated with sulphurous acid. By this arrangement he thinks the progress of the tuberculation would be arrested.

EXPLORATIONS IN THE EUPHRATES AND TI-GRIS VALLEYS .- Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, who was a companion of Sir Austen Layard's earliest discoveries in the Euphrates and Tigris valleys, has succeeded in obtaining from the Porte a most extensive firman for the exploration of the whole of Mesopotamia, Assyrian and Babylonian. Mr. Rassam will resume his explorations in the Nineveh district, at Koyunjik, in the palaces of Sardanapalus, Sennacherib, and Esarhaddon, and at Nimroud. The excavations in the mound of Nebby-Yunus, close by Koyunjik, if carried out, may lead to the discovery of "some accounts, however meagre, of Sennacherib's second campaign against Hezekiah," from the Assyrian point of view, as this is the site of that king's later palace. In Babylonia, Mr. Rassam will make it a special point to discover the site of the royal "Record Office," which has been kept secret by the Arab and

Jewish dealers, through whom we have obtained so many of the tablets, "representing every branch of commercial and fiscal transaction" found therein, and now in the British Museum. "The mounds of Tel Ibrahim, the site of the city of Kutha, the great sacred university of Babylon, whence Assurbnipal obtained the originals of the Creation tablets," are also within the scope of the new firman. Mr. Rassam has also obtained a special firman for the exploration of north-eastern Syria, and Carchemish, on the Euphrates, the capital of the ancient Hittite kingdom. This is altogether new ground.

EYESIGHT AND TYPE.-By much study of the subject, Mr. Javal, of Paris, is led to the conclusion that shortness of sight is occasioned or aggravated by the forms of the letters of the alphabet as printed in books and newspapers. Similarities of form strain the eye by the effort to distinguish one from the other, and especially is this the case with Gothic or "black letter" characters. Shortsight prevails largely and increases in Germany, owing, as Mr. Javal believes, to the general use in that country of Gothic printingtypes. It would be worth studying whether other alphabets are open to the same objection. The recently invented writing-machines, which write in capital letters, impose a new trial, for many readers find that whole pages of capitals fatigue and irritate the eyes in a very peculiar manner. In like manner a page of close-printed matter of any kind of type is more wearisome to the eye than a page broken up into paragraphs. The eye delights in a resting-place.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S RECENT EXPLORATIONS. -Dr. Schliemann has recently been engaged in exploring the island of Ithaca, the land of the much-travelled Ulysses. In a letter to the London Times he gives the results at which he has arrived. Beginning at the northern end, he found that the valley called Polis, which has generally been regarded as the site of the capital of Ulysses, and which Mr. Gladstone, in his recently published "Homer Primer," says "agrees with all Homer's indications of the capital," could not maintain its claim, its fancied Acropolis "never having been touched by the hands of man," and the Greeks not having been wont to build their cities on fertile land, especially "among these barren crags," where arable land was so precious. Proceeding southward, Dr. Schliemann came to the isthmus which joins the northern and southern halves of the island, on which Mount Actos is situated; and here, on its "artificially but rudely levelled summit," which rises 1200 feet above the sea, found a triangu-

lar platform, with remnants of some cyclopean buildings, which he has satisfied himself formed the nucleus of the most ancient capital of the old lords of Ithaca, and among them of Ulysses. It appears that the summit of Mount Actos was extended to the north and southwest by a huge cyclopean wall, still existing, " the space between the top and the wall being filled up with stones and debris." Thus a level surface, extensive enough for a mansion and a courtyard, was afforded. There are two circuit-walls, one fifty feet below the other, and immense boulder-walls run down and about the upper slope of the mountain. Dr. Schliemann thinks that a city of some 2000 houses once sheltered under these cyclopean walls, and has found the ruins of 190, the stones composing which are far larger than those in the cyclopean houses at Mycenæ and Tiryns. None of these ruins are visible from below, the sides of Mount Actos being very steep, which accounts for the discovery not having been made before. The steepness of the slope and centuries of heavy winter rains also account for the disappearance of almost all remnants of ancient industry, which have been swept into the sea. At the southern end of the island he has found the very pigsties of Eumæus, the swineherd.

Source of the Sun's Energy .- Dr. Croll, F.R.S., in a discussion on the Origin of Nebulæ, assumes that the inquiry would be facili tated by first endeavoring to explain the origin of our sun. He does not mean the matter of which the sun is made; but in what way the sun came to be a sun, and what was the source of its light and heat? Difficult as the question is, it seems simple when we know that the sun must have derived its energy (light and heat) either from Gravitation or from Motion in Space. If it is not one nor the other, it is not worth while to pursue the inquiry. But, in the words of Dr. Croll, "the important difference between the two is that the store of energy derivable from gravitation could not possibly have exceeded twenty to thirty million years' supply of heat at the present rate of radiation, whereas the store derivable from motion in space, depending on the rate of that motion, may conceivably have amounted to any assignable quantity. Thus a mass equal to that of the sun, moving with a velocity of four hundred and seventy-six miles per second, possesses in virtue of that motion energy sufficient, if converted into heat, to cover the present rate of the sun's radiation for fifty million years. Twice that velocity would give two hundred million years', four times that velocity would give eight hundred million years' heat, and so on without limit." From these statements some notion may be formed as to the character of

the discussion. Readers who desire to study the whole of the argument will find it in the Philosophical Magazine for July.

NEW CRATER IN THE MOON,-Last year an astronomer at Cologne, while examining the Mare Vaporum, a central portion of the moon's surface, discovered a crater which, after comparison of lunar maps and correspondence with other observers, was pronounced to be new. In the spring of the present year the discovery was made public, and the crater has been seen by astronomers in England, and other parts of Europe. It is described as "about three miles in diameter, deep and full of shadow," situated among a number of small craters. The fact, therefore, seems to be well established, and it opens an interesting field of inquiry. A newly formed crater implies an active volcano; and with a volcano in activity the moon cannot be the lifeless mass so often described by astronomers and physicists. Gases in large quantities must be present; chemical action must be going on accompanied by alternations of temperature; and after all, there is perhaps not such a deprivation of atmosphere as is commonly supposed. These are questions to which investigators may betake themselves with ample scope for the exercise of ingenuity and, it may be, advantage to physical science.

DIFFICULT LIGHTHOUSE BUILDING .- From Finisterre, the Land's End of France, a reef of rocks of ill repute among mariners stretches out seven miles into the sea. Wrecks were so frequent, that the French government caused a survey to be made, with a view to build a lighthouse; and Ar-Men, one of the outermost rocks, about fifteen mètres long and eight broad, was chosen as the site. But owing to violent currents and waters proverbially turbulent, it was as difficult and dangerous to land on as the Skerryvore. The work was begun in 1867, in which year landing could be effected seven times only, and in a total of eight hours' work fifteen holes were pierced. In 1868 there were sixteen landings, eighteen hours of work, forty holes were pierced, and the rock was levelled for the first courses of masonry. In 1869 the placing of the stones was commenced, while an experienced fisherman watched the sea and gave warning when a great wave was rushing in; and it was found at the end of the season that twenty-five cubic mètres of stone had been fixed. In 1877 the number of landings was greater than in any previous year, and the solid masonry was raised to more than twelve metres above the highest tides; and it is now expected that the tower, which will rise forty feet above high-water, will be completed by 1880.

HOT AND COLD BATHS .- The London Lancet

in a recent number points out the difference between the effects of hot and cold baths. The effects of the cold bath, it says, being mainly due to impressions made upon the cutaneous nerves, the modifications of the cold bath largely depend on their power of increasing its stimulating action. The colder the water, the more violent the impression. The frequent change of water, such as is found in the sea or in running streams, increases the stimulating effect. Great force of impact, as when water falls from a height or comes forcibly through a hose upon the body; the division of the stream, as is seen in shower baths and needle baths; and the addition of acids or salt to the water, all act, it would seem, by increasing the stimulating power which the water exerts upon the cutaneous nerves. Warm baths produce an effect upon the skin directly contrary to that brought about by cold water. The cutaneous vessels dilate immediately under the influence of the heat, and although this dilation is followed by a contraction of the vessels, this contraction is seldom excessive; and the ultimate result of a warm bath is to increase the cutaneous circulation. The pulse and respiration are both quickened as in the cold bath. The warm bath increases the temperature of the body, and by lessening the necessity for the internal production of heat, decreases the call made upon certain vital processes, and enables life to be sustained with a less expenditure of force. While a cold bath causes a certain stiffness of the muscles, if continued for too long a time, a warm bath relieves stiffness and fatigue. The ultimate results of hot and cold baths, if their temperature be moderate, are about the same, the difference being, to use the words of Braun, that "cold refreshes by stimulating the functions, heat by physically facilitating them; and in this lies the important practical difference between the cold water and hot water systems."

VARIETIES.

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY. — Vice-Consul Gardner in his trade report on Poti gives an account of an ingenious method by which sturgeon are captured by fishermen at the mouth of the River Rhion during the spring and summer months. The process, he says, is simple in the extreme, yet difficult to describe and hard to believe. A strong line or lanyard about 100 feet in length, with short lines attached at a distance of six feet apart, and having a large hook at the end, very sharp but barbless; a small gourd is fastened to the back of each hook to keep it floating point downwards; these lines, hooks, and gourds are neatly arranged on the gunwale of a dug-

out, or boat made from a single log, and run out quickly across the river, and are visited morning and evening. If a sturgeon in its passage down to the sea is pricked ever so slightly by one of the hooks it remains stationary, without struggling, or making an attempt to escape. The fisherman on reaching his lines carefully overhauls them, and on finding a fish strikes it, with his gaff, passes a rope through its gills, and tows it behind his dugout to the shore. If the fish is not mortally wounded, it is fastened to a post on the river side, opposite the fisherman's cottage, where it remains alive until a purchaser arrives. These fish vary in weight from thirty-six pounds to 216 pounds, realizing sixpence per pound; the caviare obtained from the female selling at two shillings per pound. Gray mullet are also caught, in a rather unsportsmanlike fashion, but in considerable quantities, by floating mats made of reeds, fifty feet long by five feet to ten feet broad, on the surface of the sea in bright fine weather. When the mullet in swimming reach the shade occasioned by the mat, they foolishly jump out of the water, fall on the mat, and are taken by the fisherman waiting in his boat to receive them. -Pall Mall Gazette.

TO AN ICONOCLASTIC POET.

FIGHT not dead gods, nor think the incense-cloud Which in our day hides the Eternal Face Comes from a priestly hand. The heavenly grace Thou see'st in a bare room or city's crowd, Abides no less within the costliest fane Which humble worshippers with patience rear To speak their thought, and tell them God is near. They have done what they could, and not in vain, But love of wealth and of luxurious ease,—These are our idols now. Poet, fight these!

J. E. S.

GREEK AND ROMAN SHOES .- Shoes may be generally classed as coverings for the feet, commonly made of leather. If furnished with a top for enclosing the lower part of the leg, it is called a boot. The oldest form is that of sandal, a flat sole to be worn under the foot, and secured to it by thongs in various ways. The ancient Egyptians made sandals of leather, and others, for the priests, of palm-leaves and papyrus. Specimens from their tombs are preserved in the British Museum, formed of strips of palm-leaves nicely fitted together, and furnished with bands of the stem of the papyrus. The Hebrews used similar protections for the feet, sometimes formed of linen and of wood, while those for soldiers were of brass or iron. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans the use of shoes was not general. Spartan youths were trained to go barefoot, and the heroes of Homer are usually described as without shoes when armed for battle. Greek women, however, wore shoes, and their

use finally became universal. There was great diversity in their fashion, and the several sorts were named from the person who introduced them, or from the place whence they came; as the "shoes of Alcibiades," "Persian," "Cretan," "Athenian shoes," etc. The Spartans wore red shoes, and the same were put on by the chief magistrates of Rome on ceremonial occasions. The calceus was like modern shoes in form, covering the whole foot, and tied with latchets or strings. Those of senators and patricians were high, like buskins, ornamented with an ivory crescent, and called calceilunati. Some were made with tops, and of all lengths, even to covering the whole leg; these were called calceamenta and cothurni. The tops were often of the skins of wild animals, lacing up in front, and ornamented at the upper extremity with the paws and heads arranged in a flap that turned over. The skin was dyed purple, or some other bright color, and the shoes were variously ornamented with imitations of jewels, and sometimes with canvas. It was common to make them open at the toe, so that this part of the foot was left exposed. -Boot and Shoemaker.

CHINESE FEMALE EDUCATION. - Chinese books for girls consist chiefly of exhortations to discharge all their duties, as daughters, wives, mothers, sisters, and especially daughters-in-law. If you go into a Pekin bookshop to examine what books are devoted to female training, you will find a little volume called "Nu er ching," which describes the daily routine of a girl's life before and after marriage. A larger work is "The Girl's Four Books," in two volumes. This contains the best results of Chinese thinking on how the female mind ought to be trained. The duties of daughter, wife, and mother are here explicitly laid down and illustrated by examples. The boys have their Four Books, which they read before the study of the Five Classics. These were fixed upon in the Sung dynasty, 700 years ago. A century of Mongol rule followed, when the family of Genghis Khan held the throne. Then came the Ming dynasty, which ruled for nearly three centuries. It was at this time that the little collection of works called "The Girl's Four Books" was made. Emperors wrote prefaces to two of them, in order to give them greater authority. Since that time these books have been much used as a sort of educational course. In what does this work consist? In moral instruction. The girl may read it herself, or its lessons may be taught her by an instructor. The publication of these works was not intended to furnish a curriculum for use in girls' schools, but in families. Girls' schools were not thought of then, and it is only now, after the commencement of Christian missions, that the question whether Chinashould have girls' schools or not has come up.—Leisure Hour.

THE BIBLE ILLUSTRATED BY ORIENTAL PROVERBS.—The road to heaven a narrow way. Paradise is a good place, but often the getting there is by lacerating the heart."-Evil communications corrupt good manners. "A bear's friendship is to scratch and tear." "If intimate with a thief, take care of 'your ox."-Be sure thy sin will find thee out. "The man whom God disgraces is bitten by a dog from the back of a camel," — God uses means. "Though God is almighty, yet He does not send rain from a cloudless sky."-God's agency marvellous, "If God will, He preserves the kitten in the kiln ashes."-The righteous fearless. "What fear of the fire has pure gold?" —The wicked have no pity. "The kid's bleating is the wolf's laughter."—A change of nature necessary for heaven. "If an ass goes to Mecca, when he returns he is the same ass." -Riches make to themselves wings. "Wealth is a Hindu's beard," i.e. uncertain, as the Hindu's family connections are extensive, and he shaves when in mourning. This often occurs, There is a similar one: "Wealth is a cliff's shadow," i.e. always changing.-Mercy after suffering. "Though the cloud is black, white water falls from it."-A man trying to enjoy the world and religion at the same time. "When the birds are taxed, the bat says, 'I am a rat.' When the rats are taxed, the bat says, 'I am a bird.'" Similarly, in the Arabic: "They said to the ostrich, 'Carry.' It answered, 'I cannot, for I am a bird.' They said, 'Fly.' It answered, 'I cannot, for I am a camel." -The thoughts of the wicked are evil. "When the cat has dreams she sees rats."-The enjoyments of the rich like Haman's case. "The sleep of kings is on an ant-hill."-The Pharisees cleansing the outside of the cup and platter. "A white beard is useless if the heart be black."-Taking away may bring more and better. "The more a tree is lopped, the stronger it grows."-The penalties of trifling with sin. "He who plays with the cat must suffer her claws."-Pride of the wicked. "Like the dustman's donkey, who paces swaggering, and yet carries only dirt,"-The wicked useful in certain things. "The invitation of the ass to the wedding is to (carry) wood or water."-The liar is so by nature, "The untrained cucumber is crooked." -Sunday at Home.

REMARKABLE ECHOES.—In the sepulchre of Metella, the wife of Sulla, in the Roman Campagna, there is an echo which repeats five times, in five different keys, and will also give back with distinctness a hexameter line which requires two and a half seconds to utter it. On the banks of the Naha, between Bingen and Coblentz, an echo repeats seventeen times. The speaker may scarcely be heard, and yet the responses are loud and distinct, sometimes appearing to approach, at other times to come from a great distance. Echoes equally beautiful and romantic are to be heard in our own islands. In the cemetery of the Abercorn family, at Paisley, when the door of the chapel is shut, the reverberations are equal to the sound of thunder. If a single note of music is breathed, the tone ascends gradually with a multitude of echoes, till it dies in soft and bewitching murmurs. In this chapel is interred Margery, the daughter of Bruce, and the wife of William Wallace. The echo at the "Eagle's Nest." on the banks of Killarney, is renowned for its effective repetition of a bugle call, which seems to be repeated by a hundred instruments, until it gradually dies away in the air. At the report of a cannon, the loudest thunders reverberate from the rock, and die in seemingly endless peals along the distant mountains. At the Castle of Simonetta, a nobleman's seat about two miles from Milan, a surprising echo is produced between the two wings of the building. The report of a pistol is repeated by this echo sixty times; and Addison, who visited the place on a somewhat foggy day, when the air was unfavorable to the experiment, counted fifty-six repetitions. At first they were very quick, but the intervals were greater in proportion as the sound decayed. It is asserted that the sound of one musical instrument in this place resembles a great number of instruments playing in concert. This echo is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length, between which the wave of sound is reverberated from one to the other until it is entirely spent .- The World of Wonders.

THE COMRADES.

[From the German of Uhland.]

I han a mate in the regiment, A better man ne'er stepped. The bugle blew to battle, And 'mid the roar and rattle One step, one heart, we kept.

"Art thou, or am I, the billet
Of that bullet whistling here?
Ah! poor old mate, 'tis thee it's found!"
He fell beside me on the ground,—
"Twas a part of myself lay there.

"Dost stretch thy hand towards me? I must load, and one more shot try. I've ne'er a hand for thee, old chum. Peace be with thee in kingdom-come,—Good-bye, my mate, good-bye!" C. S. M.

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VALUABLE LANDS FROM MORASSES, -Some statistics show the importance of the various public works which have been undertaken by the French, and the important effects they have had upon the wealth and resources of France. Perhaps the most important of all have been the works in the Landes (Gironde). In that region there formerly existed a plain of 8000 square kilometres of sand, overlying an impenetrable sub-soil. The rains of winter formed immense seas of mud, which were transformed by the suns of summer into morasses filled with rank, useless vegetation. What was required was a proper supply of water and a good system of drainage The works were commenced twenty years ago, and there are in existence to-day 2200 kilometres of canals, which have transformed 190,000 hectares of useless communal land into forests worth already 80,000,000 francs, in addition to 350,000 hectares of land belonging to private individuals which have been planted and now grow wood worth 125,000,000 francs. All these works have been carried out at the expense of 162 communes without any assistance from the central government. So far from having contracted any debt, the communes have managed, by the sale of a portion of the improved land, to spend 7,500,000 francs in public buildings, schools, churches, and mairies, and to invest 4,000,000 francs in national securities. And all these results have been produced by the expenditure of less than 1,000,000 francs.

GUIDE BOOKS FOR FOREIGN TRAVEL.—The Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, has issued a "hand book for going to Paris, with all routes to it and near excursions from it." It contains in a neat portable form a great variety of just such information as is useful to the traveler, tells him what to see and how to see, and is a very useful companion. It is prepared by Mr. Henry Morford, who has established a reputation as a writer of Guide Books. The Company also issue in connection with it Bartlet's illustrated Map of London and Paris, which shows at a glance all the public buildings and places of interest in the two cities, with their location and direction. As the Company has thus provided so well for travelers abroad, it is to be hoped they will not forget to take out an accident policy before leaving home.

AMERICAN INDIANS .- Facts have proved not only that the American Indians are not decreasing in numbers, but that they are advancing rapidly in civilization. Of the entire number, estimated at 275,000, 56,000, or about one-fifth, receive rations from the government. The number of rations issued is steadily diminishing; for instance, 12,000 rations now given to the Navajos will cease to be issued next year. About 70,000 Indians are living under constitutions and written laws adopted and administered by themselves. There are 112,903 who wear citizens' dress; these occupy 22,199 houses. There are maintained among the tribes 330 schools, in which are 11,515 scholars; the sum of \$337,379 is expended on education, and 40,397 have learned to read. The number of acres of land cultivated by Indians within the jurisdiction of the United States is 292,550; the total of bushels of wheat raised by them in 1877 was 688,278; of corn, 4,656,952. The horses and mules owned are 216,286; the cattle are 217,883; and the sheep 587, 444. These facts are proof that the peace policy of the national government is far from being a failure. Dr. CLARK, one of the secretaries of the American Board. has expressed the opinion that our Indians have made more progress in civilization in the last decade than during the preceding fifty years.

BREAKING IN HORSES BY ELECTRICITY .-Some experiments have been made at Brussels in breaking in horses by means of an electric bridle. The apparatus, called the Engstrom bridle, after its inventor, consists simply in a couple of reins, along which run electric wires. At the end of the reins a small electric battery is attached, which is entirely in the power of the experimenter. By pressing on a little knob the electric current acts on the corners of the horse's mouth, and after a few consecutive or intermitting shocks the animal becomes perfectly docile. A very intractable mare was broken in after one experiment with the bridle. The inventor asserts that runaway horses can immediately be brought to a standstill by means of this apparatus.

BUTTER TRADE.—England imports about 80,000 tons of foreign butter, at an annual cost of nearly \$44,000,000.

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Two Hundred Thousand Bugs .- The San Francisco Bulletin says: "Prof. Davidson, President of the Academy of Sciences, recently called the attention of a number of citizens to the large collection of specimens in entomology made by Henry Edwards during a period of twenty-five years. This collection is said to be one of the largest ever made in the United States, and by far the most complete ever made on the Pacific coast. About 60,000 species have been collected, representing more than 200,000 specimens. These represent not only all the orders on this coast, but nearly or quite all in the United States, with a large representation of orders from all parts of the world. The collection is really one of the most complete known in this country or any other. The collection is valued at \$12,000, or rather that is about the sum expended in freights, cabinets, and the purchase of rare specimens. The labor of twenty-five years is not estimated.

BICYCLES.—At a recent "bicycle meet," at Hampton Court, there were 2000 riders in the procession, representing 62 metropolitan and 20 provincial clubs. The throng of spectators was estimated at 30,000.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

Studio, Field, and Gallery: A manual of Painting for the Student and Amateur, with Information for the General Reader. By HORACE J. ROLLIN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 207. Price, \$1.50.

Studies in Spectrum Analysis. By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S. International Scientific Series. New York: D. Appleton of Co. 12mo, cloth. Illustrated. pp. 258. Price, 2.50.

Studies in the Creative Week. By Rev. GEORGED. BOARDMAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 338. Price, \$1.50.

The Elements of Plain Trigonometry. By Prof. EUGENE L. RICHARDS, of Yale College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 112.

A Synopsis of History, from B. C. 800 to A. D. 1876, outlined in Diagrams and Tables; with Index and Genealogies. For General Reference and for Schools and Colleges. By SAMURL WILLARD, A.M., M.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 116.

Charlotte Cushman: Her Letters and Memories of her Life. By EMMA STEBBINS. Illustrated with Heliotypes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 8vo, pp. 308. Price, \$2.50.

Memorial and Biographical Sketches. By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 484. Price, \$2.

Watch and Ward. A Story by HENRY JAMES, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Little Classic Style. pp. 219. Price, \$1.25.

Studies in Luke. The Gospel according to St. Luke, containing the Original Greek Text, with an Interlined Word-for-Word English Translation, and a New Version based on the renderings of Eminent Critics, with Illustrative Explanatory Foot Notes and References. Also, an Alphabetical Appendix of Names, Weights, Coins, Words, and Phrases used in the New Testament. By BENJAMIN WILSON. New York: S. R. Wells & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 168. Price 60 cents.

Putnam's Art Hand Books. Edited by SUBAN N. CARTER. I. The Art of Sketching from Nature. By Thomas Rowbotham. II. Landscape Paintings in Oil Colors. By W: WILLIAMS. Both fully illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, boards. Price, 50 cents each.

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OLD RIVERS UTILIZED.-Running water leaves on the earth's crust marks as permanent as any of the violent convulsions of nature. The discovery has lately been made in Australia that the streams of the Tertiary period, probably many millions of years ago, but now dried up, are vast storehouses of wealth. They are carefully searched out and worked for tin. They acted in precisely the same way as the rivers of our own day, washing away the lighter rock, and leaving a concentration of the heavy ore in their channels. They vary considerably in depth, according to the remoteness of their origin. In one of them a shaft has been sunk 60 feet, and at that depth the ground is a regular river bed, with, in some places, a collection of loose drift sand heavily intermixed with tin-ore. It has been opened, at that depth, to the distance, horizontally, of 2000 feet, and explored by boring from the surface for 600 feet more. The width of the seam has increased from 1S to 400 feet, and it contains an average of three feet of what the miners call " pay dirt," that is to say soil worth working, for it yields about 11/2 per cent. of metal, an excellent produce for tin-ore Some of these deposits are discovered at only a few feet from the surface, a fact which shows that they are of a much later date than the one referred to above, but still of immeasurable antiquity. The state of the earth also shows that these later rivers were not in action for very long periods, as the ore has been far less washed. Twenty-five of these tin mines have already been found, and although the difficulty attending all new enterprises has retard. ed their development, yet within two years they have produced 2059 tons of ore, worth about \$1,000,000.

Enterprise in Honey.—A Chicago honey dealer has constructed a floating bee-house large enough to accommodate two thousand hives. This he is towing up the Mississippi River, from Louisiana to Minnesota, keeping pace with the blossoming of the flowers, thus stimulating the honey-making ability of his bees. In his return trip he designs to take advantage of the autumnal flowers at each point, just as he does of the spring flowers in going up the river. This plan of moving bees to get the benefit of fresh flowers has been tried in some parts of Europe.

OUR NATIONAL CREDIT .- The New York syndicate of bankers have found so good a market for the 41/2 per cent U. S. bonds they are selling for the government, that they have called for the whole issue -\$50,000,000though not bound by their agreement to complete the transaction until the close of the year. These bonds, it will be remembered. are paid for in gold, which gold is reserved exclusively for redemption purposes, and there can no longer be doubt of the ability of the government to begin specie payments on the 1st of next January. These bonds have sold at the rate of about \$1,250,000 a day; the price is now \$1021/2 with accrued interest. So the country's credit stands well in the opinion of the financial world.

Mr. DE PEYSTER, in a recent address before the Historical Society, recalled the fact that \$24 was the original amount paid by the Dutch for Manhattan Island, and made the interesting comment that that sum, if placed at compound interest, would have reached by May, 1878, the pleasant total of \$609.510,000.

A CHURCH INCIDENT.—An amusing incident occurred recently at a church in Connecticut. The clergyman desired to call the attention to the fact that, it being the last Sunday in the month, he would administer the rite of baptism to children. Previous to having entered the pulpit, he received from one of the elders. who, by the way, was quite deaf, a notice to the effect that, as the children would be present that afternoon and he had the new Sundayschool books ready for distribution, he would have them ready to sell to all who desired them. After the service the clergyman began the notice of the baptismal service thus: " All of those having children and desiring to have them baptized will bring them this afternoon." At this point the deaf elder, hearing the name of children, supposed it was something in reference to his books, and, rising, said: " And all of those having none and desiring them, will be supplied by me for the sum of twenty-five cents each.

THE late George Cruikshank's library, consisting of about 600 volumes, and including many works illustrated by him, was lately sold at auction, realizing £1138. Mr. Cruikshank's pension of £95 a year is continued to the widow.

THE RUSSIAN LOSSES IN THE WAR.-Official returns state that the Russian losses in killed and wounded during the late war amounted to 89,304 officers and men. Among these were 10 generals killed and 11 wounded. One Prince of the Imperial family, and 34 members of the higher nobility of Russia fell on the field of battle. Of the wounded, 36,824 are perfectly recovered, and 10,000 more will, it is expected, be able to leave the hospitals during the next few weeks; 121 men were prisoners in the hands of the Turks when the armistice was concluded. The proportion of killed and wounded to the total number engaged was very large; one out of every six men who went into action being either injured or left dead on the field of battle. In the great actions of the late Franco-German war the proportion of killed and wounded to men engaged was very nearly the same ; being onesixth in the battles of Worth and Spicheren, and one-eighth in the battle of Vionville or Mars-la-Tour. At Gravelotte the proportion was only one-eleventh, and at Weissenberg one-twelfth. In some of the earlier battles of the present century, however, the losses were far heavier in proportion to the numbers engaged; amounting to one-third of the entire forces engaged at Salamanca, Borodino, and Eylau, to one-fourth at Marengo, and to onefifth at Friedland. Further, the returns show that 1 out of every 11 wounded men received into the Russian hospitals died from the effects of the injuries received. During the whole campaign, it is added, only two men were punished with death; one for the crime of desertion, the other for robbery, accompanied with violence. On the other hand, 20,000 re. wards were given in the form of decorations, promotions, or awards of money, the 8th corps, which so long held and defended the Schipka Pass, receiving the greatest proportion.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

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Hathercourt. By Mrs. MOLESWORTH ("Ennis Graham.") Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 380. Price, \$1. In the Wilderness. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 176. Price, 75 cents.

Maid Ellice. By Theo. Gift. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 18mo, cloth, pp. 463. Price, \$1.

Principles and Practice of Teaching. By JAMES JOHONNOT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 395. Price, \$1.50.

Bonny Kate. A Novel. By CHRISTIAN REID. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, paper, pp. 232. Price, 75 cents.

Scenery of the Pacific Railways and Colorado. With map and seventy-one illustrations. By J. D. WOODWARD. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Large 8vo, paper, pp. 88. Price 75 cents.

Literature Primers. English Grammar Exercises. By Rev. RICHARD MORRIS, M.A. LL.D., and H. COURTHOPE BOWEN, M.A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, cloth, pp. 107. Price, 45 cents.

Collection of Foreign Authors. No. X. Ariadne. From the French of Henri Greville. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 229. Price, 50 cents.

Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune? Mrs. Annie Edwards. (Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series). New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 227. Price, 30 cents.

A Struggle. By BARNET PHILLIPS. (Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series). New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 171. Price, 25 cents.

Gordon Baldwin, and the Philosopher's Pendulum. By RUDOLPH LINDAU. (Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series). New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 163. Price, 25 cents.

Misericordia. By Mrs. E. LYNN LINTON. (Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series). New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 130. Price, 20 cents,

The Fisherman of Auge. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. (Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series). New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 131. Price, 20 cents.

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PETROLEUM.—The Lumberman's Gazette gives the following short history of petroleum. The production of petroleum as an article of trade dates from the 28th of August, 1859, when Colonel Drake, in a well sixty-nine and a half feet deep, "struck oil," and coined a phrase that will last as long as the English language. From that beginning it has increased to an annual production of 14,500,000 barrels of crude oil. The first export was in 1861, of 27,000 barrels, valued at \$1,000,000, and the export of petroleum for the year 1877 was, in round numbers, \$62,000,000. The annual product of petroleum to-day-crude and refined-is greater in value than the entire production of iron, and is more than double that of the anthracite coal of the State of Pennsylvania, and exceeds the gold and silver product of the whole country. As an article of export it is fourth, and contests closely for the third rank. Our leading exports are relatively as follows: Cotton, annually, from \$175,000,000 to \$227,000,000; wheat flour, from \$69,000,000 to \$130,000,000; pork and its products (bacon, ham, and lard), from \$57,000,-000 to \$80,000,000, and petroleum from \$48,000,000 to \$62,000,000. The total export of petroleum from 1861 to, and including 1877 (sixteen years), has been \$442,698,968, custom-house valuation. From the best sources of information there are at this time 10,000 oil wells, producing and drilling, which at an average cost of \$5000 per well would make an investment of \$50,000,000 in this branch of the business. Tankage now existing of a capacity for 6,000,000 barrels cost \$2,000,000, and \$7,000,-000 has been invested in 2,000 miles of pipe lines connected with the wells. The entire investment for the existing of production, including the purchase money of territory, is something over \$100,000,000, which amount cannot be lessened much, if any, for as wells cease to produce, new ones have been constantly drilled to take their place.

BRITISH FOREIGN MISSIONS.—The British contributions to foreign missions the past year were very large. The Church of England raised \$2,129,680; the joint societies, \$784,740; the Nonconformist societies, \$1,503,855; the Scotch and Irish Presbyterian societies, \$791,740; the Roman Catholics, \$32,395; making a grand total of \$5,242,410.

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Cause of Heat in St. Louis.—General Myer's explanation of the fatality of the heat in St. Louis is clear. It is simply this: The city is situated upon lime rock and densely built. The rock and the bricks get heated and make the air hot. Now, in dry air the perspiration from the skin will evaporate. But there the air is continually moist, and therefore does not carry off the surplus heat which comes as perspiration from the body. Besides, hot, damp air is very unhealthy to breathe. Then again, St. Louis is situated where there is very little wind to carry away this falal atmosphere.

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THE water supply of London has recently been the subject of discussion. The daily consumption is 97,000,000 gallons for domestic, and 22,000,000 gallons for out-door purposes. Supply by meters is suggested as a means of preventing waste.

Porson is said to be the author of the following puzzle:

To five and five and forty-five The first of letters add: You have a thing that pleased a king And made a wise man mad.

To five (V) and five and forty-five (L) add the first of letters—i.e.—I (representing one), and A (being the first letter of the alphabet). These letters make the word "vial," being a thing (vide Hamlet) that pleased one king, killed another, and made "a wise man mad."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

The Essays of Elia. By Chas. Lamb. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 238. Price, 30 cents.

The Bird of Passage. By J. SHERIDAN LA FANU. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 178. Price 25 cents.

The Cossacks. By Count LES TOLSTOY. Translated by Eugene Schuyler. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 313. Price, \$1.25.

Gaddings with a Primitive People. By W. A. BAILLIE GRAHAM. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 397. Price, \$1.00.

Six to One: A Nantucket Idyl. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 176. Price, 75 cents.

Saxe Holm's Stories. Second Series. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 16mo, cloth, pp. 384. Price, \$1.50.

Old Martin Boscaven's Jest. By MARIAN C. L. REEVES and EMILY READ. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, paper, pp. 98. Price, 50 cents.

The Goldsmith's Wife. By Madame CHARLES REYBAUD. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 152. Price, 25 cents.

Impressions of America. By R. W. Dale.
Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New
York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp.
163. Price, 25 cents.

The House of the Two Barbela. By André Theuriet. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton d Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 140. Price, 20 cents.

Lights of the Old English Stage. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 225. Price, 30 cents.

Literature Primers. Homer. W. E. GLAD-STONE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, cloth, pp. 153. Price, 50 cents.

Safar-Hadgi. By Prince LUBOMIRSKI. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 302. Price 75 cents.

Railroads, their Origin and Problems. By Chas. F. Adams. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, cloth, pp. 216.

Fortune of the Republic. By RALPH WALDO EMMERSON. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 44. Price, 50 cents.

Poems of Places. Edited by HENRY WADS-WORTH LONGFELLOW. Asia. Boston: Houghton, Oegood & Co. 3 vols., 18mo, cloth. Vol. 1, pp. 245; vol. 2, pp. 262; vol. 2, pp. 259. Price, \$1 per volume.



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SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES,-Dr. Schliemann is about to return to Greece to begin excavations at new points. At the last meeting of the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, he read some extracts from a volume he is about to publish in Paris on the Mycense discoveries. He thinks the countries of antiquity in which are to be found articles the most closely resembling those of Mycenæ, are Babylonia and Egypt. As an example, he mentioned the personages wearing a helmet with two horns, and women of an Indian type wearing loose trousers and turbans, which were to be found at Mycena, as on the brick cylinders of the Babylonian Empire. The idols with cows' heads found at Mycenæ, on the other hand, remind one of the worship of Isis and Apis, and indicate close relations with Egypt. He differs from the general opinion that Mycenæ was only conquered and destroyed by the Argives in 468 B.C., after the Medean wars, and places the date much further back, perhaps before the time of Homer, quoting, in support of his belief, lines fifty and fifty-six of the fourth book of the Iliad, where such a destruction is alluded to.

Polaris Narrative.—It may interest some of our readers to know that Congress at its last session authorized the public printer to receive orders for copies, at cost, of the *Polaris Narrative*, to be printed from stereotype plates. The actual price, per copy (the composition, stereotyping, and engraving have been provided for), will, it is understood, not exceed \$1.60, which sum, if transmitted at once to the public printer, will secure the volume by express. The cost by mail will be \$1.75 per copy.

THE ESCURIAL IN SPAIN. - By royal decree the Escurial of Philip II., in New-Castile, Spain, is to be converted into a picture gallery. "for which," remarks The Athenaum (London), "it is preëminently unfit, whether as regards its construction or its historical associations." Besides the royal palace and royal chapel this famous building contains a monastery with 200 cells, 2 colleges, 3 chapter houses, 3 libraries, 5 great halls, 6 dormitories, 3 hospital halls, 27 other halls, 9 refectories, 5 infirmaries, a countless number of small apartments, 80 staircases, 1110 outward and 1578 inward windows, besides 14 gates and 86 fountains. The building is of white stone, and of the Doric order of architecture, and was built in fulfilment of a vow made by Philip II., that if St. Lawrence would give him victory over the French at the battle of St. Quentin, 1557, he would erect the most magnificent monastery in the world.

COST OF ROYALTY IN ENGLAND. - The British ministry will ask Parliament at its next session to grant to the Duke of Connaught, as a marriage allowance, \$50,000 a year, which was the sum voted in 1874 for the Duke of Edinburgh, and will be in addition to the \$75,000 a year which the Duke of Connaught already draws from the state. The allowance to the Prince of Wales, voted in 1863, on his marriage, was \$200,000 a year: in addition to which the Princess of Wales has \$50,000 a year. The Princess Royal draws \$40,000 a year; the Duke of Edinburgh, \$125,-000 a year; the Princess Alice, \$30,000 a year; and the Princess Helena and Princess Louise the same. The total amount paid by the nation to the Queen's children is \$655,000 a year. Since their Royal Highnesses happily came of age the nation has contributed over \$7,500,000 for their maintenance.

Photographs.—A San Francisco photographer has recently taken a series of instantaneous photographs of the fast trotter Occident while at full speed. Each picture required a separate camera, with an improved double slide worked by electricity, so as to give a brief exposure when the horse was exactly opposite. In less than a second twelve pictures were taken, each representing the horse in a different position—the whole photographing a single stride.

U. S. FISH-FISHERIES FOR 1876.-The fourth report of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, for 1875 and 1876, just published, constitutes a volume of 1100 pages, and, like its predecessors, consists of an account of the special work of stocking the rivers and lakes of the country with fish, and an inquiry into the causes of their decrease. An appendix is added, containing various valuable memoirs. From the tables given in the report we learn that up to date the total number of shad sent to various parts of the United States amounted to 24,250,000; of California salmon, to over 8,000,000; of Penobscot salmon, to about 3,250,000; and of lake whitefish, to 4,000,000. The principal articles in the appendix consist of a report by Alexander Starbuck upon the whale-fisheries of the United States from the year 1715 to 1876, constituting, as intended, a Centennial account of this subject. Other important papers treat of the culture of carp, construction of carp ponds, etc.

Socialism in Germany.—The Socialistic press of Germany, which is causing so much anxiety in Fatherland just now, boasts no less that seventy-five publications, with 135,000 subscribers. It is a noteworthy fact, that this is an increase of eighteen in the number of the papers since last year.

INCREASE OF WEALTH IN ENGLAND .- Although it is said that the wealth of Great Britain, as indicated in taxable incomes, has fallen off in the last two years, the increase for a period of 12 years is something remarkable. This is seen in a comparison of the recentlypublished Parliamentary return of the values assessed to the income tax for 1876-7 with that of 1864-5. The increase from all sources is from £330,580,729 to £490,344,906, and it is most marked in the assessments on employments and industrial establishments and appliances. At the same time there has been a considerable extension of exemptions and abatements, so that the increase of actual income must be considerably greater than that of the assessments, which is nearly 50 per cent. in 12 years.

THE Orpheus, published by Horatio C. King, late publisher of the "Christian Union," and Charles J. Smith, gives at least twelve dollars worth of good music each year. It is issued monthly, at \$1 per year, by King & Smith, No. 27 Park Place, New York.

TAXES FOR SCHOOLS AND MILITARY PUR-POSES.—Each inhabitant in the United States pays \$2.02 for the support of the public schools and \$1.39 for military purposes. These two items of expenditure in other countries of the world are as follows: Prussia, 51 cents and \$2.29; Austria, 34 cents and \$1.39; France, 29 cents and \$4.50; Italy, 13 cents and \$1.57; England and Wales, 66 cents and \$3.86; Switzerland, 88 cents and \$1. A writer in the Revue Pedagogique (Paris), who has visited California, gives these figures, and then asks the question: "If those scourges of society, antagonism and envy, are far from asserting in California the force that they have in the States of Europe, is it not to be attributed in a great part to the effect of her public schools?"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

In Paradise. A Novel. From the German of PAUL HEYSE. Collection of Foreign Authors, No. XII. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols., 16mo, cloth, pp. 322, 391. Price, \$2.

The Arab Wife. A Romance of the Polynesian Seas. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Uo. 16mo, paper, pp. 156. Price, 25 cents.

A Summer Idyl. By Christian Reid. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 211. Price, 30 cents.

Artist Biographics: Guido Reni. By M. F. SWEETSER. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 18mo, cloth, pp. 160. Price, 50 cents.

Francesca of Rimini. A Poem. By A. S. H. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 46. Price, 75 cents.

Sybil Spencer. A Novel. By James Kent. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 309. Price, \$1.25.

A Concise History of Music, from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the Present Time. For the use of Students. By H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, B. Mus. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 184. Price, \$1.

Roxy. A Novel. By EDWARD EGGLESTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 482. Price, \$1.50.

German Classics for American Students. Goethe's Faust. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by James Morgan Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 257. Price, \$1.25.



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PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

JAPANESE TRAINED PLANTS.-The San Francisco Alta of Sept. 28, says: "A really beautiful and remarkable collection of Japanese dwarfed and trained plants has been placed on exhibition by the owner, Col. A. C. Dunn, of Baltimore. This gentleman has just arrived from Japan, where he spent some four or five years in the engineering service of the Government. During his residence in that country he collected from all points a great variety of specimens of the wonderful skill of the native landscape gardeners, in dwarfing trees and training plants to grow in the shape of living things, and in imitation of things of art. The result is the present exhibition, which contains some 200 specimens in great variety. The trees and plants are old, some as old as a hundred and fifty years, notably a mate or spruce in a very old porcelain pot. There is a beautiful palm from the Loo Choo Islands. It grows in a marble pot, said to represent a lost art. There is a remarkable pot containing a tea-plant, from Corea. Several plants are trained in the shape of the American old-fashioned Revolutionary cocked-hat. There are some remarkable specimens of dwarfed pines. There are botanical boats, ships, frogs, cranes, rabbits, the native teahouses, and lots of quaint and grotesque things. This collection attracted attention in Japan, it being rare that so large a one is made."

A NEW DEPARTURE.-And yet not wholly new; for The Travelers, of Hartford, originally issued daily accident tickets as well as yearly and monthly policies. But the ticket business, which several companies then undertook to run at once, was consolidated by common consent in the Railway Passengers Assurance Co., in which they all became stockholders. This company has successfully prosecuted that branch of accident insurance for twelve years, during which time the contributing companies have one by one gone out, and the greater part of the stock has came into the hands of The Travelers. This being the case, economy and good judgment dictated the resumption of the ticket insurance by the original company, and the retirement of the R. P. A. Co. The Travelers now covers the whole field of personal insurance, by life and endowment policies, accident policies by the month or year, and registered accident tickets from one to thirty days. The tickets insure against general accidents to the same extent, and under the same conditions as the full policies. Neither are restricted to accidents of travel.

VALUABLE COLLECTIONS.—The largest entomological collection in the world has been received from California, and is now in the city. It has been made by an old actor, Mr. Henry Edward, of California, who commenced the task when only ten years of age. He has 78,000 species and 265,000 specimens. The collection was sent by sea, and filled 1036 boxes, requiring a space of 720 cubic feet, or eighteen tons of ship measurement. The collection is described as simply wonderful.

SARDINES.—In 1874 over 611,000,000 of sardines were taken in France, valued at about 11,500,000 francs, and in 1875 over 980,000,000, valued at about 12,250,000 francs.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE YELLOW FEVER SUFFERERS.—On September 24, the contributions to the yellow fever sufferers received by the general associations and by persons engaged in soliciting funds in this city amounted to \$329,499.89. The generosity of the North has been most prompt and liberal—so also the gratitude of the south has been impulsive and heartfelt. This time of distress will soften sectional feelings, remove differences, and tend to make our whole country more united in future.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR.—A pedestrian tour of about 450 miles through the Southern States was accomplished during the summer by a party of naturalists-professors and studentsthree ladies being among the number. They assembled at Cincinnati on June 20, and proceeded thence by rail to Somerset, Kentucky. From that point the journey on foot commenced, each one of the party carrying a light knapsack. On an average they travelled ten miles a day, their route often being over and among the wildest mountain landscapes to be found east of the Rocky Mountains. Having "roughed it" for six weeks, they returned to Washington, and spent some time in studying the specimens in the Smithsonian Institution. It should be mentioned that at Beaufort, North Carolina, they collected two barrels of marine specimens.

CHINESE ENCYCLOPÆDIA.—The London Globe congratulates England generally and the British Museum in particular for having secured a copy of the 5020-volumed Chinese Encyclopædia. It is supposed that the whole Chinese literature of any importance, between 1100 B.C. and 1700 A.D., is embraced in these volumes. Tradition affirms that only one hundred copies were originally printed, and that the type were broken up after these were printed.

Well Merited Reward.—Many of our readers will be pleased to hear that Mr. John Sartain, of Philadelphia, whose engravings adorned the *Eclectic* for nearly twenty years, and who was late chief of the Department of Fine Arts at the Centennial Exhibition, has received from King Humbert, of Italy, the cross of Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy. The order was conferred in recognition of services rendered to the Italian Commissioners and Exhibitors.

California Millionaire.—The largest estate ever left in California, that of the late William S. O'Brien, has just been officially appraised and filed at over \$9,650,000, exclusive of mining stocks. The remark made by the Duke of Cleveland, the most patrician of English patricians, when informed of the engagement of his step-son, Lord Rosebery, to Miss De Rothschild, might be made of the O'Brien. Said the Duke, "I'm not personally acquainted with the lady's family, but I understand they are wealthy."

PROFESSIONAL INCOMES.—We have in New York a few large law firms whose professional income is in the neighborhood of \$100,000 per annum. Occasionally, from extraordinary causes, it may exceed that. This, however, falls fars hort of the income of George Lewis, the London solicitor, who has just leased three very large houses within a short distance of Newgate and the Central Criminal Court, and Chancery Lane with its adjacent inns of court. The magnitude of his business can be conjectured when his staff of clerks and employés numbers 250. His office receipts are said to reach \$250,000 per annum.

COMPOUND OXYGEN.—When such men as Hon. Judge Kelly, Ex-Gov. Boreman, Gen. Fitz Henry Warren, T. S. Arthur, Jno. J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, permit their distinguished names in the endorsement of any article, the public may feel confident in it. Elsewhere

will be found the advertisement of the famous Compound Oxygen treatment, of Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia, and attached to it are the names of the gentlemen mentioned above. It is something reliable made by reliable men.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

International Scientific Series. Vol. XXIV. A History of the Growth of the Steam Engine. By ROBERT H. THURSTON, A.M., C.E. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 490. Price, \$2.50.

Lessons in Cookery. Handbook of the National Training School for Cookery, at South Kensington, England, to which is added the Principles of Diet in Health and Disease. By THOMAS K. CHAMBERS, M.D. Edited by Eliza A. Youmans. New York: D.n.Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 382. Price, \$1.50.

Experimental Science Series for Beginners. Vol. II. Sound: A Series of Simple, Entertaining, and Inexpensive Experiments in the Phenomena of Sound, for the use of Students of every Age. By Alfred Marshall Mayer New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 181. Price, \$1.

Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series. No.
16. The Great German Composers. New
York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, paper, pp.
218. Price, 30 cents.

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17. Antoniette. A Story. By André Theuriett. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, paper, pp. 133. Price, 20 cents.

The Bodleys on Wheels. By the author of "The Bodleys Telling Stories," etc. With illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Square 8vo, pp. 222. Price, \$1.50.

The Vision of Echard, and Other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 131. Price, \$1.25.

Artist Biographies. Van Dyck. By M. F. SWEETSER. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 18mo, cloth, pp. 157. Price, 50 cents.

What is the Bible? An Attempt to Answer the Question in the Light of the Best Scholarship, and in the most Reverent and Catholic Spirit. By J. T. SUNDERLAND. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 189. Price, \$1.

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What Do Our Children Read ?-

Nothing demands more careful attention, and yet is so often neglected by parents, as children's reading. It is often said in indiscriminate praise of a boy that he is a "great reader," but what he reads seems to be a matter of small moment. The reading matter, which, unknown to parents, thus finds its way into the hands of their children, is often of the very worst kind. It is stated that there are twenty-five pernicious story-papers for boys and girls published in New York city alone, and their popularity is shown by the fact that these victious sheets have a circulation of over 375,000. They are printed on cheap, poor paper, are widely advertised, and are offered for sale at prices which enable even the poorest children to obtain them.

The Dime-Novel Code. — Professor G. W. Sumner, of Yale College, speaking of the effect of this literature upon the young, says:

"We may generalize the following, in regard to the views of life which these stories inculcate, and the code

of morals and manners which they teach:

"The first thing which a boy ought to acquire is physical strength for fighting purposes. The supposed code of English brutality prevails, but it is always mixed with the code of the revolver, and in many of the stories the latter is taught in its fuliness. These youngsters generally carry pevolvers and use them at their own discretion.

"A boy ought to cheat the penurious father who does not give him as much money as he finds necessary, and ought to compel him to pay. A good way to force him to pay liberally, and at the same time to stop criticising his son's habits, is to find out his own vices (he always has some), and then to levy blackmail on him.

"As to drinking, the bar-room code is taught.

"Quiet home life is stupid and unmanly. Boys brought up in it have to work hard and to bow down to false doctrines which parsons and teachers (in league with parents) have invented against boys. To become a true man, a boy must break with respectability and join the vagabonds and the swell-mob.

"No fine young fellow who knows life need mind the law, still less the police. If a father is rich, the son can easily find smart lawyers who can get him out of prison, and will dine with him at Delimonico's after-

ward.

"It is impossible that so much corruption should be afloat and not exert some influence. Great harm is done to boys by the nervous excitement of reading harrowing and sensational stories."

An Ideal Children's Magazine.—
It was to counteract this poisonous element in children's literature that Messrs. Schiere & Co., in 1873, began the publication of St. Nicholas, an illustrated Magazine for boys and girls, with Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge as Editor. Five years have passed since the first number was issued, and the Magazine has won a position second to none. It has a monthly circulation of over 50,000 copies. It is published simultaneously in London and New York, and the transatlantic recognition is almost as general and heavy as the American. Although the progress of the Magazine has been a steady advance,

it has not reached its editor's ideas of best, because her ideal continually outrans it, and the magazine as swiftly follows after. To-day, St. Nicholas stands alone in the world of books; and in Europe, as loca critics admit, there is no magazine for young people that can at all compare with it. It is not surprising that the New York Tribune said of it: "St. Nicholas has reached a higher platform and commands for its service wider resources in art and letters than any of its predecessors or contemporaries;" or that the London Literary World has said: "There is no magazine for the young that can be said to equal this choice production of Schinnen's press."

Good Things for 1878-'79.-Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new serial story for boys, "A Jolly Fellowship," will run-through the twelve monthly parts -beginning with the number for November, 1875, the first of the volume-and will be illustrated by James E. Kelly. The scene of this story, like that of the very successful one, "What Might have been Expected, published in Sr. Nicholas, is laid in the South. For the girls, a continued tale, called "Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers," by Katharine D. Smith, with illustrations by Frederick Dielman, will begin in the same number; and a fresh serial by Susan Coolidge, entitled " Eyebright," with plenty of pictures, will be commenced early in the volume. There will also be a continued fairy-tale called "Rumpty Dudget's Tower," written by Julian Hawthorne, and illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. About the other familiar features of St. NICHOLAS the editor preserves a good-humored silence; content perhape to let her five volumes already issued prophesy concerning the sixth, in respect to short stories, pictures, poems, humor, instructive sketches, etc., etc.

The November Number.—Attention is especially invited to the November number, now ready. It contains seventy-two pages, and its illustrations throughout are fine and varied. It begins two splendid serials. Its shorter papers represent a wide range of subject—History, Travel, Fun, Poetry, Adventure, Science, Natural History, Home-Life, Sport, and lively Narrative—the whole crowned by an appropriate Thankegiving Story.

Throughout are seen evidences and fruit of the editor's recent travel across the Continent. One long article and two poems in this number bear her signature.

One very "taking" feature of the number is a fine portrait of Frank R. Stockton, accompanied by a sketch of his life. Then there is a beautiful poem by Lucy Larcom, a finely illustrated account of the new style of city railroad in San Francisco, and many other good things.

How to Subscribe.—This Magazine is for sale by all Booksellers, Newsdealers, and Postmasters. Price, \$3 a year—25 cents a number.

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Words.—Dr. Quackenbos, in his interesting work on Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical, recently published by Harper & Brothers, says, "that of more than 100,000 words which constitute our present vocabulary, but 3000 are in common use. The Old Testament was translated with the help of only 5642 English words. While Shakespeare's genius required 21,000 words for its expression, Milton's epic employs less than half that number." Dr. Quackenbos also states that the number of different languages now spoken on the earth is about nine hundred.

THE METRIC SYSTEM .- At the recent International Congress on Weights, Measures, and Coins, at Paris, a resolution was adopted to the effect that, while the Congress learned with pleasure the progress of the metric system throughout the world, it deplored the fact that England, Russia, and the United States have not yet entered in the same path, and suggests that the governments of these countries be solicited to give effect as early as possible to an act of progress so eminently useful to science, commerce, and international relations. The British and American members present resolved to petition their respective governments to appoint a mixed commission to consider the adoption of the metric system by both countries simultaneously.

POPULATION OF THE GREAT CITIES.—The Registrar-General of London, in one of his weekly reports, gives the population of the cities of the world having over a quarter of a million of inhabitants, as follows: First comes London, with its 3,577,304 people; next is Paris, with its 1,988,806; New York, with its 1,084,528, and its close neighbor or partner, Brooklyn, with 549,438; and then Berlin, with 1,019,620 inhabitants. Philadelphia has its 876,118; Vienna, 727,271; St. Petersburg. 669,741; Bombay, 644,405; Glasgow, 566,940; Liverpool, 532,681; Manchester, with Salford, 530,765 people. All these are above the half million. Then comes Naples, with its 457,407; Calcutta, with 429,535; Madras, 397,552; Hamburg (the State), 406,104; Birmingham, 383,-117; Baltimore, 355,000; Buda-Pesth, 319,530; Dublin, 314,666; Leeds, 304,948; Amsterdam, 302,266; Sheffield, 289,537; Rome, 282,214, and Breslau, with 267,000 population.

VASSAR COLLEGE.—The total receipts for 1877 of Vassar College was \$173,716.92, of which \$129,660 50 was from board and tuition and \$11,623.60 from music. The steward's books show that the students consumed 81,982 pounds of fresh meats, 23,200 clams, 27,650 pounds of sugar, 630 gallons of molasses, 4808 bananas, 19,632 oranges, and 21 kegs of pickles. The property of the college is now valued at more than \$1,000,000, of which \$282,350 is invested in State, Poughkeepsie city, and first mortgage railroad bonds, in bank stock and in bonds and mortgages on real estate, yielding in the past year an average income of seven per cent. The other property is divided as follows: Real estate, \$515,311.40; furniture and apparatus, \$143,658.43; farm and garden stock and tools, \$5,104.26; cabinets, \$25,182 .-41; making a total of \$689,256.49.

MENTZ BIBLE.—A copy of the Mentz Bible, printed by Guttenberg, in 1455—being the first book ever printed—was sold at auction in Paris last June, for \$10,000. It is printed on vellum, but is not quite perfect, several portions having been restored in fac-simile.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.—St. Peter's Church, at Rome, required for its erection 176 years, and to complete the structure an addition of 124 years. Its cost was \$50,000,000 in gold, and to keep it in repair requires an annual expenditure of \$20,000. Of its vast dimensions perhaps the best idea is conveyed by the statement that it covers eight acres of ground.

WHAT TO DO WITH OLD BOOKS AND PA-PERS .- Harper's Weekly makes the following timely suggestion: "Those of our readers who are accustomed to be surrounded by books, magazines, and newspapers, whose libraries are overflowing, and upon whose tables lie the last new novels and the freshest periodicals, can scarcely imagine what it is to be almost utterly deprived of reading matter. Yet such is the condition of hundreds among us, and others isolated from the world, who know how to read, and would gladly avail themselves of any means within their power of thus spending some of their time. The men stationed at the life-saving stations along our coasts and in the signal-service stations on mountain peaks are very much isolated from companionship. Reading matter sent to them would be charity of the best kind. The long dreary winter evenings, when some of them are off duty, would be wonderfully brightened by a supply of entertaining books, magazines, and illustrated newspapers. Any thing of this kind which our readers can spare will surely be ap. preciated if sent to Captain Howgate, United States Signal Office, Washington, D. C.; or to Superintendent S. Q. Kimball, Life-saving Service, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

MATERIAL EFFECTS OF THE FEVER.-It is estimated that the actual material loss to the region of country scourged by the yellow fever, thus far is not less than \$200,000,000, and this is doubtless a very low estimate. Splendid stands of cotton will be lost for want of hands to pick it, while the cessation of business, in cities and towns, and on the railroads and river. has occasioned enormous losses, which cannot now be computed. Beyond expression, this has been a terrible year for the people of the Lower Mississippi Valley. Some people talk in a melancholy way, and express the belief that the South will be utterly, irremediably ruined. That is an impossibility. The South has been swept by the flood, pestilence and the sword, yet has she come up out of the depths with a firm step and a hopeful heart. Temporarily crushed the South may be, but destroyed never.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

The Comprehensive Uhurch; or, Christian Unity and Ecclesiastical Unity in the Protes-

tant Episcopal Church. By the Right Rev. THOMAS H. VAIL, D.D., LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 292. Price, \$1.25.

The Europeans. A Sketch. By HENRY JAMES, JR. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 281. Price, \$1.50.

Songs of Raly. By JOAQUIN MILLER. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, cloth, pp. 186. Price, \$1.25.

A Story or Two from an Old Dutch Town. By ROBERT LOWELL. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, cloth, pp. 322. Price, \$1.25.

The Book of Job: Essays and a Paraphrase. By Rossiter W. Raymond, Ph. D. With an Introductory Note by Rev. T. J. Conant, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 187. Price, \$1.25.

Collection of Foreign Authors. No. XIV. Jean Teterol's Idea. From the French of Victor Cherbuliez. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 319. Price, 60 cents.

Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series. No. 20. English Literature. By T. Arnold. Reprinted from the Encyclopædia Britannica. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, paper, pp. 185. Price, 25 cts.

Cupid and the Sphinz. By Harrord Flem-Ming. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 434. Price, \$1.25.

American Colleges: Their Students and Their Work. By CHARLES F. THWING. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 155. Price, \$1.

Grammar-Land, or, Grammar in Fun for the Children of Schoolroom-shire. By M. L. NESBITT. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 120. Price, \$1.25.

Hand-books for Students and General Readers. No. 1. Zöology of the Vertebrate Animals. By Alex. Macalister, M. D. Specially Revised for American Students by A. S. Packard, Jr., M. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 18mo, cloth, pp. 134. Price, \$1.25.

Thanatopsis. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. With Illustrations designed and engraved by W. J. LINTON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Quarto, cloth, gilt, pp. 40. Price, \$2.50.

The Blessed Bees. By JOHN ALLEN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth pp. 160. Price, \$1.

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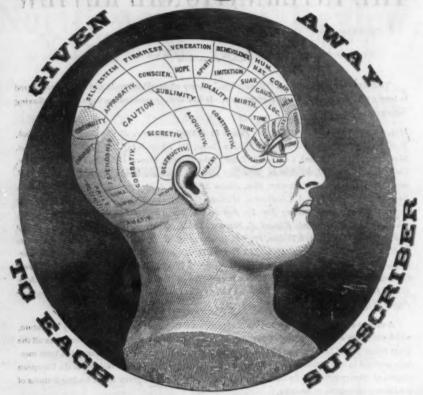
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